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SPEECHES OF LORD BROUGHAM.*

Since the anticipated appearance of a new Waverley novel, in the pristine and palmy days of the Waverley novels, there has been nothing known in these northern regions to equal the buzz and flutter of expectation, which have harbingered the appearance of the collected speeches of Lord Brougham. Men of letters, journalists, lawyers, but, above all, politicians—those especially whose duty or interest it is to "support the Ministry"—are alike excited. They participate in the same anxiety and impatience which pervade the clubs of the metropolis, which have made a way into the courts of law and the universities; but which, doubtless, excite no curiosity whatever in the official bureaus, or the voluptuous *boudoirs* where it has become the fashion for the minister to perform those courtly and novel duties which were once well understood at Versailles and the Tuileries, and even at Whitehall, but which, since the reign of the Second Charles, have become almost unknown in sober England.

The collected speeches of the most eminent living orator and statesman, who has, for thirty years, exercised no ordinary influence over the growth and direction of public opinion and the prospects of mankind, could not, indeed, fail to excite the liveliest interest. They embody the history of the age, as it has been influenced by one of its highest intellects. In the meanwhile, however, and in the first blush of the business, there is more curiosity about the pithy adjuncts to these splendid effusions of intellectual power, experienced wisdom, and unrivalled oratorical accomplishment, than about their essential substance. Happy and proud is the man who has had a glimpse of a proof-sheet, or heard a passage distorted at second-hand, or even seen the favoured mortal who has viewed these oracles, or divined aright one sentence of their pungent contents. For it is not, we have said, at this early stage, the speeches alone for which the public appetite is whetted:—those powerful and impulsive specimens of the highest kind of modern eloquence remain for the study of leisure—for the delight and the admiration of posterity. The world is athirst to know what Lord Brougham has to say of his contemporaries, his political opponents, and his late colleagues in office; what of the prospects of the nation under the inauspicious rule of the Whig-Tory Ministry; what of the predicament in which *he* has been placed by their intrigues and circumvention; by their apprehension of his bold fearlessness, so often proved court-ward; and, above all, of his power with the People. To us the most remarkable feature in these historical Introductions, Notes, and Commentaries is, everything considered, their pervading tone of dignified forbearance. The conduct of the Melbourne Ministry to their illustrious colleague has been as palpably low in motive as it was treacherous to the public interest, identified with his capacity for business, and those qualifications for statesmanship which have been happily compared to the proboscis of the elephant, alike apt in turn to rend the mightiest trees of the forest, or to pick up a lady's needle.

Had it been possible for Lord Brougham to have remained insensible to the treatment he has received, he must have been less than man. The same line of conduct regarding him is still persisted in, and now without any attempt at disguise; so that it has become the duty of every Reformer, and of every enemy of slavery under its many disguises, to turn aside the blow aimed at their sacred cause through the side of the most redoubted of their champions. In relation to the Melbourne Government, Lord Brougham himself is placed in the condition of a man of honourable and delicate feelings, who perceives, too acutely, the ignoble character of the individuals to whom, in the unsuspicious confidence of a generous nature, he has given the power to betray him, to be able to stoop to resent their conduct. But the affair, to men of sense, becomes absolutely ludicrous, when the wrong-doers are found the first to cry out. From the open vituperation, and the whispered calumnies industriously circulated by the small adherents and accredited organs of the Ministry, it might be supposed that Lord Brougham had turned traitor to his good, easy, confiding, liberal,

* Speeches of Henry Lord Brougham, upon Questions relating to Public Rights, Duties, and Interests; with Historical Introductions, and a Critical Dissertation upon the Eloquence of the Ancients. In 4 vols. Adam & Charles Black, Edinburgh.

reforming colleagues; and had deserted them and the Reform banner under which he has fought all his life. And this system was begun when, having intrigued to expel him from the Cabinet, they were lying by, waiting the first safe opportunity to declare that his principles were expelled from the councils of the State, along with himself. Yet these men have the insanity to cry out—"Lord Brougham has deserted us! —he opposes our measures!—it is personal pique —it is spleen!" While the climax is wound up by the underlings—"He endangers the Government!—he will let in the Tories!"

This false and barefaced clamour probably makes some small way with the unthinking, from mere pertinacious iteration. The speech delivered by Lord Brougham at Liverpool, three years ago, ought of itself to stifle the designing reports raised by the worst enemies of Reform; those who, with the phrase on their lips while it suited their selfish purposes, have now unblushingly abandoned all their former professions, and even deny that they ever sought to deceive the Reformers. The attempts to fasten upon Lord Brougham that defection and political inconsistency of which they are themselves notoriously guilty, is one of those audacious humbugs which fail to excite indignation, because they overpower the bystanders with the sense of the ludicrous. "But," say the Ministerial adherents, "it must be true that Lord Brougham has deserted his principles; for do not Mr O'Connell and many stanch Radical Members support the Government quite as strenuously since they declared against all reform, as before they had explained their favourite line of policy? It must be true that Lord Brougham has deserted his principles; for there is the great Duke, that friend in extremity, supporting the Ministers as effectually by passiveness, or party tactics, as do the Irish Liberals by many speeches and every vote."

But it is more than time that we were engaged with the work before us, of which we are happy to think that our rough and imperfect sample may give many a foretaste. We do not profess to review Lord Brougham's collected Speeches. That is a task for leisure and reflection; nor are we yet in possession of the complete edition, with which the Edinburgh presses are still in travail; but we cannot allow a month to elapse without using all the means we possess to make known a work not more honourable to its eminent author, than important to every class of his fellow-subjects, as it will be to their children's children.

In the Introduction to a comparatively recent speech delivered in Parliament, in vindication of Lord Grey's Government, Lord Brougham mentions that it was he, who, when Earl Grey abruptly seceded from office in the summer of 1834, in a sort of pet because the nation would not uphold his Irish policy, disconcerted the King's secret purpose of bringing in the Tories, and, in fact, put the Melbourne Ministry in office, by his promptitude and statesmanship. This he accomplished, by immediately declaring to the King that Lord Grey's colleagues were quite willing to remain; and repeating the same thing that night in the House of Lords. His Majesty was, of course, much chagrined at being thus out-manœuvred; and never forgave the delinquent, who thwarted his royal purpose. The death of Lord Spencer, by taking Lord Althorp from the House of Commons, afforded a hollow pretext for accomplishing in November what Lord Brougham had frustrated in June. In lamenting this step, Lord Brougham speaks with affection, and even respect, of the "excellent monarch" who lived to repent it. Lord Brougham then adverts to the cordial support which those whom he denominates the ultra-Radicals gave to the new Government. His Lordship has not changed his opinion of "the unhappy necessity which existed for the coercion bill for Ireland;" nor have we changed ours in one jot as to that fatal policy which first disunited the Reformers in Parliament. The effect of that damning measure, was to ruin the Grey Administration, and create the anomalous state of things which Lord Brougham deprecates. With all deference, there is about Lord Brougham, and especially on this one subject, a touch of the same infallibillity which he ironically ascribes to Lord Melbourne. But, if he condemns the extravagant hopes entertained by the Ultra-Reformers in the first years of the Grey Administration, and their "ignorant impatience" of delay, he does ample justice to the hearty support they gave to the succeeding Government, and their anxiety to redeem what he considers an error. Frankly, to the utmost, and with no small degree of mortification, do we concede to him that, if the Grey Government did little, that of Melbourne has done nothing—or worse than nothing. After enumerating those improvements made by the Grey Government in two sessions, which have so often formed the theme of panegyric to Lord Brougham, he proceeds:—

> They, the ultra-liberal party, plainly saw that they had been, by their clamour against the late Ministers, playing into the hands of the Court and the Tories. They were alarmed at what they had done; and joined heartily with the new Opposition—that is, the ousted Ministry—in measures which soon removed the new Government, restoring, with one or two exceptions, the Ministry of November, 1834. When this Ministry was thus re-appointed, those who had, by their impatience and opposition, driven them from the helm, were all at once found to be the most patient, the most reasonable, the most forbearing, the most tractable and considerate of men. The experience of November, 1834, had not been thrown away upon them; and all that they had before urged against the do-little or the do-nothing policy in England, and the coercive policy in Ireland, was now forgotten, or remembered only to draw invidious distinctions between the Government of Lord Grey, nay, the Government of Lord Melbourne himself, and the new Government of 1835.

The Liberals repented the opposition which enabled the King to turn out Lord Melbourne in November 1834; and, according to Lord Brougham, from that date ran into the opposite extreme. They imagined—

> That the Lord Melbourne of November was not the

Lord Melbourne of May; and they openly and unblushingly averred, that they supported him in 1835 because he and his new Cabinet, composed of the former Cabinet, with the addition of Lord Grey's eldest son, were incapable of doing such things towards Ireland as he and that same Cabinet, and Lord Grey himself, with the hearty support of that son, had done in 1833. Assuredly, neither Lord Melbourne nor Lord Howick, nor, indeed, any of the other Ministers, ever gave countenance to so monstrous an absurdity—so gross and audacious a delusion. But their adherents in all places were most diligent and unremitting in the use of this topic; and it saved the new Government for, at least, one year, if not longer. Until the death of William IV., indeed, this formed the staple of the Ministerial defence, upon all occasions; not by themselves, but by their adherents, both in and out of Parliament. The most invidious distinctions were taken between Lord Grey's Government and Lord Melbourne's. "The latter" (said the *Edinburgh Review*) "looks more honest, and is more vigorous." "We have now a Ministry incapable of pursuing the atrocious policy of 1833," said all the Irish supporters of Lord Melbourne, who had been loudest in the outcry against Lord Grey. "At length, we possess the blessing of a Government, for the first time, willing to give Ireland justice, and the only Viceroy who ever gave Catholics their due." Such were the topics on which the Government lived out the rest of the late King's reign; disgusting as the food must have been to the palates of those who felt quite conscious of having been Lord Grey's hearty and zealous coadjutors in every one of the measures now most reviled, and his supporters in all the acts of feebleness which the *Edinburgh Review* discovered, for the first time, when the knell of the noble Earl's power tolled. To these topics were added, of course, the most lavish promises on behalf of the Government, that sweeping reforms would at length be carried into all the departments of Church and of State.

Alas! alas! how are those mighty boasters fallen!—those fair hopes blighted! Three years have elapsed, and nothing, absolutely nothing, has been done, except to finish the Municipal Reform begun by Lord Grey. The adverse Court furnished a pretext for two of those three years; but, at length, the young Queen ascended the throne of her ancestors, and threw herself, absolutely, and without any kind of reserve, even as to the humblest attendant upon her Royal Person, into the hands of her Ministers.

This may be quite true, so far as the Irish Liberals are concerned, and a portion of those of Great Britain; but, however it may fare with the representatives, it has no proper application to the Radical party in Britain—to the men of Birmingham and Glasgow, and their compeers in every quarter. They, indeed, forced back the Melbourne Government on the Court—though they could not have calculated upon the exclusion of Lord Brougham—but quite as much, we are convinced, from disgust at the conduct of the King, as from increased confidence in the Ministers. There might be temporary delusion, a short-lived belief, in the gratitude of a set of pretended Reform Ministers, old Whigs, or converted Tories, who owed, at that time, as much to the People as they now do to the smiles of the court, a yielding aristocracy, and the unrestrained exercise of a prodigal patronage. Lord Brougham strains his charity for these Ministers too far, when he asserts that they gave no countenance to the popular belief of their increased liberality. The delusion was fostered, if not directly by themselves, in their little petulant displays of spirit, or by small threats, and smaller vague promises, yet most sedulously by their organs and adherents. They, poor gentlemen! were sadly trammelled by a hostile court. Their liberal designs were cruelly thwarted by the Lords. Only let the Reformers wait a while in patience for the golden opportunity, and they should see things to astonish them. We acknowledge that, long before that golden opportunity arrived, no Reformer who did not choose to shut his eyes, was deceived as to the true character of the Melbourne Government. The Ministers scarcely needed Lord Durham as the harbinger of their purposes. The contemptuous and insulting declarations of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, might, and, by more sagacious statesmen, would have been spared. It was enough that their deeds spoke for them. Again we repeat, Lord Brougham strains charity too far when he states, that "neither Lord Melbourne, nor Lord Howick, nor, indeed, any of the other Ministers, ever gave countenance to so audacious a delusion." They, at least, long held silence; while their satellites, far and wide, deluded the country, and especially Ireland, with tales of their increased liberality and astonishing vigour. They would not succumb to the Tories; they would do justice to Ireland—Ireland, for the first time, well-governed, after centuries of misrule! &c. &c. &c. While this was resounding on every side, the Government received the implied compliment in silence. If not directly, yet passively, they countenanced the gross deception. And was there anything manly, anything honest—nay, was there not connivance in fraud, in not declaring, during the lifetime of the King, that contempt of Radical support, that hostility to farther reform, and that ready acquiescence in Tory-pared measures, which their chiefs seized the first opportunity to avouch, after the remaining delusion had done for them all it could effect at the last general election?

Mr O'Connell and Mr Sheil must answer to what follows. Lord Melbourne has certainly never disavowed, at least when pressed, that he heartily supported the Irish Coercion Bill, and does not repent his conduct. For this degree of candour we give him small credit. As well might he deny that his name is William Lamb, under whose administration it first became the main duty of the Prime Minister of England to conduct the *menu plaisirs*, and manage the *menu peuple* of the Court. This is the passage which we recommend to the Irish Liberals.

But did no one ever assert, in the face of the Ministers, that the pretences on which they were supported were false and hollow? This was unquestionably done more than once. In 1836, Lord Grey drew from Lord Melbourne a distinct avowal, that he had heartily concurred in all that much-venerated Minister's policy towards Ireland. In November 1837, Lord Brougham appealed again to Lord Melbourne on the same point, both when Lord Cloncurry had incautiously said something which seemed to betoken an adoption of the false position that Lord Mulgrave was the first Viceroy who had done equal justice to the different parties in Ireland—and again, upon Lord Roden's motion, stating, in Lord Melbourne's presence, that he whom indiscreet advocates were representing as incapable of proposing such a measure as the Coercion

Bill, had heartily supported it—nay, "was primarily answerable for it, as the measure proceeded from his own office, as Secretary for Irish affairs." * But still more recently, in the last stage of the Irish Poor Law Bill, June 9, 1838, Lord Melbourne admitted most distinctly, that no praise could be too high for the wise, just, and liberal administrations of Lord Wellesley and Lord Anglesey, (under both of whom he had himself served as Irish Secretary, and over both of whom he had also acted as Home Secretary,) and he only placed Lord Mulgrave's claims to favour upon the ground of his having continued to pursue the same sound and enlightened course with his predecessors. In this view, so fairly taken at length, by way of public disclaimer of the invidious defence now under discussion, and at all times so necessarily repudiated by the whole of the present Ministers, Lord Plunkett, the Irish Chancellor, cordially joined; so that there is an end, and for ever, to the distinction taken between the Grey and the Melbourne Cabinet, between the Wellesley and the Anglesey Viceroyalty and the Mulgrave, upon the grand questions connected with Irish affairs. Justice had also been rendered to Lord Grey in the Commons, by Lord John Russel, a few days before. When the Appropriation Clause was abandoned, upon the practicability of carrying which he and Lord John had differed, the latter admitted that he now found Lord Grey was right, and himself wrong. Men, after this, and, indeed, after many other changes and surrenders lately witnessed, are prone to ask, why Lord Grey, and, indeed, Lord Stanley and Sir J. Graham, are no longer members of the Whig Cabinet? The Edinburgh Reviewer may also be now called upon to reconsider his period about "*looking*" and "*being*;" and to admit that Lord Grey's government not only *looked*, but *was*, to the very full, as honest as Lord Melbourne's, and no one whit less vigorous, either in appearance or in reality.

In the introduction to the admirable, and, to Reformers, most memorable Liverpool speech, the subject is renewed. The senseless, or rather the cunning clamour about his desertion of the Ministers, raised by their tools, required to be exposed and put down. On this head, Lord Brougham, from his singular position, and from the delicacy incident to an honourable mind, appears too susceptible. He recurs to it repeatedly. No one can be more fully experienced in the influence of misrepresentation and clamour with the unthinking multitude; and he may also feel, that to give full effect to his doctrines, the motives of the preacher should be above suspicion. He accordingly maintains the principle, so self-evident that it is astonishing to see it require enforcement, namely, that, if he had pursued any other course than the one he has taken, that alone, and not the path he has been compelled to pursue, would have betokened dereliction of duty, and the abandonment of the principles which had regulated his entire public life. "The senseless advocates of the Ministry have," he says, "expressed surprise at his opposing them, even when they took a course infinitely beyond anything that in 1835 [when he delivered the speech referred to] could be imagined:"—

> The senseless advocates of the Ministers have betokened much surprise at his gently and strenuously opposing them, when they took a course infinitely beyond anything that in 1835 could be imagined—when, as soon as the accession of the Queen threw the whole Court into their hands, they ostentatiously avowed themselves hostile to all improvement of the Reform Bill, even to the correction of its most manifest defects—when they made war upon the rights and liberties of the whole Canadian people, suspending their free constitution, and proclaiming a Dictatorship, because a revolt had broken out in the corner of one or two parishes, occasioned by acts of gross legislative violence and injustice—when they framed their new Civil List upon the most exploded and unreasonable principles, and without the least regard to the economy which the people have an unquestionable right to demand—finally, when they refused to comply with the voice of the whole People by emancipating the Slaves, encouraged even a revival of Slave Trading, and exercised their absolute control over the arrangements of the Queen's household, by dismissing Lord Charles Fitzroy from her Majesty's service, as a punishment for conscientiously voting against the continuance of Slavery. It is confidently believed, that no person of ordinary discernment, and the most limited portion of fairness, can read the notice so plainly given in the second Liverpool Speech, of the terms on which alone Lord Brougham could continue a supporter of Government, and say that he could now be found among their friends, without an utter abandonment of all the principles which he professed in 1835, and which were those of his whole public life. It is equally clear, from his supporting the Ministry in 1835—from his giving them no opposition in 1836—from his only opposing their Canada Bill in 1837—and from his beginning the opposition which he has given them during the present session (1838) as soon as they declared against Reform, and Emancipation, and also against economy—that their own conduct alone has caused the separation; and that no falsehood was ever uttered, even in the utmost heats of political discord, with so audacious a disregard of the most notorious facts, nay, of the most recent and best known dates themselves, as that insinuation which would connect his opposition with the fact of his not holding office in the present Ministry.

Lord Brougham enumerates the occasions on which he forbore to oppose them, even when they abandoned measures of improvement, which he had brought forward himself, such as the Plurality Bill. But what is more:—

> He even abstained from attending in Parliament that Session, (1836,) *because he was apprised by the Ministers his doing so would be fatal to the Government.* In 1837, he pursued the same friendly course wherever he could, and only gave a reluctant opposition to the unconstitutional Bill for seizing the Canadian money. When, secure in Court favour, by the entire possession of the Queen's whole authority, they proceeded to abandon almost every one important ground on which he had ever agreed with them; then, and not before, his opposition began. If the Ministerial advocates have any proofs to give of political or party obligation—or, above all, any one single personal reason, arising from personal obligations of any sort whatever, why he should—not adhere to them—(for that would be to abandon his own opinions) —but mitigate the expression of his dissent from them —or in any way shew forbearance towards them personally—it will be far better to give those proofs, and facts, and reasons, than to persist in distorting plain well-known facts, and re-echo groundless and unintelligible complaints.
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> But these matters are personal and comparatively insignificant. Their interest, though intense, is transient; they occupy after times as little as they wholly engrossed attention at the moment; their contemplation leaves no trace but a sigh behind.
>
> "*O fallacem hominum spem, fragilemque fortunam, et inanes nostras contentiones!*"

Surely this incontrovertible argument, this proud challenge, will for ever stifle the cunningly-devised clamour about Lord Brougham withdrawing his support from the Melbourne Administration. If there be any well-founded complaint against him at all, its expression should come from a very opposite quarter. Why was his opposition so tardy? Why did he keep silence so long? The delicacies of his personal

* These belong to the Home Department, which his Lordship then held.

position and old connexions were but too much regarded. His lengthened forbearance with those Ministers, verged upon neglect of the public duties to which his life has been devoted.

But we do not wish to take Lord Brougham's defence against those worse than senseless, those cunning and selfish clamours, out of his own hands. We think he requires no defence; and so we are persuaded do nine-tenths of the nation, including those who, for their own sinister ends, raise the outcry. In the preface to the Speech upon the maltreatment of the American Colonies, Lord Brougham makes some remarks on the grievous complaints of the Premier, of the disapprobation which their late colleague—their circumvented, betrayed, meanly-sacrificed colleague—ventured to express of their Canadian policy. In a fine vein of irony, Lord Brougham remarks:—

He [Lord Melbourne] spoke with his usual ability, but with less than his accustomed success, because it was exceedingly difficult to perceive what right he had to complain of any one for differing with him in opinion; or what there is in the noble Viscount and his colleagues which should exempt them from the lot of all Ministers, to have their conduct discussed; or why Lord Brougham should be precluded from pursuing the course which he has all his life held, and defending his well-known principles, merely by the accident of his having once been Lord Melbourne's colleague, and afterwards Lord Melbourne's supporter, so long as his measures accorded with Lord Brougham's views of national policy and public justice. The noble Viscount omitted to give, in his able and ingenious speech, any reason in support of the proposition, which he did not indeed state, but, from the beginning to the end of his remarks, assumed to be undeniable, that whoever, having once found him and his present colleagues pursuing a sound policy for some years, shall refuse to change not only his own opinions upon that policy, but the whole opinions of his public life, at the bidding of the Cabinet, and to act thenceforth with them in opposition to all his own most cherished principles, must be actuated by some sinister motive, some feeling of a private or personal nature. Or the convenient or self-complacent proposition, thus assumed and acted upon by the noble Viscount, may be stated in other and fewer words. It is this: That no one can be influenced by justifiable motives, who does not agree with and support the present Cabinet through every change of principle, and more especially that portion of the Cabinet whose changes have been the most marked, and have been separated from each other by the shortest intervals of time. But to this assumption was added another, peculiarly adapted to the case of Lord Brougham. It was, that no man can ever honestly differ with Lord Melbourne, after once agreeing with him; nor, having supported him in one line of policy, can honestly refuse to support him in its opposite, unless he has some private feeling of spite or of interest to gratify.

A charge so unexpected naturally called forth from the object of it a peremptory and indignant denial—not indeed more peremptory, but possibly somewhat more indignant, than the very gross and notorious absurdity of the accusation might appear to warrant. . . . .

The satellites of the Government are understood to have been greatly edified and comforted by their leader's tone, marked as it was by more than ordinary animation, though with less than the usual provision of argument. It is respectfully asked of those zealous persons that they would have the goodness to offer some *explanation* of the grounds of his attack, should it be expecting too much to look for some *proof* of Lord Melbourne's assumptions, in behalf of which he offered no more argument than he did in behalf of the bill itself, or the conduct of Lord Glenelg, or the new morality recently discovered by Sir F. B. Head.

Allowing the full attributes of infallibility to the Prime Minister, together with those of "profuse royal favour, and much patronage combined with little power," his exalted station is admitted to exempt him from needing, like other responsible ministers, to render any reason for his opinions; but of his adherents, who may not be endowed with the same attributes, it is felicitously demanded:—

By what particular argument they mean to disprove Lord Brougham's right to hold in 1838, the same opinions which he held in 1837, and to pursue now the same line of conduct to which Lord Melbourne and others came over in 1831, most creditably to themselves, and most happily for the State, with a celerity that produced the most fortunate results to the country as well as to themselves? And if it be not taking too great a liberty, or taxing their invention too severely, they are also most humbly entreated to shew, why Lord Brougham has not as good a title to persevere in that course now, merely because the converts of 1831 have, very unfortunately for the state, though without any kind of reproach to themselves, abandoned it, and returned to their old opinions with a celerity as remarkable as that which marked their former conversion? When this shall be shewn, there will be laid a ground for charging Lord Brougham with personal motives in refusing to alter his conduct; and for believing that all mankind consider Lord Melbourne to be an old, consistent, and steady friend of liberal opinions. Lord Brougham, it may be observed, has never complained of any changes in the conduct and principles of others; he may therefore be the more easily forgiven for claiming the right of adhering to his own. Instead of asking if the conversion witnessed in 1831, of the most zealous enemies of Reform into wholesale, almost Radical Reformers, was quite unconnected with the maintenance of the Government they belonged to; and if the re-conversion of November 1837 had its origin in nothing like a notion that the Court had become more friendly, and was better worth a prudent statesman's regard than the People; he rested satisfied with assuring the Ministers that they might, any day or any hour, restore him to his position as their zealous defender against the Tory majority of their adversaries, by simply retracting the declarations against Reform, with which they unhappily ushered in the Session; or, without formally recanting, by merely bringing forward liberal and constitutional measures. They refuse to accept any such offer; they will not comply with that condition. Doubtless they are right—most probably Lord Brougham is wrong; but how he can be charged with falling into his error, great as it may be, through personal feelings, is not so easily perceived. On the same night, Lord Melbourne disclosed a secret, which is understood to have been, until then, locked up within his own breast. He has, it now appears, been for the last three years constantly expecting Lord Brougham to adopt the course into which he has of late been driven by the Government. Then, the observant bystander, who perceives that Lord Brougham never failed to support the Ministers most zealously until they changed their conduct, must be led to infer that this change of theirs was all the while foreseen and predetermined by the noble Viscount—though certainly concealed with some care, and with entire success, from all his followers. But, if it shall be said that the noble Viscount's constant expectation, his daily foresight, of what he pleasantly called a change in Lord Brougham, without reflecting that it is an alteration in himself, was owing to some impression which he had respecting Lord Brougham's habits and character, it will follow that he must have given frequent indications of this mistrust, of this presentiment, both in public and in private, and must have explicitly ascribed the active support of 1835, the kind and considerate abstinence of 1836, and the partial and reluctant dissents of 1837, to their real, though still not very intelligible cause; and, at all events, that he never can have given Lord Brougham, or any common friends, the most distant ground for believing

that he gave him the least credit for being influenced by the kindness of friendship, or the steadiness of principle, or the magnanimous sacrifice of personal considerations to either friendship or duty. It must, of course, be absolutely impossible that Lord Melbourne should have left his opinions and his expectations doubtful upon this head, or ever expressed any feelings of gratitude, much less any indications of being sensibly touched by Lord Brougham's conduct towards him and his Government, when he was all the while penetrated with the conviction that Lord Brougham was only waiting for an occasion to vent "his long-suppressed and thus exasperated animosity" against his former friends and colleagues. If, indeed, this should not have been the case—if the very opposite should turn out to have been more nearly the fact—it must be confessed that both these Lords have been placed in situations quite unprecedented, though the one of those situations will, perhaps, upon reflection, be felt to be somewhat less enviable than the other. It is only consistent with fairness and candour towards a man who certainly never on any former occasion got into such a position, that it should be observed, how likely it is, after all, that Lord Melbourne's boast of his foresight and perspicacity, should be like his Canadian friend's* discovery of the way to deal with revolt—an afterthought—and that, in the heat of the moment, he painted himself in unfavourable colours, by extolling his sagacity at the expense of far more important qualities.

The logic of this is as powerful as the sarcasm is keen. A pungent note is attached to this preface, explanatory of the late memorable fracas which took place in the House of Lords, when Lord Brougham chanced to stumble upon the phrase "Queen Mother," applied to the Duchess of Kent, and was corrected by Lord Melbourne with more haste than good speed. Lord Melbourne interrupted, "Not Queen-Mother—mother of the Queen." "His noble and learned friend," more nettled than he might have been upon a more important occasion, retorted rather sharply and sarcastically, admitting that, in the phraseology of Courts, Lord Melbourne must be much better versed than himself. This drew forth the *quip modest* from the courtly minister, which again provoked an eloquent and indignant denial of the arts of courtiership from Lord Brougham. The affair is thus alluded to by him.

Lord Brougham made a very harmless observation upon a most notorious circumstance, that of Lord Melbourne living so constantly at Court; which he, of course, does in virtue of his office—though certainly none of his predecessors ever devoted so much of their time to this branch of their public duties. The charge of courtiership thus ridiculously levelled at Lord Brougham, he at once repelled, by stating that Lord Melbourne, who had thoughtlessly made it, must better than most men know, if he gave himself a moment's time for reflection, how utterly groundless it was. Indeed, all the world knew this very well; none so well, however, as Lord Brougham's former colleagues and the present Royal Family. For he it was who, though honoured with the late Duke of Kent's friendship and co-operation upon the great question of Education, (as referred to in the Slavery speech, 20th February 1838,) had nevertheless refused to withhold his opposition to that Prince's Lottery Bill in 1818, and caused his Royal Highness to withdraw it; a step which, as the constant enemy of Lotteries, he felt reluctantly obliged to take, notwithstanding his Royal Highness' urgent application; and to which the Duke ever after ascribed his great pecuniary embarrassments. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues must have also well known, that Lord Brougham's falling into disfavour with King William IV. was entirely owing to his pressing upon that Monarch the immediate formation of the Government under Lord Melbourne himself, and his sudden declaration in his place, that this Government was ready to continue in office—a step which wholly prevented his Majesty from executing his design of changing his Ministers, as he had hoped to do, if they had expressed any kind of reluctance to go on after Lord Grey's resignation. The same individuals also well knew his Majesty's severe displeasure and disappointment at Lord Brougham's peremptory refusal to take the Government in May 1832, when his Majesty was desirous that it should be reconstructed by him of persons willing to carry the Reform Bill; for it is believed that they both knew of his intercourse with his Majesty, and of the written correspondence on Lord Brougham's positive refusal. All this little indicates *courtier-like habits*.

The Melbourne Administration clearly owe office to that prompt intervention of Lord Brougham, which drew upon him the displeasure of the King. His check-mate to the Court was at once effectual: the Ministry, brought to a stand by the pettish secession of Lord Grey, was restored to office by the energy and promptitude of Lord Brougham. Nothing else could have kept them in place; and verily in their good faith and gratitude he has had his reward. For the sake of the country, we can rejoice that an overruling Providence has brought good out of evil, and restored Lord Brougham to his true place, his highest dignity, that of leader of the People, whose affection and gratitude will make up to him tenfold whatever he may have lost in court favour, and in the hollow friendship of his former colleagues. No meaner or more paltry intrigue ever debased a Cabinet than that by which he was cautiously, and cunningly, and under every hollow pretence, excluded from the Government he had saved. Thus does Europe look upon that pitiful transaction; and thus will posterity judge it.

Thus triumphantly does Lord Brougham in this place conclude the explanation of his public conduct, and his defence against factious or splenetic opposition. It is a subject to which he often returns:—

It is admitted by Lord Melbourne, that his help was never withheld from the Government until they made war upon popular rights last March, and turned their back upon popular opinions last November. Nor is it denied that he has, ever since he ceased to hold office, given up almost his whole time to judicial duties in the House of Lords and the Privy Council, labouring as hard as most of the Judges labour in the discharge of their professional duties. Moreover, if Lord Melbourne had spoken with the least reflection, he would have been aware that the facts of the case, which he wholly overlooked, are irreconcilably opposed to the intimations of his alleged foresight and acuteness. What does he think, for example, of his leaving entirely out of view the somewhat remarkable circumstance, that Lord Brougham's most active and necessary exertions to defend and uphold the Government, (a task somewhat heavier than Lord Melbourne is perhaps aware of,) were made immediately after its formation, when, of course, if at any time, Lord Brougham's differences with his former colleagues must have been the widest, upon the supposition of his listening to personal considerations? Then, again, having left out of his view this fact respecting the beginning of the period, how comes the noble Viscount to have equally passed over another fact which signalized its close—the Ministerial declaration against Reform? No attempt is here made to blame that policy; but at least there seems

* Sir F. B. Head.

some haste, not to say unfairness, in wholly leaving it out of view, as if it could by no possibility be connected with the matter in question.

It is further worthy of notice, that no complaints are ever made of Lord Brougham during the last two or three years, in any quarter deserving notice. A few anonymous writers, acting upon a mistaken sense of duty —if not upon an erroneous calculation of what would gratify their patrons—amused themselves with very bitter and somewhat heavy, though harmless invectives against Lord Brougham, while he was daily sustaining those patrons with all zeal in the House of Lords. But the party, especially the cabinet portion of it, were always abundantly loud, and apparently hearty, in expressing their thanks for his public support; their only complaint being that he persisted in withdrawing himself from the intercourse of their private society, a restraint which he must have considered necessary to maintain his independency, else he assuredly never could have subjected himself to what must prove a great loss of enjoyment to him, though it could prove little or none to them. This, however, was the only complaint ever heard, until the change of tone which marked the ministerial declarations at the opening of the new Parliament.

He then refers to his Liverpool speech, that renewed pledge given to Reformers three years ago, which is printed in this collection, and which was widely distributed at the cost of one penny by the Liverpool Reformers at the time. That speech, of all he ever delivered, pledged Lord Brougham the most deeply to the popular cause; and, above all, to strenuous opposition to a Government conducted upon the principles—or with the want of all fixed principles—avowed by the Melbourne Ministry. Of that Ministry he thus prophesies the future course and ultimate fate:—

That there is any great danger of the people suddenly deserting the Government, and opposing them, is little to be apprehended. The people are disappointed, disheartened, and dispirited—they are becoming distrustful of all public men of the regular Whig party, as they are hostile to all of the adverse faction, although from the latter they never could have less of Constitutional Reform, and probably would have more of important practical improvements; and, at least, their restoration to place would give back to the Liberal side many of its best supporters, who are, at present, trammelled by official connexion, and other ties hard to loosen. But, although the People are thus flat and indifferent—although they may do nothing to destroy the existing Ministry—they will not stir a finger to help it; the first quarrel with the Court will seal its doom; and the Whigs, as a party, will have ceased to rule. The Ministers see none of these things; they hear the voice of the charmer only, whose accents, modulated to the key of the ear he wishes to tickle, pour out only the pleasing fallacy, the harmonious misrepresentation, the silver-toned strain of hope, the cheerful note of confidence—and whose especial object it is to suppress all unpleasing discords from unwelcome facts and unfavourable symptoms:—That the People are friendly while they remain passive and do not oppose; that the select circle of the occupants of place, who rival the serpent, if not in his wisdom yet in his tenacity of life, form the whole Whig party; and that, if it is at all necessary to consult the opinions of any others, it is needless to go further than the outer circle—the eager, ardent, irrepressible, resistless expectants of promotion, who have no opinions at all except of their own fitness for place, nor any principles at all except that whatever the Ministry does, or indeed can do, must be right, and that the whole duty of political men is comprised in three words—"Support the Ministry."—Such are the bland accents which compose the dulcet notes of "linked sweetness long drawn out," and which ever vibrate grateful, seldom unrequited, on the Ministerial ear. But that they beguile the reason while they charm the sense—that they lull their victim to sleep in the midst of peril, and bring on a sad reverse, which they make more hard to bear by precluding all preparation for it—are truths attested by all experience of all public men. In the present case their worst effect remains to be told. The deceiver tempts his dupes to their ruin, by inducing a belief that nothing they can do will forfeit the support of stanch friends; and it is discovered, when too late, that there may happen a catastrophe foretold by Lord Brougham in one of the Civil List debates, when he said —"That the people would one day awake and ring such a peal in the ears of Ministers as would be remembered, not merely to the end of their official existence, but to the last hour of the public life of the youngest functionary among them."

The Slavery Speeches form a splendid group. They are arranged in sequence, including the speeches in the case of the Demerara Missionary, Smith. They commence with the speech delivered in 1810, shortly after Mr Brougham went into Parliament, which introduced his motion for making the Slave-Trade a capital felony, and conclude with his exposure of the eastern Slave-Trade—that new era in crime, that recommencement of the iniquities and horrors of the Trade—which was delivered in March last, and which is to be considered as one of the most important speeches he ever delivered in Parliament. It is a strangling of the monster in the birth; for never, never, can the people of England lose sight of the eastern Slave-Trade, until they obtain every guarantee, that the enormous wickedness swept from one quarter of the world, after a struggle of a half century, shall not be revived by British subjects, in another, and under the immediate sanction of Great Britain.

Sketches of the more remarkable men among the friends of the Negroes, or rather of the first principles of eternal justice—for it is the same thing—are prefixed to this brilliant group of speeches. From these we select this account of the venerable Thomas Clarkson, which is recommended by its brevity:—

Granville Sharpe was followed in his bright course by Thomas Clarkson, of whom it has been justly said, (nor can higher praise be earned by man,) that to the great and good qualities of Las Casas—his benevolence—his unwearied perseverance—his inflexible determination of purpose—piety which would honour a saint—courage which would accomplish a martyr—he added the sound judgment and strict sense of justice which were wanting in the otherwise perfect character of the Spanish philanthropist. While pursuing his studies at Cambridge, he made the Slave Trade the subject of an Essay, which gained one of the University prizes, and this accident having called his special attention to the iniquity of that execrable commerce, he devoted his life to waging an implacable hostility with it. The evidence which he collected and brought before a committee formed to obtain its abolition, drew the attention of Mr Wilberforce, and secured at once the services of that great man as the leader in the cause.

It is an unhappy circumstance that Lord Brougham should be able to state, in his speeches on the Missionary Smith's case, that his late colleagues, Lord Palmerston, Mr William Lamb, now Lord Melbourne, and Mr Charles Grant, now Lord Glenelg, all of them then Members of the Tory government, should have opposed his motion of inquiry—"thus giving to the country," he sarcastically remarks, "an early pledge of

those principles so hostile to Colonial liberty, on which they have since acted." Lord Brougham's Speeches on Slavery, during the present session, have, if that be possible, exceeded in power and eloquence, depth and ardour of feeling, those of his earlier days; but, as the latter are fresh in every one's recollection, we shall go farther back for a short specimen. This occurs in the speech on the Missionary's case :—

The right honourable gentleman [Mr Canning] seems much disposed to quarrel with the title of martyr, which has been given him. For my own part, I have no fault to find with it; because I deem that man to deserve the name, as in former times he would have reaped the honours of martyrdom, who willingly suffers for conscience. Whether I agree with him or not in his tenets, I respect his sincerity, I admire his zeal; and when, through that zeal, a Christian minister has been brought to die the death, I would have his name honoured and holden in everlasting remembrance. His blood cries from the ground—but not for vengeance! He expired, not imprecating curses upon his enemies, but praying for those who had brought him to an untimely grave. It cries aloud for justice to his memory, and for protection to those who shall tread in his footsteps, and—tempering their enthusiasm by discretion; uniting with their zeal knowledge; forbearance with firmness; patience to avoid giving offence, with courage to meet oppression, and to resist when the powers of endurance are exhausted—shall prove themselves worthy to follow him, and worthy of the cause for which he suffered. If theirs is a holy duty, it is ours to shield them, in discharging it, from that injustice which has persecuted the living, and has sought to blast the memory of the dead.

The Ministry were hard pressed on this occasion; but that convenient and useful commodity, "The previous question," carried by a majority of about forty, saved them. The meaning of the *previous question*, as a defensive weapon, is, by the way, felicitously described in the sketch of Mr Creevey. At the Liverpool election of 1812, when Mr Brougham was invited to stand on the liberal interest, Creevey, in addressing the populace, observed :—"You often hear, when any of our irregular partisans have framed a motion against some public defaulter, that it is said to be got rid of by the Previous Question. Now, you may just as well know what this means. It is, that the whole House says, 'All these things are very true, and we have no answer to make; and, therefore, the less that is said about the matter the better.'" Mr Creevey, we are told, and may notice in this place, kept a minute journal of political as well as personal occurrences for thirty years; which Lord Brougham thinks is likely to contain more interesting materials for secret and general history than any collection ever made in this country.

From the earlier Slavery Speeches we shall cull another sentence or two. The orator is charging those engaged as merchants in the trade with murder, and he continues—

I must protest loudly against the abuse of language which allows such men to call themselves traders or merchants. It is not commerce, but crime that they are driving. I too well know, and too highly respect that most honourable and useful pursuit, that commerce whose provin is to humanize and pacify the world—so alien in its nature to violence and fraud—so formed to flourish in peace and in honesty—so inseparably connected with freedom, and good-will, and fair-dealing. I deem too highly of it, to endure that its name should, by a strange perversion, be prostituted to the use of men who live by treachery, rapine, torture, and murder, and are habitually practising the worst of crimes, for the basest of purposes. When I say murder, I speak literally and advisedly. I mean to use no figurative phrase; and I know I am guilty of no exaggeration. I am speaking of the worst form of that crime. For ordinary murders, there may even be some excuse. Revenge may have arisen from the excess of feelings honourable in themselves. A murder of hatred, or cruelty, or mere blood-thirstiness, can only be imputed to a deprivation of reason. But here we have to do with cool, deliberate, mercenary murder—nay, worse than this; for the ruffians who go on the highway, or the pirates who infest the seas, at least expose their persons, and, by their courage, throw a kind of false glare over their crimes. But these wretches dare not do this. They employ others as base as themselves, only that they are less cowardly; they set on men to rob and kill, in whose spoils they are willing to share, though not in their dangers. Traders, or merchants, do they presume to call themselves?—and in cities like London and Liverpool—the very creations of honest trade? I will give them the right name at length, and call them cowardly suborners of piracy and mercenary murder!

That gross delusion—those shameless attempts formerly made to deceive the country, by individuals in an honourable station, and enjoying the world's esteem, which are here recorded—ought to make us pause over the equally flattering and delusive accounts given of the blessed condition of the Hill Coolies of India when brought to our western colonies. The passage we are to quote occurs in the Slavery Speech of 1830, which, Lord Brougham says, contributed much to his election for Yorkshire.

I hold in my hand the evidence of Lord Rodney, who swore before the Privy Council, that he never saw an instance of cruel treatment; that, in all the islands, "and," said his Lordship, "I know them all," the negroes were better off in clothing, lodging, and food, than the poor at home, and were never in any case at all overworked. Admiral Barrington, rising in ardour of expression as he advanced in knowledge, declares that he has often wished himself in the condition of the slaves. Neither would I take the gallant Admiral at his rash word, sanctioned though it be by an oath. I would not punish his temerity so severely as to consign him to a station, compared with which he would in four-and-twenty hours have become reconciled to the hardest fare in the most crazy bark that ever rocked on the most perilous wave; or even to the lot which our English seamen are the least inured to—the most disastrous combat that ever lowered his flag in discomfiture and disgrace. But these officers confined not their testimony to the condition of slavery; they cast its panoply around the Slave-trade itself. They were just as liberal in behalf of the Guineaman as of those whom his toils were destined to enrich. They gave just as Arcadian a picture of the slaver's deck and hold, as of the enviable fields whither she was fraught with a cargo of happy creatures, designed, by their felicitous destiny, to become what are called the cultivators of those romantic regions. "The slaves on board are comfortably lodged," says one gallant officer, "in rooms fitted up for them." "They are amused with instruments of music: when tired of music, they then go to games of chance." Let the inhabitants, or the frequenters of our club-houses hear this and envy—those "famous wits," to whom St James's purlieus are "native or hospitable:" let them cast a longing look on the superior felicity of their sable brethren on the middle passage. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet have they found for them all earthly indulgences: food and raiment for nothing; music to charm the sense; and when, sated with such enjoyment, the mind seeks a change, games of chance are kindly provided by boon traffic, to

stimulate the lazy appetite. "The slaves," adds the Admiral, "are all indulged in all their little humours." Whether one of these caprices might be to have themselves tied up from time to time, and lacerated with a scourge, he has omitted to mention. "He had frequently," he says, "seen them, and as happy as any of the crew, it being the interest of the officers and men to make them so." But it is Admiral Evans who puts the finishing stroke to this fairy picture. "The arrival of a Guineaman," he says, "is known in the West Indies by the dancing and singing of the negroes on board."

It is thus that these cargoes of merry, happy creatures, torn from their families, their native fields, and their cottages, celebrate their reaching the land of promise, and that their coming is distinguished from the dismal landing of free English seamen, out of West India traders, or other receptacles of cruelty and wretchedness. But, if all the deductions of philosophy, and all the general indications of fact, loudly prove the unalterable wretchedness of colonial slavery, where, may it be asked, are the particular instances of its existence? Alas! there is no want of these; but I will only cull out a few, dealing purposely with the mass rather by sample than by breaking its foul bulk. I shall illustrate, by a few examples, the effects of slavery in communities to the exertions of which we are bid to look for the mitigation and final extinction of that horrid condition.

We forbear citing any of those flagrant cases; but are compelled to remark, that, if Lord Brougham had been more severe upon the naval service than Lord Minto—catching at anything which could be turned against one who no longer supported every act of the Ministry—has ventured to affirm, those respectable individuals in that service, who delivered the above testimony, certainly gave some ground for the prejudice which Lord Brougham denies entertaining.

As we cannot notice everything in these teeming volumes, we shall pass abruptly to the sketch of the character of Mr Bentham, which occurs in the Introduction to the speech on Law Reform. It is one with which, we should imagine, the most devoted disciple of that philosopher will declare himself satisfied.

The age of law reform and the age of Jeremy Bentham are one and the same. He is the father of the most important of all the branches of Reform, the leading and ruling department of human improvement. No one before him had ever seriously thought of exposing the defects in our English system of jurisprudence. All former students had confined themselves to learn its principles—to make themselves masters of its eminently technical and artificial rules; and all former writers had but expounded the doctrines handed down from age to age. Men, by common consent, had agreed in bending before the authority of former times as decisive upon every point; and, confounding the question of, What is the law, which that authority alone could determine, with the question, What ought to be the law, which the wisdom of an early and an unenlightened age was manifestly unfit to solve, they had taken it for granted that the system was perfect because it was established, and had bestowed upon the produce of ignorance and inexperience their admiration in proportion as it was defective. He it was who first made the mighty step of trying the whole provisions of our jurisprudence by the test of expediency, fearlessly examining how far each part was connected with the rest; and, with a yet more undaunted courage, inquiring how far even its most consistent and symmetrical arrangements were framed according to the principle which should pervade a Code of Laws—their adaptation to the circumstances of society, to the wants of men, and to the promotion of human happiness. . . . . Mr Bentham, professing to regard no existing law as of any value, unless it was one which ought to have been made, wholly unfetters himself from any deference to authority—bringing the fundamental principles, as well as the details of each legislative rule, to the test of reason alone—trying all by the criterion of their tendency to promote the happiness and improve the condition of mankind—not only shewed in detail the glaring inconsistencies and the radical imperfections of the English system, but, carrying his bold and sagacious views to their amplest extent, investigated the principles upon which all human laws should be constructed, and shewed how their provisions should be framed for the better accomplishment of their great purpose—the well-being of civil society, both as regards the enjoyment of civil rights, the prevention of crimes, and the encouragement of virtue. The adaptation of these principles to the particular circumstances of any given state, can only be ascertained by a careful examination of those circumstances, and, above all, by an accurate attention to the laws already existing in the country, and which, how ill soever contrived in many respects, have always, more or less, arisen out of those very circumstances. This is the business of Codification, which consists in not only reducing to a system and method the existing laws, but in so amending them as to make them capable of accomplishing their cardinal object—the happiness of the community.

In thus assigning to Mr Bentham, not merely the first place among Legal Philosophers, but the glory of having founded the Sect, and been the first who deserved the name, it cannot be intended to deny that other writers preceded him, who wisely and fearlessly exposed the defects of existing systems. Voltaire, for example, great and original in whatever pursuit—whether of letters or of science, whether of gay or of grave composition—was enlightened by his extraordinary genius, had, with his characteristic vigour and sagacity, attacked many false principles that prevailed in the judicial systems of all nations. Filangieri, who of all writers before Bentham comes nearest to the character of a Legal Philosopher, had exposed, with the happiest effect, the folly as well as cruelty of severe penal inflictions; Montesquieu, whose capacity as well as his learning, is unquestionable, notwithstanding his puerile love of epigram, and his determination to strain and force all facts within the scope of a fantastical theory, had discussed with success many important principles of general jurisprudence; and Mr Locke, a far more illustrious name, had treated with his wonted profoundness and accurate reflection, many of the principles which bear upon the political branches of legislation. But none of those great men, nor any of the others through whose writings important and useful discussions of legislative principles are scattered, ever embraced the subject in its wider range, or attempted to reduce the whole of jurisprudence under the dominion of fixed and general rules. None ever, before Mr Bentham, took in the whole department of legislation. None before him can be said to have treated it as a science, and, by so treating, made it one. This is his pre-eminent distinction; to this praise he is most justly entitled; and it is as proud a title to fame as any philosopher ever possessed.

To the performance of the magnificent task which he had set before him, this great man brought a capacity, of which it is saying everything to affirm, that it was not inadequate to so mighty a labour.

After analyzing the higher qualities of Bentham's understanding, Lord Brougham proceeds:—

But he also excelled in the light works of fancy. An habitual despiser of eloquence, he was one of the most eloquent of men when it pleased him to write naturally, and before he had adopted that harsh style, full of involved periods and new-made words, which, how accurately soever it conveyed his ideas, was almost as hard to learn as a foreign language. Thus his earlier writings are models of force as well as of precision; but some of them are also highly rhetorical; nor are the justly celebrated "Defence of Usury" and "Protest against Law Taxes," more finished models of moral demonstration, than the Address to the French National Assembly on

Colonial Emancipation is of an eloquence at once declamatory and argumentative.

After describing some of Bentham's habits and tastes, his dislike of conversation in which more than one took a part, and his low value for eloquence and poetry, Lord Brougham continues—and we think few persons qualified to judge will cavil at his statements, the result of intimate personal knowledge and close observation :—

The moral character of this eminent person was, in the most important particulars, perfect and unblemished. His honesty was unimpeachable; and his word might, upon any subject, be taken as absolutely conclusive, whatever motives he might have for distorting or exaggerating the truth. But he was, especially of late years, of a somewhat jealous disposition—betrayed impatience if to another was ascribed any part whatever of the improvements in jurisprudence, which all originated in his own labours, but to effect which different kinds of men were required—and even shewed some disinclination to see any one interfere, although as a coadjutor, and for the furtherance of his own designs. It is said that he suffered a severe mortification in not being brought early in life into Parliament; although he must have felt that a worse service never could have been rendered to the cause he had most at heart, than to remove him from his own peculiar sphere to one in which, even if he had excelled, he yet never could have been nearly so useful to mankind. It is certain that he shewed, upon many occasions, a harshness as well as coldness of disposition towards individuals to whose unremitting friendship he owed great obligations; and his impatience to see the splendid reforms which his genius had projected, accomplished before his death, increasing as the time of his departure drew nigh, made him latterly regard even his most familiar friends only as instruments of reformation, and gave a very unamiable and indeed a revolting aspect of callousness to his feelings towards them. For the sudden and mournful death of one old and truly illustrious friend,* he felt, as he expressed, no pain at all; towards the person of a more recent friend, he never concealed his disrespect, because he disappointed some extravagant hopes which he had formed that the bulk of a large fortune, acquired by honest industry, would be expended in promoting Parliamentary influence to be used in furthering great political changes. Into all these unamiable features of his character, every furrow of which was deepened, and every shade darkened by increasing years, there entered nothing base or hypocritical. If he felt little for a friend, he pretended to no more than he felt. If his sentiments were tinged with asperity and edged with spite, he was the first himself to declare it; and no one formed a less favourable or a more just judgment of his weaknesses than he himself did, nor did any one pronounce such judgments with a severity that exceeded the confessions of his own candour. Upon the whole then, while, in his public capacity, he presented an object of admiration and of gratitude, in his private character he was formed rather to be respected and studied, than beloved.

From a character of Mr Mill, the disciple of Bentham, we select one short passage, as we are every day more and more convinced that its import lies at the foundation of all public virtue. The quality attributed to Mill is, indeed, if not the foundation of political independence, that vital principle without which it cannot long subsist :—

In all the relations of private life he was irreproachable; and he afforded a rare example of one born in humble circumstances, and struggling, during the greater part of his laborious life, with the inconveniences of restricted means, nobly maintaining an independence as absolute, in all respects, as that of the first subject in the land—an independence, indeed, which but few of the pampered children of rank and wealth are ever seen to enjoy. For he could at all times restrain his wishes within the limits of his resources; was firmly resolved that his own hands alone should ever minister to his wants; and would, at every period of his useful and virtuous life, have treated with indignation any project that should trammel his opinions or his conduct with the restraints which external influence, of whatever kind, could impose.

Sir James Mackintosh, like Lord Dudley, is one of the individuals whom those who have no means of judging them save by their writings and their public life—cool, but impartial readers—may fancy Lord Brougham has over-estimated; as we are inclined to think he has under-estimated Cobbett, and, perhaps, Major Cartwright. It was scarcely worth while to rake up the old Major's scanty Latinity. He entered the naval service a boy, and had, we presume, no pretensions to scholarship; but, as a public man of unimpeachable probity and unswerving fidelity to his principles, he might shame many a pure classic. Men of high intellect are sometimes not only apt to undervalue the less splendid qualities of honesty, sincerity, and boldness, but to underrate their influence. Yet, from the concluding sentence, it would not so seem of Lord Brougham :—

They alone who have experienced how much less easy it is to find unflinching supporters, than highly accomplished ones, for the People's cause, so often betrayed by the People's fickleness, can duly estimate the vast importance of such an advocate, and be fully aware how much more is to be hoped, in the conduct of great affairs, from dauntless courage and unwearied steadiness, than from the most brilliant gifts which nature can bestow, or culture improve.

In the subsequent part of the introduction to the Reform speech of 1831, Lord Brougham does ample justice, if not something more, to those individuals who in Parliament sustained the cause of Parliamentary Reform. We shall only notice Mr Lambton—Lord Durham—as it has been the cue of the Ministerial press, for some time back, to represent Lord Brougham as jealous of the Liberal Peer :—

After Lord Grey's removal to the Upper House, Sir Francis Burdett became the most unwearied* and powerful champion of reform; and the extensive influence which his station and abilities gave him with the people, had an incalculable effect in keeping alive their zeal for the question, at times when extraordinary efforts were required to prevent its total extinction. Mr Lambton's motion in 1821, though his plan was exposed to many serious objections, was of very great service to the question, supported as it was by the influence out of doors, as well as in debate, which his talents, his spirit, and his fortune gave to whatever cause he chose to espouse. But no one did more real and lasting service to the question than Lord John Russell, whose repeated motions, backed by the progress of the subject out of doors, had the effect of increasing the minority in its favour—insomuch that, when he last brought it forward in 1826, Mr Canning, finding he could only defeat it by a comparatively small majority, pronounced the question substantially carried.

The faults of the Reform Bill, and the remedies suggested for its imperfections, are of far more consequence than the past services of aristocratic peers and renegade baronets, who, when

* Most probably Romilly.—*E. T. M.*

* We are rather at a loss to perceive how the slender services of either Sir Francis Burdett or Mr Lambton—efforts few and long between—should be termed "unwearied."—*E. T. M.*

their words were about to germinate into action, have always drawn back. This important passage also occurs in the Introduction to the Reform Speech :—

It is doubtful if the great feature of the Reform, and that which chiefly recommended it to the country, has not been carried too far. In November 1830, when Mr Brougham, then member for Yorkshire, in the redemption of the pledge given to his constituents, gave notice of a motion for Parliamentary Reform, which was to have come on the day that the Tory Ministry resigned, he announced to a meeting of members held in Lord Althorp's chambers, that he should propose to cut off, at the least, one member from every close borough, and to abolish some of these boroughs altogether; but that he greatly questioned the expediency of wholly abolishing this class of seats, regard being had to certain practical uses which they served. Their total extinction by the Bill may have been right; but then, provision has not been made for those practical uses thus lost. A public servant, as an Attorney-General, for instituting a necessary, though unpopular prosecution, or a Chancellor of Exchequer, for maintaining a requisite but odious tax, may lose their seats, and thus hamper an administration —nay, even occasion its dissolution. Since the bill passed, it has actually happened that, the Attorney-General being excluded from Parliament during a whole session, all the measures for reforming the law were stopped for a year. It is pretty certain that some changes in the distribution of office, which are now much called for, cannot be attempted, on account of the determination, probably a temporary determination, of some populous places, not to return the official persons who now represent them. To remedy this great defect, the giving seats without votes to certain members of the Goverment has often been proposed; and the subject was broached in the House of Lords, when the bill was under discussion. To enable a person to change his office without vacating his seat, would be a less violent change, and would answer some at least of the same purposes.

The number of small constituencies created by the bill is yet a greater defect. There are now above a hundred members chosen by towns which have not above two hundred voters. The evils of this are enormous. Each such burgh is as bad as the worst class of the old burghs, and by far the most corrupt of all, with the single but great exception of non-resident voters being no longer empowered to vote—an exception which limits the expense of the elections, without at all limiting the bribery practised in the several places. *To remedy this glaring defect, it is certain that all householders whatever should vote, which was the plan about to be proposed by Mr Brougham in November* 1830. The restriction to ten-pound householders is in every respect objectionable; and in none more than this, that it is a perfectly different qualification in different places—that sum answering to a large house and a good income, in remote country towns, while, in the capital and neighbouring burghs, no house, even the meanest, and occupied by the poorest person, is rated under double the amount.

But the gross inequality of the distribution is still more to be reprobated. A million of persons and an enormous wealth, in one or two counties, have no greater wealth in the scale of Parliamentary influence than a few hundred poor persons in some obscure town. It is plain that while this inequality continues, little confidence can be given to the resolutions of the Commons as an indication of the public opinion.

The duration of Parliament is clearly far too long. Members chosen while the state of the Sovereign's life presents the prospect of a six or seven years' seat, never think of their constituents any more than if they had none. The most striking examples of this have been afforded during the past Session. No Minister could have obtained the very discreditable votes which the enemies of Negro emancipation, friends of the planters, have obtained, had a general election been at hand. But when five or six years must elapse before the day of reckoning arrives, men of feeble principles, and greedy of promotion, or eager to share in the dispensation of public patronage, disregard the distant and uncertain displeasure of their constituents, and only seek to escape the more swift wrath of the Minister. Triennial Parliaments ought most certainly to be substituted for septennial.

The necessity of securing the electors by the plan of secret voting, seems, at length, to have forced itself on the minds of those formerly most reluctant to entertain the subject of the Ballot. To tenants this would assuredly afford no protection: it seems, however, clear that it would be some shelter to tradesmen; and the scenes at the last general election appear to shew that some such protection is necessary, if town elections are to be other than a farce.

But a large extension of the suffrage is the one thing needful; nor can any consistent Reformer feel very clearly in favour of the Ballot, while so few classes have the right to vote at all. The mere household qualification will clearly not suffice. That comprehends many of the least enlightened and least independent classes in society —persons always looking up to rank and fortune, and ever ready to square their conduct to the wishes of those who possess them; while it wholly excludes the better informed, more virtuous, and incomparably more independent, and less time-serving class of workmen, who have struggled to educate themselves, and are less beholden to their employers than these are to them. No one, however, can desire to let in any ignorant and profligate person, merely because he is twenty-one years of age, and not insane or convicted of a crime. Therefore an education qualification seems on every account to be the fittest. Lord Brougham's Education Bill provides for this in all votes respecting school affairs, nor can there be conceived a reason why it should not be extended to Parliamentary elections.

How far all or any of these salutary and even necessary improvements may be introduced into our new Parliamentary constitution within a few years, there are no means of conjecturing. *The existing Government have declared against all further change.* Arrogating to the authors of the Bill an infallibility never before ascribed to any men, and a power of foreseeing future events which no human being can be gifted with, they have decided that the unerring and prophetic wisdom of 1831 cannot be appealed from; and that all we now complain of must be endured, rather than alter a final measure, and charge its authors with the proneness to err which had heretofore been imagined to be the lot of man. This delusion will continue as long as Members of Parliament shall regard their own personal interest in promotion and patronage as of more value to them than the favour of their constituents, and the goodwill of the people at large. But, in the meantime, the confidence of the country is wholly alienated from its Government, and the representative body enjoys fully less of the public esteem and respect than those whom, a few years ago, men used to taunt with holding the power of making laws by an hereditary title. It would be well if their own election had bestowed a better spirit of conduct with a title supposed to be so much more valid.

In the general preface to the four volumes of collected speeches, Lord Brougham enunciates the true principle of all history which aspires to be more than an "old almanac," in stating that the most satisfactory, indeed the only accurate manner of giving the history of the times, must always be to give, as he has done, "an account of the persons who bore the chief part in their transactions. This is more or less true of all annals; but it is peculiarly so of political annals." He proceeds—"It is not, however, by those pieces of composition which abound in many histories, under the name of 'Characters,' that anything like this knowledge can be conveyed.

Without any regard to fine writing, measured and balanced periods, or neat and pointed antitheses, the personages must be described such as they really were, by a just mixture of general remarks, and references to particular passages in their lives." On these principles, which he has fully developed in the preface, Lord Brougham has described the most influential personages that have borne a conspicuous part in the political transactions of his own period. We are only left to regret that, as is said of those endowed with second-sight, he cannot see himself.

Among the individuals described, and, as we conceive, with favourable prepossessions, are Mr Creevey, Lord Dudley, Mr Wilberforce, Mr Stephens, Mr Roscoe, Mr Horner, and a few more. His general appreciation of character is generous as well as discriminating; and, if there be excess, it is on the side of indulgence and good-nature. With only one exception, which applies, we presume, to the Emperor Alexander, the Sketches are described "as the result of personal observation, and, in general, of intimate acquaintance; so that each individual may be said to have sitten for his picture." The object of the publication, at this time, is stated explicitly. It is to fix public attention upon some of the subjects most important to mankind. This object, and the manner in which the delicate task has been executed, with total disregard to the relations of friendship or enmity, whether political or personal, introduces the following admirable observations:—

Party connexion is indeed beneficial as long as it only bands together those who, having formed their opinions for themselves, are desirous of giving them full effect. But so much abuse has generally attended such leagues, that reflecting men are now induced to reject them altogether. Their greatest evil certainly is the one most difficult to be shunned—their tendency to deliver over the many to the guidance of the few, in matters where no dominion ever should be exercised—to make the opinions adopted by leading men pass current, without any reflection, among their followers—to enfeeble and corrupt the public mind, by discouraging men from thinking for themselves—and to lead multitudes into courses which they have no kind of interest in pursuing, in order that some designing individuals may gain by their folly or their crimes. As society advances, such delusions will become more and more difficult to practise; and it may safely be affirmed, that hundreds now-a-days discharge the sacred duty to themselves and their country, of forming their own opinions upon reflection, for one that had disenthralled himself thirty years ago.

The first speech in the collection, is that made in the case of John and Leigh Hunt, who had copied an article into the *Examiner* from *Drakard's Stamford News*, on military punishments. The alleged libel was written by the lamented John Scott, the editor of *The Champion*, whom Lord Brougham mentions with respect and commendation, as honourably distinguished by several literary works. The Hunts were acquitted; but Lord Brougham's other client, Mr Drakard, who refused to give up the author of the paragraph, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment! So much more dangerous may a libel be, if published in Lincolnshire than in a widely circulated journal in London! Among the many topics discussed in these volumes is the existing law of libel, for the improvement of which many admirable suggestions are made. The great speech on the trial of Queen Caroline appears second in order, and is followed by the other cases which arose out of that trial. The recent publication of Lady Charlotte Bury's book, and Lord Brougham's late article in *The Edinburgh Review*, have, however, restored the recollection of that unequalled effort of the power of the advocate, and the skill and acuteness of the lawyer; besides, to understand the full merits of that speech, it would require to be read in connexion with the evidence. It remains among the very greatest efforts of human intellect; for it belongs to Lord Brougham's genius ever to rise with the magnitude of the occasion; and he spoke better than he had ever done before, because he felt more deeply and passionately the glorious part to which he was summoned, as the champion of justice and humanity. This was not alone the case of the Queen, but of all England, of all womanhood, of the most sacred rights of society, wantonly violated by the chief magistrate. But all this we pass for the present, save one clause in the Introduction. The clause we select contains a high, and probably deserved compliment to the sagacity of the Duke of Wellington.

The temper and disposition of the house on this memorable occasion, was observed to be anxiously watched by the King's friends; and the Duke of Wellington sat the whole night under the gallery, an attentive listener, and with frequent communications to and from those more immediately engaged in the conflict. All men now felt deep regret that this illustrious person had only of late betaken himself to the pursuits of civil life; for his penetrating sagacity, as well as his honourable feelings, would have been an ample security against suffering such a course as the King seemed bent upon pursuing, had his Grace been in a position to exercise his proper authority over his colleagues and his master, and to sway their councils as he has since done upon the most important occasions. Nor would the same security have been wanting for the country, had Lord Wellesley fortunately been in his appropriate position, at the helm of affairs. No one was calculated to have such influence over the royal mind; and no one would more certainly have exerted it in the direction which the best interests of the country, as well as the King's own honour, so plainly pointed out. But the counsels of inferior men prevailed; or rather, the resistance of inferior minds only was opposed to the vehemence of the royal will; and it was determined that a bill of pains and penalties should be introduced with all the influence of the crown, for the purpose of dissolving the marriage, and degrading the Queen-consort from her exalted station.

We are compelled to notice, that Lord Brougham is much too lenient in his judgment of the King's Ministers, and to every one nearly concerned, save Sir John Leach. Mr Denman, in supporting the Queen's petition to be heard by counsel, against a secret committee being appointed to examine her conduct in her absence, made a smart hit, which is thus alluded to:—

It was on this occasion that Mr Denman, in allusion to the well-known adviser of the Milan commission, Sir John Leach, whose counsels, so pleasing to the King, were supposed to be guided by the desire of supplanting Lord Eldon and obtaining the Great Seal, made that memorable quotation from Shakspeare which was so manifestly delightful to Lord Eldon, and certainly as distasteful to Sir John:—

"Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening knave, to get some office
Hath devised this slander."

The Lords then appointed a secret committee, to whom papers, in a sealed green bag, were delivered.

Lord Brougham is warm in commendation of his coadjutor, Lord Denman, one of whose speeches on the trial is reported very fully. When he acknowledges that, merely to retain place, emolument, and favour, all the Government, and the Members of both Houses who really abhorred the measure, supported it, how severe is the implied condemnation!

All, with perhaps one exception, both of the Government and of both Houses, abhorred the measure; and, if they could have been sure that throwing it out immediately would not have occasioned a change of ministry, assuredly the bill never would have remained one hour in existence. But then, as in much later times, the great fear was of letting in the Opposition; and Tories were daily seen abandoning their whole principles, upon the pretence that they had no other way of preventing what, to their eyes, seemed the most formidable of all events—exactly as, in the present day, we have seen Whigs giving up their most sacred opinions, one after another, and attaching not the weight of a feather to retrenchment, and popular rights, and the progress of reform, and the rights of colonies, and the maintenance of peace, and the extinction of Slavery, and the prevention of the Slave Trade itself, when weighed in the balance against the one evil of a change which should let in their adversaries, and turn out their patrons from the dispensation of court favour.

One speech in the Queen's case was made by Mr Brougham, her Attorney-General, in the prosecution instituted against the Rev. Richard Blacow, for a most scurrilous and indecent libel delivered in a sermon from his own pulpit. The Queen was averse to prosecutions for libel. After the fiery trial she had sustained, tranquillity was the object of all her wishes. Her counsel complied with her desire; and "the consequence was that the press was polluted with a degree of malignity and impurity before wholly unknown." After alluding, at some length, to that black era in the annals of the public press, Lord Brougham relates that, in the flagrant case of Blacow, her Majesty's legal advisers resolved to prosecute. The occasion of that reverend person's slanderous sermon was the Queen going in procession to St Paul's to return public thanks for her providential deliverance from her enemies. This circumstance leads to the following striking passage:—

The wonderful spectacle which the great capital of the empire exhibited on that remarkable occasion, has never perhaps been adequately described. But it perhaps may be better understood if we add, that those who witnessed the extraordinary pomp of her present Majesty's visit to the Guildhall Banquet last November, and who also recollect the far more simple and unbought grandeur of the former occasion, treat any comparison between the two as altogether ridiculous. When Queen Caroline went to celebrate her triumph, and to thank God for "giving her the victory over all her enemies," the eye was met by no troops—no body-guards—no vain profusion of wealth—no costly equipages—no gorgeous attire—no heaping up of gold—no pride of heraldry—no pomp of power, except, indeed, the might that slumbered in the arms of myriads ready to die in her defence. But, in place of all this, there was that which the late solemnity wanted—a real occasion. It was the difference between make-believe and reality—between play and work—between representation and business—between the drama and the deed. When the young Queen moved through her subjects, she saw thousands of countenances lit up with hope, and beaming with good-will, and hundreds of thousands of faces animated with mere curiosity. Queen Caroline had been oftentimes seen by all who then beheld her; she had been long known to them; her whole life had but recently been the subject of relentless scrutiny; hope from her of any kind there was none. All that she was ever likely to do, she had already done; but she had been despitefully used and persecuted; she had faced her enemies and defied their threats, dared them to the combat, and routed them with disgrace. In her person justice had triumphed; the People had stood by her, and had shared in her immortal victory. The solemnity of November 1820, was the celebration of that great event; and, although they who partook of it had no sordid interests to pursue, no selfish feeling of any kind to gratify; although they were doing an act that, instead of winning any smile from royalty, drew down the frowns of power, and were steering counter to the stream of court favour, adown which Englishmen, of all people in the world, are the most delighted to glide; yet the occasion was one of such real feeling, so much the commemoration of a real and a great event, and the display of practical and determined feelings, pointed to a precisely defined and important object, that its excitement baffles all description, and cannot be easily comprehended by those who only witnessed the comparatively tame and unmeaning pageant of November 1837.

A verdict was obtained against the reverend slanderer, who doubled his offence by the speech he delivered in Court when acting as his own counsel. He was sentenced—heavy penalty!—to three months' imprisonment! But then he was sentenced in the Court of King's Bench, which condemned the Hunts to two years' confinement, and a fine of £1000, for what Lord Brougham calls a far less slanderous attack on the Prince Regent, though many will be inclined to regard it merely as a piece of rather coarse pleasantry. Some years after the trial of Blacow, Mr Daniel Whittle Harvey and his printer were tried for a libel on George IV., published in a country paper. It was, in Lord Brougham's opinion, probably the worst case of libel ever brought before the Court; and we may guess the measure of punishment, save for the opportune interference of Mr Brougham, who, when sentence was about to be pronounced, suggested to Mr Harvey, that Blacow, for his scandalous sermon against the late Queen, had only been sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The Judges expressed much displeasure at Mr Brougham's interference, as he was not the counsel of either defendant; but they yet took shame to them, and let Mr Harvey off with the same term of imprisonment as Blacow. It is no unfair inference that at least twenty-one months were thus added to the free life of Mr Harvey.

Upon the death of "Caroline of Brunswick, the murdered Queen of England," the clergy of Durham gave orders that the customary practice, on the death of any member of the Royal Family, of tolling the bells of all cathedrals and churches, should be departed from. Mr Ambrose Williams, the editor of the *Durham Chronicle*, a Liberal newspaper, wrote and published some remarks on this spiteful and pitiful proceeding, which are admirable for their justice and spirit, and which, were they now attempted to be prosecuted as libellous, would only draw fresh ridi-

cule upon the reverend plaintiffs. The case was argued in the King's Bench, and finally tried at the Durham assizes in August 1822—while the King was about to make a progress in Scotland. The ecclesiastical condition of that part of the island is alluded to in the speech in this felicitous strain:—

His Majesty, almost at the time in which I am speaking, is about to make a progress through the northern provinces of this island, accompanied by certain of his chosen counsellors, a portion of men who enjoy unenvied, and in an equal degree, the admiration of other countries, and the wonder of their own—and there the Prince will see much loyalty, great learning, some splendour, the remains of an ancient monarchy, and of the institutions which made it flourish. But one thing he will not see. Strange as it may seem, and to many who hear me incredible, from one end of the country to the other he will see no such thing as a bishop; not such a thing is to be found from the Tweed to John o' Groats; not a mitre; no, nor so much as a minor canon, or even a rural dean; and in all the land not one single curate, so entirely rude and barbarous are they in Scotland; in such utter darkness do they sit, that they support no cathedrals, maintain no pluralists, suffer no non-residence; nay, the poor benighted creatures are ignorant even of tithes. Not a sheaf, or a lamb, or a pig, or the value of a plough-penny do the hapless mortals render from year's end to year's end! Piteous as their lot is, what makes it infinitely more touching, is to witness the return of good for evil in the demeanour of this wretched race. Under all this cruel neglect of their spiritual concerns, they are actually the most loyal, contented, moral, and religious people anywhere, perhaps, to be found in the world. Let us hope (many, indeed, there are, not afar off, who will with unfeigned devotion pray) that his Majesty may return safe from the dangers of his excursion into such a country—an excursion most perilous to a certain portion of the Church, should his royal mind be infected with a taste for cheap establishments, a working clergy, and a pious congregation.

But the compassion for our brethren in the north has drawn me aside from my purpose, which was merely to remind you how preposterous it is in a country of which the ecclesiastical polity is framed upon plans so discordant, and the religious tenets themselves are so various, to require any very measured expressions of men's opinions upon questions of church government. And if there is any part of England in which an ample license ought more especially to be admitted in handling such matters, I say without hesitation it is this very Bishopric, where, in the nineteenth century, you live under a Palatine Prince, the Lord of Durham; where the endowment of the hierarchy, I may not call it enormous, but I trust I shall be permitted without offence to term splendid; where the establishment I dare not whisper proves grinding to the people, but I will rather say is an incalculable, an inscrutable blessing—only it *is* prodigiously large; showered down in a profusion somewhat overpowering; and laying the inhabitants under a load of obligation overwhelming by its weight. It is in Durham where the Church is endowed with a splendour and a power unknown in monkish times and Popish countries, and the clergy swarm in every corner, an' it were the patrimony of St Peter—it is here where all manner of conflicts are at each moment inevitable between the people and the priests, that I feel myself warranted on *their* behalf, and for *their* protection—for the sake of the Establishment, and as the discreet advocate of that Church and that clergy—for the defence of their very existence—to demand the most unrestrained discussion for their title and their actings under it. For them in this age, to screen their conduct from investigation is to stand self-convicted; to shrink from the discussion of their title, is to confess a flaw; he must be the most shallow, the most blind of mortals, who does not at once perceive that if that title is protected only by the strong arm of the law, it becomes not worth the parchment on which it is engrossed, or the wax that dangles to it for a seal. I have hitherto all along assumed, that there is nothing impure in the practice under the system; I am admitting that every person engaged in its administration does every one act which he ought, and which the law expects him to do; I am supposing that up to this hour not one unworthy member has entered within its pale; I am even presuming that up to this moment not one of those individuals has stepped beyond the strict line of his sacred functions, or given the slightest offence or annoyance to any human being. I am taking it for granted that they all act the part of good shepherds, making the welfare of their flock their first care, and only occasionally bethinking them of shearing in order to prevent the too luxuriant growth of the fleece proving an encumbrance, or to eradicat disease. If however, those operations be so constant that the flock actually live under the knife; if the shepherds are so numerous, and employ so large a troop of the watchful and eager animals that attend them (some of them, too, with a cross of the fox, or even the wolf, in their breed) can it be wondered at, if the poor creatures, thus fleeced, and hunted, and barked at, and snapped at, and from time to time worried, should now and then bleat, dream of preferring the rot to the shears, and draw invidious, possibly disadvantageous comparisons between the wolf without and the shepherd within the fold—it cannot be helped; it is in the nature of things that suffering should beget complaint; but for those who have caused the pain to complain of the outcry, and seek to punish it—for those who have goaded to scourge and to gag—is the meanest of all injustice. It is, moreover, the most pitiful folly for the clergy to think of retaining their power, privileges, and enormous wealth, without allowing free vent for complaints against abuses in the Establishment, and delinquency in its members; and in this prosecution they have displayed that folly in its supreme degree. I will even put it that there has been an attack on the hierarchy itself; I do so for argument's sake only; denying all the while, that anything like such an attack is to be found within the four corners of this publication. But suppose it had been otherwise; I will shew you the sort of language in which the wisest and the best of our countrymen have spoken of that Establishment. I am about to read a passage in the immortal writings of one of the greatest men—I may say, indeed, the greatest genius, which this country, or Europe, has in modern times produced. You shall hear what the learned and pious Milton has said of prelacy.

Mr Brougham read the passage, which could not have been the least galling part of his address, and added—"If Mr Williams had dared to publish the tithe part of what I have just read—if anything in sentiment or in language approaching to it were to be found in his paper—I should not stand before you with the confidence I now feel." Mr Brougham strengthened his case by reading other extracts, from Bishop Burnet and from Hartley. Mr Scarlett, the Attorney-General and counsel of the Durham clergy, in the course of his speech affirmed that they had shewn all fitting respect for the Queen. This pretence drew forth this noble burst of withering sarcasm and indignant eloquence.

According to him they stand in a peculiarly unfortunate situation; they are, in truth, the most injured of men. They all, it seems, entertained the same generous sentiments with the rest of their countrymen, though they did not express them in the old, free, English manner, by openly condemning the proceedings against the late Queen; and after the course of unexampled injustice against which she victoriously struggled had been followed by the needless infliction of inhuman torture, to undermine a frame whose spirit no open hostility could daunt, and extinguish a life so long embittered by the same foul arts—after that great Princess had ceased to harass her enemies (if I may

be allowed thus to speak, applying, as they did, by the perversion of all language, those names to the victim which belong to the tormentor)—after her glorious but unhappy life had closed, and that Princely head was at last laid low by death, which, living, all oppression had only the more illustriously exalted—the venerable the Clergy of Durham, I am now told for the first time, though less forward in giving vent to their feelings than the rest of their fellow-citizens—though not so vehement in their indignation at the matchless and unmanly persecution of the Queen—though not so unbridled in their joy at her immortal triumph, nor so loud in their lamentations over her mournful and untimely end—did, nevertheless, in reality, all the while, deeply sympathize with her sufferings, in the bottom of their reverend hearts! When all the resources of the most ingenious cruelty hurried her to a fate without parallel—if not so clamorous as others, they did not feel the least of all the members of the community—their grief was in truth too deep for utterance—sorrow clung round their bosoms, weighed upon their tongues, stifled every sound—and, when all the rest of mankind, of all sects and of all nations, freely gave vent to the feelings of our common nature, THEIR silence, the contrast which THEY displayed to the rest of their species, proceeded from the greater depth of their affliction; they said the less because they felt the more!—Oh! talk of hypocrisy after this! Most consummate of all the hypocrites! After instructing your chosen, official advocate to stand forward with such a defence—such an exposition of your motives—to dare utter the word hypocrisy, and complain of those who charged you with it! This is indeed to insult common sense, and outrage the feelings of the whole human race! If you were hypocrites before, you were downright, frank, honest hypocrites to what you have now made yourselves—and, surely, for all you have ever done, or ever been charged with, your worst enemies must be satiated with the humiliation of this day, its just atonement, and ample retribution! . . . . . .

Gentlemen, if the country, as well as Mr Williams, has been all along so deceived, it must be admitted that it is not from the probabilities of the case. Judging before-hand, no doubt, any one must have expected the Durham clergy, of all men, to feel exactly as they are now, for the first time, ascertained to have felt. They are Christians; outwardly at least, they profess the gospel of charity and peace; they beheld oppression in its foulest shape; malignity and all uncharitableness putting on their most hideous forms; measures pursued to gratify prejudices in a particular quarter, in defiance of the wishes of the people, and the declared opinions of the soundest judges of each party; and all with the certain tendency to plunge the nation in civil discord. If for a moment they had been led away by a dislike of cruelty and of civil war, to express displeasure at such perilous doings, no man could have charged them with political meddling; and when they beheld truth and innocence triumph over power, they might, as Christian ministers, calling to mind the original of their own Church, have indulged without offence in some little appearance of gladness; a calm, placid satisfaction, on so happy an event, would not have been unbecoming their sacred station. When they found that her sufferings were to have no end; that new pains were inflicted in revenge for her escape from destruction, and new tortures devised to exhaust the vital powers of her whom open, lawless violence had failed to subdue—we might have expected some slight manifestation of disapproval from holy men who, professing to inculcate loving-kindness, tender mercy, and good will to all, offer up their daily prayers for those who are desolate and oppressed. When at last the scene closed, and there was an end of that persecution which death alone could stay; but when not even her unhappy fate could glut the revenge of her enemies; and they who had harassed her to death now exhausted their malice in reviling the memory of their victim; if among them had been found, during her life, some miscreant under the garb of a priest, who, to pay his court to power, had joined in trampling upon the defenceless; even such a one, bore he the form of a man, with a man's heart throbbing in his bosom, might have felt even *his* fawning, sordid, calculating malignity assuaged by the hand of death; even *he* might have left the tomb to close upon the sufferings of the victim. All probability certainly favoured the supposition that the clergy of Durham would not take part against the injured, because the oppressor was powerful; and that the prospect of emolument would not make them witness with dry eyes and hardened hearts the close of a life which they had contributed to embitter and destroy. But I am compelled to say that their whole conduct has falsified those expectations. They sided openly, strenuously, forwardly, officiously, with power, in the oppression of a woman, whose wrongs this day they, for the first time, pretend to bewail in their attempt to cozen you out of a verdict, behind which they may skulk from the inquiring eyes of the people. Silent and subdued in their tone as they were on the demise of the unhappy Queen, they could make every bell in all their chimes peal when gain was to be expected by flattering present greatness. Then they could send up addresses, flock to public meetings, and load the press with their libels, and make the pulpit ring with their sycophancy, filling up to the brim the measure of their adulation to the reigning monarch, Head of the Church and Dispenser of its Patronage.

A dissertation on the law of libel and slander follows the case of the Durham clergy, to which we can merely refer the reader; and terminates a distinct group of speeches, connected with the prosecution of Queen Caroline.

Mr Brougham's speech, delivered in the House of Commons on January 1812, as counsel for the merchants and manufacturers of London, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. &c., in support of their petition against the Orders in Council, was, we believe, his first great appearance, and at once raised him to that station, both as a lawyer and in public business, which he has ever since held. Several weeks had been occupied in examining evidence at the bar, in which he was usefully assisted by Mr Baring, now Lord Ashburton, who has obtained a niche in Lord Brougham's Temple of Fame.

It is in this place that a sketch of Mr Stephen appears, of which we shall cite the conclusion, upon the same principle which dictated the selection of a paragraph referring to Mr Mill. Mr Stephens was a Tory, and a zealous supporter of the government of his personal friend, Perceval, who had brought him into Parliament. Three years after the death of Perceval—

He gave a memorable proof of his public virtue, by at once abandoning the Ministry, and resigning his seat in Parliament, because they pursued a course which he disapproved, upon the great subject of Colonial Slavery. He retired into private life, abandoned all the political questions in which he took so warm an interest, gave up the public business, in which he still had strength sufficient to bear a very active part, and relinquished without a struggle or a sigh all the advantages of promotion, both for himself and his family, although agreeing with the Government in every other part of their policy, because on that which he believed conscientiously to be the most important of all their practical views, they differed from his own. It would indeed be well if we had now and then instances of so rare a virtue; and they who looked down upon this eminent and excellent person, as not having answered the expectations formed of his Parliamentary career, or sneered at his enthusiastic zeal for opinions in his mind of paramount importance, would have done well to respect at a distance merit which they could not hope to imitate—perhaps could not well comprehend—merit beside which the lustre of the statesman's triumph and the orator's fame grows pale.

The liberal and manly section of the Whig Opposition of those times, as it is described in an able sketch of Mr Creevey, piteously dwarfs that liberal section of the ministerial party now. But, to be sure, *in* or *out* makes that small difference which a Reform Bill cannot obliterate. Mr Creevey was a very moderate Parliamentary Reformer. He fancied there might be things quite as bad as rotten or nomination boroughs that wore a fairer face—and he was not far wrong. Thus far he agreed with the Whigs of those days, on whom the glories of the Bill and the whole Bill! had not yet dawned.

But on other matters he had many wide differences with the regular leaders of his party. He despised the timidity which so often paralysed their movements; he disliked the jealousies, the personal predilections and prejudices which so frequently distracted their councils; he abhorred the spirit of intrigue, which not rarely gave some inferior man, or some busy meddling woman, probably unprincipled, a sway in the destiny of the party, fatal to its success, and all but fatal to its character; he held in utter ridicule the squeamishness both as to persons and things, which emasculated so many of the genuine, regular Whigs; and no considerations of interest—no relations of friendship—no regard for party discipline—(albeit, in other respects, a decided and professed party man, and one thoroughly sensible of the value of party concert)—could prevail with him to pursue that course so ruinous to the Whig opposition, of half-and-half resistance to the Government; marching to the attack with one eye turned to the Court, and one askance to the country, nor ever making war upon the Ministry without regarding the time when themselves might occupy the position now the object of assault.

This manly, straightforward view of things, not unaccompanied with expressions both as to men and measures, in which truth and strength seemed more studied than courtesy, gave no little offence to the patrician leaders of the party, who never could learn the difference between 1810 and 1780—still fancied they lived "in times before the flood" of the French Revolution, when the heads of a few great families could dispose of all matters according to their own good pleasure—and never could be made to understand how a feeble motion, prefaced by a feeble speech, if made by an elderly Lord, and seconded by a younger one, could fail to satisfy the country, and shake the Ministry. But Mr Creevey, and those who thought with him, such as Lord Folkestone (now Radnor) and General Ferguson, did not confine their dissidence to criticism, complaint, remonstrance. Their conduct kept pace with their language, and was framed upon the sentiments to which we have referred. Carefully avoiding any course that might give a victory to the common enemy, or retard the progress of their principles, they nevertheless often took a line of their own, bringing forward motions which were deemed too strong, as well as expressing opinions supposed to be too vehement, and opposing a resistance to many errors and abuses of the Government, which the more aristocratic portion of the Whig party were inclined either feebly to impugn, or altogether to pass over. On all that regarded the economy of the public money, still more on every instance of abuse, most of all on official corruption or delinquency of any kind, they were inexorable; nor did any sort of questions tend more to sow dissension between them and the party at large, than questions of this description, which involved considerations of economy and abuse, and of necessity led to personal charges, often against men in high rank and station. The inquiries respecting the Duke of York, and those cognate questions respecting public corruption, which grew out of that famous passage, first banded together this party, jocularly termed "*The Mountain*," and drew a line of demarcation between them and the more regular portion of the Whigs.

What party in the Reformed Parliament, it may be asked, now represents these sturdy, independent partisans of the Whigs? We look for such in vain. Looking back upon periods when the enthusiasm of the People backed the patriotic Opposition in the House of Commons, and led to such grand results, his Lordship, in one of his Introductions, enters fully into the method by which the interests of the People were then successfully supported in Parliament.

Battle, then, for the People, was fought by the joint efforts of themselves out of doors, and of their supporters in the House of Commons, and by the mutual action and reaction of the House and the People upon each other. It is a battle which may always be renewed, and is always of certain success, on any ground naturally adapted to its movements—that is to say, wherever a great popular feeling can be excited and maintained, and wherever there are persons of firmness and spirit to set themselves at the head of the People, regardless of the frowns and threats of power. It is equally certain that such a fight never can be fought, with any chance of success, where the People are indifferent to the subject, and where they have no leaders in Parliament adequate to the occasion.

He details the means by which the Income Tax was abolished, and the tactics of the Government and of the Opposition in the Session of 1816; and proceeds thus emphatically, in a passage to which we crave the earnest attention of every Reformer:—

The same display which led to such important and even glorious success the cause of the People, in an unreformed Parliament, is to the full as requisite now, and would produce, if possible, greater results. Neither Slavery, nor Limited Suffrage, nor Petty Constituencies, nor refusal of the Ballot would stand before it half a session. But unhappily it has seemed good to the Whig Government that they should adopt a course of proceeding which renders all the tactics of 1812 and 1816 impracticable. Forgetting what it was that raised them to power, the remote cause of the Tory downfal, the policy which produced all the triumphs of liberal opinions; forgetting, too, that, though now in office, they may to-morrow be restored to that Opposition from which the triumphs of 1812 and 1816 raised them—*they have resolved that no petition shall now be discussed—that whoever presents it shall merely state its substance, after telling the body and the place it comes from*—and that no other member shall make it the subject of any observation. To this plan for stifling the people's voice, and giving the Ministers of the day and their majority in Parliament an absolute control over the policy of the empire, disarming the Opposition of their main weapons, and shearing the People of their chief strength, the Speaker, Mr Abercromby, has unhappily lent the support of his authority, if he was not, indeed, the author of the scheme. It is of little moment to reflect that, but for the policy of former and better times, this distinguished and excellent person would now have been in the honourable but cheerless exile of an Edinburgh sinecure judgeship, as his ministerial coadjutors would have been doomed to exclusion from power on the benches of an eternal opposition. It is of more importance to remark, that, unless a speedy end is put to the present course of proceeding, the mainstay of English liberty, the only effectual safeguard against misgovernment and oppression, is taken from the people of these realms.

That valuable time may sometimes be wasted in discussing frivolous petitions, is unquestionable. Still the evil created is so infinitely greater than that abated by the innovating practice, that it ought not to be allowed another day's existence.

(*To be continued.*)

SISMONDI'S STUDIES OF FREE CONSTITUTIONS.*

Of all those prejudices which retard the progress of nations, and bias the elements of political opinion, there is one in particular whose effects have, to this day, been of so fatal a nature that we seize with delight an opportunity of attacking it. We refer to that crudity which substitutes *individuals* for principles, and grants to the former a degree of authority which belongs only to the latter; which merely requires of political characters a few demonstrations, a few guarantees of good intentions in the past, to yield them, with a blind confidence, the task of constructing the future, and confounds, at every instant, two things radically distinct—the intellectual power which has led the way to an idea of progression, a conception of reform, and the intellectual power which is to develope, to realize, and to apply it.

Movement is eternal. The developement of a people is accomplished progressively, according to a law of continuousness, whose action may be concealed to the eye, but cannot be destroyed or broken. The Present, child of the Past, is the parent of the Future, and cannot, without ingratitude and folly, reject the heritage of the ages which have gone before; but is bound to transmit it, augmented and improved, to the ages which shall follow, which, in their turn, will also augment and improve this heritage. The individual is a finite creature, limited in his faculties of realization and foresight. The human intellect, vast as it may be, cannot embrace and comprehend all. Thence it is, that association is the only instrument capable of accomplishing the task; thence it is that the People, an aggregation of every faculty and every agency, is the sole power, whence, in the last resort, springs progression. To the chain of labours a chain of labourers is required. In that complex action which is working itself out in human society, each man has his time, his part, and his function. More than this we cannot and ought not to require.

If every man would convince himself of a truth so simple as that which we have just enunciated; if every man would conform to this truth, his practical habits, his studies, his actions, his entire life; above all, if it were always in the recollection of those whom circumstances, the accident of their position, or their talents, may, for any period, advance to the political, intellectual, or social direction of their fellow-citizens; if they would repeat to themselves each day, as the presiding maxim of their career, that they are, after all, but the product, the echo of their time; that the life of the People forms, at least, two-thirds of themselves and all their ideas; that another age will come; that the People, their inspirer, will not die with them, will not remain motionless before their tombs, but will pursue an onward march, incessantly assimilating to new elements, new ideas, and new discoveries, and consequently having new rights to incorporate, new wants to supply, and new duties to discharge,—we should witness far more harmony, and far less jealousy, amongst political labourers. The first object of statesmen rightly viewed, being to leave the path of national progression in every respect open, there would be a common ground, a common bond, a point of contact for all thinkers. We should still have distinct shades, but not parties radically opposed; we should undergo changes imperceptibly linked and tranquilly successive, and not those violent and perilous shocks, which now, from time to time, perform their inevitable work in all States. Unhappily there is none of this feeling.

Whenever there is felt in the bosom of the State the want of change—that is, when institutions are found to be no longer in harmony with the wants and wishes of the community—men generally step forward, who, taking on themselves to be the interpreters of that feeling of uneasiness which is present in every breast, loudly proclaim the existing defects, and the necessity of an immediate remedy. These become chiefs; the People rally round them, and adopt them. Generally, too, these men are unequal to the ideas of the new order which is to succeed the one they are about to destroy; they have only the idea of the struggle. Brought up under the vicious system, and seeing and judging things through the troubled prism of the present, it is with great difficulty they can form a clear and complete conception of the future; they perceive the evil without exactly appreciating its nature or even comprehending its extent. The State suffers—there must be a change of position, and an advance. Obstacles interpose—they must be overturned or surmounted. But what beyond this? Of that they know nothing—that employs little of their thought; indeed, they have too much to do for that. Of all these obstacles, they choose the nearest, the most visible, the one easiest grappled with at the moment they appear on the arena. They call the public attention to it, and concentrate around and against it all their strength. At this juncture the People demand from them nothing beyond this. All that they ask of them is to lead in the attack, and maintain a constant struggle against those who deny the evil, or who affirm that, if the evil exists, it is our duty to bear it patiently, and expect a remedy from God or time. They triumph; they overturn the obstacle; drive the enemy from his position, and remain masters of the field of battle. So far all is well. But with victory everything is changed: the field of sight is enlarged on all points; hardly a glimpse was obtained, hardly a glance directed, when all were engrossed by the struggle; now the eye embraces

* Etudes sur les Constitutions de Peuples Libres. Par T. C. L. Simonde, de Sismondi. Paris: Treuttel et Wurtz. 1836–37.

Etudes sur l'Economie Politique. Par le meme.

the whole—can compare, can ponder, can explore. New ideas appear, new elements are revealed, and demand to be called into action; unthought of connexions are perceived, and call for consideration. The event has set aside the object of their efforts; another work has begun—the business of the past was to overturn, the business of to-day is to build up. In time past, men sought for implements of action; now they seek to know how, why, and to what end they should be employed. All this is natural; you have clambered one of the ridges of the mountain, and others start up before your eyes which were unsuspected. Each step changes the features of the traveller's horizon. A nation after a reform is not the same nation as before the reform; and this the leaders of the first movement are often unable to comprehend. They are aghast at a developement of vitality for which they were unprepared; they are irritated at this perpetual call for movement, which may be to the benefit of generations unborn, but which few individuals find themselves competent to sustain. They are fatigued by the struggle, and deem it natural to rest. For themselves, they are satisfied as they are, and try to persuade the rest of the world to be equally contented. Complainants are taxed with indiscretion; ideas new to themselves are treated as dreams, or something worse; and to all the reasoning, all the arguments by which they are supported, they have but one to oppose, and this one they call *their experience;* and we find that their experience is but the knowledge of some forty, twenty, or ten years ago. Henceforward, murmuring, distrust, reaction; henceforward, also, an increasing sourness in these men, which soon degenerates into resistance. After this, the story is soon told. They find themselves in a position analogous to that of the men they overturned; they wish to keep themselves motionless, while all around them is progressing; harmony is destroyed, and for the short time this state of things is prolonged, the future once more belongs to revolution.

This is an old tale; and, if facts in support are demanded, we have only to look around us; never have proofs accumulated in such numbers, in a short space of time, as of late years. In France, agreeably to the order we have just sketched, the progress of liberty has no greater enemies than the men in opposition for fifteen years, now in power. In Switzerland, the Tscharners, the Schnells, the Tavels, the leaders, in Berne and elsewhere, of the revolutions of 1830 and 1831, are at present most ardent supporters of the *statu quo,* the most ardent enemies of all ulterior emancipation of the People. In Italy, the attempts at revolution, entirely national in their spirit, miscarried solely from the unskilfulness and cowardice of men placed at the head of the movement, by the youth, who judged them from a few antecedent demonstrations, and who persisted in adhering to the scheme of ten or twenty years before. It is hardly necessary to refer to Spain; and we leave to our readers the task of determining if something of the same kind be not going on amongst ourselves at the present hour.

When God commanded Moses to lead his people to the Land of Promise, he ordained that he, the guide, should not enter therein. It is not they who preside at the first movement of the People, who receive the mission and the power to bring them to the intended goal. For new aims, new men arise. It is not the skirmishers who decide the issue of the battle. They open the engagement, and then disappear before the main body of the army.

All that we have said of the men who have, by their actions, played a part in politics, perfectly applies to a class of political writers, whom, eight or ten years ago, we might have termed *eclectics;* but for whom, now that *eclecticism* is, to the sight and knowledge of all the world, a thing extinct, we are at a loss for a name, unless we frankly call them retrograders. They do for theory, what the men we have been describing do for practice. They made their *début* as revolutionists; they were in opposition all their youth—in opposition on all points, in all places, and at all risks; they have dwelt with feeling and emotion on all the complaints of the People, on every cry of discontent which arose from amidst the nations; these they took under their wing, under their responsibility; they wrote volumes on them, and built a reputation solely by becoming their echo. Their cry for *movement* was more than vociferous; and they chid the People, who marched too slowly for the credit of their foresight. But, as all that they did was but from simple opposition—that is to say, their actions, their theories, their books, were the fruit of no great general and social principle, of no extended historical views, of no philosophy of human nature, of no knowledge of the law of events, but solely from an incomplete perception of existing abuses, from a just but ineffectual reaction against present circumstances—that happened to them which is at this moment happening to the men who have carried out their political system. Intelligence keeps pace with events: uninterruptedly recruiting itself from all the rising talent, incessantly drawing new strength from all that happens, and from the progress of other branches of knowledge, more and more enlarging its horizon, from essay to essay, from error to error, from experience to experience, it has attained a point which these writers have not even suspected. It has traced abuses to their source, and isolated facts to their common law. Seeing long and painful struggles produce merely palliatives; wonderful revolutions ending, after a few years, in merely a change of men, not measures; and real miseries inexorably augmented throughout every mutation,—it has begun to suspect that the point to be settled in the present day, is no longer a mere political, but rather a social question; it has said within itself, that, perhaps, a new social principle once enthroned, abuses will fall of themselves; that the point is not to work such or such reform, and there

stop, but rather to constitute and organize a progressive power which may freely discharge its functions in every direction that circumstances and necessity may require; and out of this the question of the People, the question of equality between the privileged and the unprivileged, the question of association perfecting that of liberty. The view of things thus changed, the writers of whom we are speaking were taken unawares, bewildered, and left behind. Partly from irritation at finding themselves so treated, partly from a real want of ability to do better, they have taken to protesting against this, as they pretend, exorbitant desire of innovation; their plan is to disown all they did not foresee at their *début*, all that they do not understand at the present day; they complain now that the pace is too quick, as they complained at the beginning it was too gentle. They would persuade us that all the world should carry crutches, because their own decrepitude requires their aid. To this class of writers belongs M. de Sismondi.

M. de Sismondi, the descendant of a family originally belonging to an ancient Tuscan republic, himself the citizen of a Swiss republic, began his career of authorship as a republican. He acquired a justly celebrated name, by writing the "History of the Italian Republics"—a work which, though not free from faults, procured him the respect and gratitude of the youth of Italy. In these pages he hallowed the name of the People, and preached emancipation for slaves, *per fas aut nefas*. At a later period, he qualified his language. Destitute of a true philosophy—a skilful opponent, but unequal to decidedly organic views—he was drawn into the circle of the *Doctrine*. Broglie, Guizot, Rossi, and others of the same calibre, became his friends, his heroes. The peaceful reign of the *bourgeoisie* was necessarily a grateful theme to him, a Genevese—that, is to say, a citizen of a state where the *bourgeois*, the *bourgeois* capitalist, is the centre key of the social edifice. He became, therefore, an apostle of the *juste milieu*. The influence of his early opinions and the recollections of his youth now and then peep out. Some of his tenets, as a political economist, must still be deemed rather unorthodox by the Parisian Doctrinaires. In politics, he is at all times ready to hail the dawning of brighter hopes, without stopping to inquire too minutely how they may square with his own system. The writer of these lines well recollects having heard him, at Geneva, in 1831, encourage, by his counsels, the project of a rising in Italy, and the preparation which the Italian exiles were organizing in the French territory. But he has duly expiated this revolutionary hankering. Three years afterwards, he poured the bitterest reproaches on those who continued to hold the same opinions that he had held in 1831. He it was who, by his pamphlet entitled *Conseils aux Refugiés*, in some sort began that war of distrust against them, which, at a later period, and in hands less pure, brought about the persecutions of 1836, persecutions not sufficiently known or exposed. And in all this, M. Sismondi acts from conviction and sincerity. His character is, in all respects, honourable and spotless. Simply, his convictions come too much from without. They are modified by circumstances more than becomes an historian accustomed to comprehend long series of years at one view, and not to found his opinions on brief periods of transition. He has too much reverence for things established; but this is rather a foible of his political theory than of the man—his head bows to exterior circumstances, but his heart remains the same. Should to-morrow witness the People clamorous, aroused, and exhibiting their strength, M. De Sismondi will hail the revival with sincere joy; now, he sees them slumbering—perhaps they are pondering on men and things; he believes them weak, and therefore deserts them. He sees, or fancies he sees, Governments stronger than ever, and to them he addresses his supplications; from them he expects reforms; he is willing to purchase of them by concessions; he flatters and caresses them. Two years since, he would have had us believe that the King of Naples was exactly the man destined for the task of the regeneration of Italy. Latterly, he has discovered, in the cabinet of Vienna, some curiously-hidden talent for progression, which, if we do but have patience, promises mountains of miracles: and this is all to draw from them a petty scrap of enactment for primary tuition—a mean abatement of duty on some article of commerce. He would willingly surrender to the Quadruple Alliance the initiative of European civilization, if the Quadruple Alliance would but be pleased to prevent Don Carlos from advancing too near Madrid.

We are willing to deal justly with men of good intentions; the day-dreams of a well-wisher to the human race are at least amiable; and we should be the last to disturb M. de Sismondi in his Eldorado, were it not that, in his vein for conceding, he too often lays down principles which, from his mouth, and backed by his reputation, may perpetuate fatal errors. He too frequently, in the prosecution of his Utopia of reforms to come from the powers above, permits himself to break into unjust accusations, and expressions of contempt worse than unjust, towards the People and all who plead their cause; so that we are eager to separate the political thinker from the historian, and, leaving his other merits untouched, to combat the dangerous influence which he may still exercise. It is a mournful employment thus to have always to point out the falling away of those who have preceded us in our career, though it be, perhaps, a sign of the times. Perhaps this breaking up of old associations may cause the line of demarcation to be more and more clearly defined, between the policy of the past, and that now stirring in the bosom of the present age.

M. Sismondi offers his "Studies on the Constitutions of Free Nations" as the definitive result of his long experience, as "a body of political doctrine, foreign to all parties, but

which is yet not without basis, since it has resisted, during forty years, the shock of so many revolutions." To be independent of all parties is a very excellent thing when the parties are bad, but a very absurd one if applied to a party founded on justice and truth; neither are "the forty years," in our opinion, a better recommendation to the book. The forty years just ended have been so full of events, so fertile in new views, new lessons and experiences—they have pulled down so many things, brought into play so many new elements, and so greatly modified the position of things in Europe—that each of the old individual systems of political organization must, in their turn, undergo a similar modification. Besides, M. Sismondi does not present us opinions of forty years' standing, in the work before us. His opinions have varied in that interval. There is some distance between the "Studies" and the ideas thrown out here and there in the pages of his "History of the Italian Republics;" there is a distance between the doctrines exhibited in the "New Principles of Political Economy" of the year 1819, and reproduced in the present work, and those put forth, fifteen years ago, in the "Treatise on the Commercial Wealth of France," by the humble disciple of J. B. Say. Thus it is a doctrine, not of forty years' standing, but of forty years since, that M. Sismondi now publishes; it is a theory formed, perhaps some twenty-five years ago, under the eyes of Benjamin Constant; a return of the old man to the child of his youthful loves, offered, he tells us, to the Institute, and which the Institute has forgotten, we know not how. Be the book good or bad, we repudiate the inference which it is intended we should draw from its primitive date. In general terms, we may say that we think better of the steps people take forwards, than of those they make backwards; we prefer La Mennais, and the few eloquent pages—the only ones, perhaps, in the book—at the end of Chateaubriand's Essay on English literature, to M. Sismondi and his principles of nearly half a century ago.

What appears to have influenced these retrospective tendencies of M. Sismondi, and accords with the general idea we gave of him in a preceding page, is the actually existing state of men and things.

"The popular feeling," says he, at the beginning, "which appeared to be directed to liberty, has grown cold and abated. Doubt has taken place of that firm confidence which animated every people. . . . . The friends of liberty are discouraged. . . The revolutions which have done their work, have brought no profitable fruit. The principles they declare to have conquered, have had none of the beneficial consequences which were expected from them. . . The old Swiss republics have been, for the most part, overturned by recent revolutions; those who effected these revolutions, not content with their work, demand a constituency. . . . England has introduced an essential change into the popular part of her constitution; but, in place of thereby strengthening it, she has felt it shaken in every part from that time; more violent dissensions have been manifested. . . All her ancient institutions have been menaced, and the friends of the country have had reason to fear that there would soon be nothing remaining of that constitution which had been so long their glory. . . . In Spain, two parties are fighting with unheard of ferocity, and both *pretend* to be the party of the People. . . In America, the result (slavery) is found co-existent with democratic institutions in all their strength and all their purity. If the result is to be deplored, it is that the institutions are bad."

In the original, the *tableau* is complete—it embraces France, Portugal, and Italy; and we are far from denying its reality. But what does it all prove against the popular party?

We are now in the contest, and of that contest we are suffering all the evils. The popular party have proclaimed certain principles, and these principles have been nowhere applied in all their integrity and universality. The proclamation of these principles, and the trifling and partial successes they obtained, have laid bare every sore without effecting a cure; as men, in the first stages of illness, feel their malady and comprehend its extent, but no more. We are precisely at that critical period which, fluctuating between the past and the future, experiences all the inconveniences of the former, and presages the remedies which the latter is destined to afford, but, as yet, enjoys them not. We have gained some principles morally, but they are not arrived at a state of reality; their application is forbidden, or, perhaps, reflected on. Is there, then, anything surprising in the dissatisfaction of the People? Almost everywhere individuals have stepped forth to throw themselves into the midst of the movement, to thwart it, desirous of checking its progress and effects, seeking to divert to the profit of their own caste, of their own minority, that which was proclaimed by means of all, and for the good of all; and the contest has hence acquired a character of reaction and bitterness which has too often changed from a question of measures to a question of men. They have attempted to do in politics what the romanticist theorists of *l'art pour l'art* have done in literature: they have taken for the end that which was but a means; as a positive and final amelioration, that which was but an instrument of amelioration. On the other hand, the popular party have imprudently taken up the ground to which it was intended to seduce them; grand social questions have been too frequently suppressed by mere questions of form. Is it astonishing that the People have by degrees relapsed into misgivings and a sort of temporary inertness? Is it justice—is it, to speak plainly, good sense—to infer from this discouragement and want of confidence an argument against certain doctrines, when it is precisely the non-realization of these doctrines which produces both?

If there be dissatisfaction in Switzerland, it is

because changes, brought about, in most of the States, with the greatest quietness and a perfect absence of *destructiveness*, have been wrested to their own purpose by certain influential persons of the towns, and have not fulfilled, to the rural districts, who performed all, one-half of the promises set forth in the programme. If the friends of liberty there now demand a constituent body, it is because, if harmony ought to exist in the political legislation of a country, it must be absurd, indeed, to change almost all the cantonal constitutions without touching in the least the federal; it is because, under the treaty imposed on the country in 1815 by the Holy Alliance, it is impossible to hope for the desired national developement; it is because, three or four times since then, and even very recently, it has been proved to the Swiss patriots that it is altogether useless to devote themselves to the cause of freedom and cantonal reform, so long as the absence of a strong and active federal organization permits the intervention of every foreign power, so inclined, to destroy to-day the work of yesterday. If there be lukewarmness, inertness, and dejection in France, it is because there is much really discouraging in the spectacle of a revolution cheated of all its consequences, by a power which a few deluded individuals, now dead or repenting, raised on the buckler of their popularity. If the risings of 1831 did not call forth entire Italy, as might have been expected, it was because the only ideas which have power over her—*the People* and *nationality*—were from the first day not only omitted, but compromised and attacked by the brainless, heartless, and cowardly imbeciles, whom chance, local influence, or services under the Empire, placed at the head of the attempt; it is because enraged Italy shrank from the guilty cry which came from the lips of those who separated the cause of one city from that of another, and refused Italian co-operation only to accept that of foreigners. And so with the rest. We say nothing of our own country, for we confess we see nothing of that necessity for strengthening what is called *our constitution*, which M. de Sismondi imposes on the Reformers, nor for those strange fears by which he seems so powerfully affected. As regards America, if slavery still exists there, it would appear that her democratical institutions have not yet attained all their energy and purity, and, more especially, all their generalization. We know not what opinion M. de Sismondi may entertain of his readers; but to our own we are sure it would be a most unsatisfactory digression to prove that negro slavery is not an inevitable consequence of popular principles.

Whilst agreeing, then, with M. de Sismondi, in part at least, as to the reality of the *tableau*, we differ immensely as to the causes. He believes too much has been done—we maintain too little has been done. He pretends that the People are discouraged at seeing how little fruit liberty produces—we assert, on the contrary, that it arises from their not finding liberty the reward of the efforts they have made to obtain it. He wishes to deduce something against the revolutionary principle itself, because the revolutions hitherto brought into action have been abortive as to their effects. We ourselves draw thence one single axiom: that every revolution, every reform carried out, as in Italy in 1821, by a caste, or, as elsewhere, for the advantage of a single class, be it the patrician, the financial, or the shopkeepers, must infallibly miscarry, and die, in a short time, of inanition and sterility. Now, when this happens, after a great disappointment, the weak—those who are actuated only by vanity, a spirit of personality, or even by youthful and temporary enthusiasm—either quit the field, or give ground, like M. de Sismondi. The strong-minded stand fast. Their labours are inspirited by a truly religious feeling for the good of the People; they know that, if there be a God above, man here below has a mission—a task of emancipation and progressive perfection, which may be retarded, but cannot be destroyed; and they see in such a state of things only a new motive to redouble their means and their activity. They deny not the reality—nay, they reckon up their disappointments; they disguise none of the failings, none of the corruptions of humanity; they gain thence a further impulse to their self-devotion. Are they to become renegades because themselves and those around them are in a state of suffering? Are virtue and happiness at all times synonimous? Is the battle for ourselves, or is it not rather for eternal justice and for generations to come? And do we refuse to discharge a duty only on condition of finding fruition and immediate success in its fulfilment?

All this, however, is with M. de Sismondi but a mode of preparing his ground-work; that, the existence of which, viewed in a particular light, would suggest to him a doubt, he a little later reduces to a principle.

He states clearly the question between those two systems, to which all the manifestations of the spirit of the age, whether more or less liberal, do in reality belong, and which sufficiently distinguish the two great shades of the party styling itself progressive; the one which says—*All* for *the People, but nothing* through *the People*; the other—*All* for *the People and* through *the People*. M. de Sismondi inclines in favour of the first, and the whole book is but a refutation of the second.

When we say he inclines to the first, we are well aware M. de Sismondi would not admit our assertion. Faithful to the traditions of the *juste milieu*, he pretends to have a system of his own, lying between the two, and which may be thus translated:—*Much for, and* SOMETHING *through the People*. But this system, the offspring of his former likings, is rather an affair of the heart or of instinct, than of reason and conviction. On a footing of principle it can never stand. Whenever the two definite propositions we have quoted are found in opposition to each other, M. de Sismondi must, of necessity,

choose the first. The one and the other may have a basis, a logical source; his own cannot; its source is arbitrary; the determination of that *something* to be done *through* the People will always fall to the lot of the dominant party, or the personal feelings of individuals; it will change with every government, every cabinet, and every passing influence.

There are no RIGHTS for the People. This is the result, whether expressed or not, of the system of M. de Sismondi; and it is not his feeling in particular, but the feeling of a whole school. To them the People is a child destined to eternal pupilage. What can it do? what does it know? Work—work with its physical force; and care is to be taken that it shall never want work. As to leisure, as to moral, social, and political life, the enjoyment of these belongs not to the People: society is a body made up of *men of sinews and men of intelligence;* the lot of the first is bread and toil—the leisure is for the second. This is their creed as to abstract right. Still, as the followers of this school are men of some liberality—as they did, in time past, take for a motto, well or ill understood, the word, Progression—they are willing to grant something more. They admit that education is a good thing, and that it is good to disseminate a little of it through the masses; they would consent even to raise them towards their own level, from time to time, by allowing them to participate in a small fraction of power, but on condition that they by no means got rid of certain notions of superiority and the like; it would suit them that the People should possess no vitality but that doled out by their masters, and circumscribed within such limits as they might be pleased to assign. Thus all would go on well. There would be beneficent kings and grateful subjects—*eclectics* in office—no complaints, no disorders, and moderate food. What more can be wished?

Let us not be charged with exaggeration; we do but concentrate, in a few lines, sentiments plentifully scattered throughout the later writings of our author. The words may be ours, but the ideas are those of M. de Sismondi; *the men of intelligence, and the men of sinews*—mob, food for gunpowder—are his; the *bread and toil,* food and the lash, are his; and, if he sues for his *something,* if he entreats the rulers to grant to their subjects the small fraction of power we have spoken of, it is not because so much is the right of the People, but merely, that participation in power necessarily elevates the character and ennobles the soul; and, he reasons—it is not good to seek to deprive the mass of mankind of a powerful stimulant to virtue and high notions of honour, &c. The People are deaf, the People are blind, the People don't think. Give them a little of your thought; give them alms of a little of your loftiness, of your greatness of soul; thus be great and generous—do, my masters!—*Date obolum Belisario. Vide* p. 23, &c.

Now, our view of things is totally different. We believe there are RIGHTS inherent in the People: a right to physical comfort; a right to free and progressive moral developement; a right to education; a right to be informed on their affairs, and, as far as possible, mediately or immediately, to direct their management. It appears to us that the question has been too often taken and considered on an unworthy basis—charity, benevolence, favour; and too seldom on its true basis—that of duty. Are there two races on the earth, or is there but one? Are there the descendants of Cain and the descendants of Abel, the accursed and the blessed, the Helots and the free?—or is there not rather a oneness of race in the human family, a unity of origin and aim in each nation? Here lies all the question. That which we term the People is the nation—it is you, he, ourselves, the whole world; and this People, like all that has existence, holds the right of developement for all its faculties. When a celebrated lawyer of France said, *Le droit c'est la vie,* he uttered a phrase big with truth. All that has being has its law, and from that law derives its right. It is not only good but necessary that the People should ascend step by step the ladder of activity and power; necessary, because, as M. de Sismondi implicitly agrees, it is by action, by the discharge of function, that man acquires and developes the consciousness of his vocation, the feeling of his dignity, the power of his mind, and the practice of the higher virtues; necessary, because the well-being of the whole can never be settled in a regular and durable manner by any caste. Those who maintain the reverse—*All through the People and for the People*—maintain it precisely because they believe the People alone can accomplish all for the People. Any class, any minority, of which the care and duty of thinking for the welfare of all becomes a prerogative, ends, from the nature of things, in thinking solely of its own.

Do we then disavow the supremacy of intellect, and seek to impose an absurd level on those distinctions which come from God, and not from man? By no means.

Intelligence rules by a privilege endued with a widely different power from the privileges of conquest; its assistance is needed, and respect is paid to its desert; wherever there shall exist a sound electoral basis, intelligence will always be chosen to preside at the helm. The People are seldom either ungrateful or suspicious of virtuous intelligence; minorities almost always. Intelligence will always govern wherever the administrative power has not been infeoffed in a particular class. We ask no other proof, in modern times, than the consecutive ability that has been called to the Presidency of the United States. Intelligence will govern through the People and for the People. The People reinstated in the suffrage, will seek her out in all ranks and all circumstances, for in them all may she be found; and from the consecration of the People, she will be filled with a more profound feeling of her national duties than she possibly can whilst wanting the elevation and self-enhancement of the general mandate; whilst holding her power of the min-

ority, she is compelled to use her functions for their interest. Our *Through the People*, or, in other words, our opinion in favour of an extension of the suffrage, is not then unfriendly to Intelligence—far from it ; it is that we desire, and, in giving her the popular sanction, we merely seek, the means of harmonizing her with the general interest. With us the suffrage is the base on which Intelligence should be exalted ; the school to which M. de Sismondi belongs inverts the pyramid, and pretends to fix it on its apex ; we are for both, base and apex ; we feel the importance of both to the general welfare. Thus, in page 24, we find M. de Sismondi exclaiming :—

All through the People! all through the People! But how are we satisfied that the People is fitted for all? Society, to attain its object—the greatest happiness of the greatest number—has need [mark this] of all its talent and all its virtue: how has it yet been demonstrated that the wisdom of the more enlightened will be adopted by the mass?—that we shall find in them unity of purpose, foresight, resoluteness, a spirited liberality in great things, and economy in detail, without which they themselves will soon be sufferers? Certainly not from theory, which teaches us in a proverb, that everybody's business is left to nobody's care; not from experience or the observation of facts—for every page of the history of free nations bears testimony to the prejudices, the inconstancy, the panic terrors, the rashness, the fickleness, the imprudence, the prodigality, and the meanness of the multitude.

"If the decision is to be left," he proceeds, (page 54,) "to patriotism, disinterestedness, and courage, is it expected to find a majority possessing the virtues of Regulus and Aristides? If it is to be left to extent of knowledge, will a majority of Montesquieus be more easily found? If to energy of purpose, is there a nation where the Napoleons compose the majority?"

Who is here refuted? Who is addressed? Who is spoken of? What is understood by "the People?" Why are "the People," "the mass," and "the multitude," here used as synonyms, in spite of the different meaning we are accustomed to attach to the words? When a man who is a thinker, a political authority, utters the phrase *all through the People*, what do we suppose he intends? What meaning do we impute? Does he suppose we were talking of the Catalines, or of the Canutes, of Lyon perchance? In talking of the suffrage, do we intend to enthrone Ignorance under popular auspices? So much confusion pervades the thoughts and language we have just quoted, that we are in doubt whether to refute or pass them unnoticed, under the idea that M. de Sismondi may be addressing himself exclusively to some sect unknown to us, anarchical, ignorant, and monstrous. No one of ourselves, no one of those who have openly and rationally advocated the cause of the extension of the suffrage, ever applied the term "People" in the base, intolerant, and unjust meaning which M. de Sismondi appears to intend. Why does he make the People a class, a caste opposed to others? By what right does he divide nations into two factions, placing ignorance on the one side, and intelligence on the other, and commanding us to choose? We protest against this mode of treating the question. Once more we repeat that "the People," in the language of the movement party, is the nation—the aggregate of the members of a society—Tories, Whigs, Radicals—Sir Robert Peel, Mr O'Connell, and M. de Sismondi, (were he a Briton;) we exclude no one—all ranks, all classes, all persons, are bound, in their utmost, to contribute to the national welfare. As M. de Sismondi has said, the nation requires all the talent and all the virtue.

This admitted, is not the problem to be solved, that of discovering a guarantee that every interest of the People of this nation shall be represented? What guarantee can you have but the expression of their will?—and how is this to be expressed unless by the suffrage? There exists in the constitution of the People a double series of interests, rights, and duties—individual interests, rights, and duties—social interests, rights, and duties; and the harmony of these two series is the *sine qua non* of the life of the State. Now, which do you take, which do you choose of two systems—one proceeding from a spirit of individuality and sectionism, the other from a spirit of association? You take the first: you must then represent all classes, all interests, all the men of science and letters, and the manufacturers, the labourers, and the proprietors, separately, one by one. You will have five, eight, ten chambers, or sections of a chamber; and, when you have done that, you will have broken into fractions, partitioned, disunited that nation which should be one; you will have sanctioned an hostility, a struggle, which it should have been the aim of your institutions to have destroyed; you will have established ten aristocracies in place of one. Or, proceed, if you are equal to it, in the spirit of association: but then you must claim to be possessed of the science of sociality in the highest possible degree; you must assert that you alone are in possession of the law governing the existence of the nation, the secret of its historical developement, its manners, tendencies, wants, vocations, its destiny in the world; you must assert that you sum up in yourself the entire *life* of the People you pretend to direct; for, without that, you will have no other rational conclusion, but to leave to the People themselves the care of exercising, by the suffrage, a certain initiative over its progress—a certain control over those who put themselves forward for the task of administration.

Now, M. de Sismondi is far from asserting this of himself, and those who share his views. To one-third of assurance, M. de Sismondi has two-thirds of scepticism. He knows "very few principles in politics which ought not to be submitted to a new examination." He declares "that we are not sufficiently advanced in the science of sociality to know if the powers be necessary that we see at present in existence." His whole book breathes doubt; he fears pulling down too much; he fears preserving too much; he has a boundless antipathy to all who are free from a like hesitation. How, then, with all this,

does he reject the two or three simple and unpretending views of the defenders of the right of suffrage, to propose a difficult and complicated electoral system, which is neglected by its objects when called into action, and which ends, after all, in dividing the nation into bodies, having different interests, investing them all with a fraction of power, and leaving them to arrange matters amongst themselves as they best may—in short, a system of *juxtaposition*, and not of *association?*

The life of a People is a continuous and progressive developement of its faculties. Speaking absolutely, it can be termed neither wise nor ignorant at a given time; it is not equal to all things from its beginning; but it is equal to all that the epoch requires. History very often shews us minorities deficient towards the People—hardly ever the People deficient to circumstances. Their progression is assured; but of this progression the People must be conscious—must do and suffer for its accomplishment; and learn the right path by sometimes attempting the wrong. Their education is the result of the various means, religious, political, and literary, which constitute civilization; but can be completed in a useful and durable manner only through the direction of their spontaneous choice—their liberty. The basis of liberty is individuality; and how is individuality to be asserted, if not by the suffrage?

When we talk of the suffrage, we mean the right of voting as electors; for, with all who maintain the maxim—*all through the People*—the question is reduced to that. M. de Sismondi may be assured that, the appreciation of virtue and patriotism excepted—a function, the exercise of which requires neither the vast erudition of Montesquieu, nor the active genius of Napoleon—not much will be left to the direct agency of the People. A man who may have done nothing all his life but plant cabbages, would not be selected for the task of a digest of the penal or civil code; for such a commission he would receive no votes. Neither, we can assure M. de Sismondi, should we go to the hustings to ask of the People the solution of an astronomical problem; we have no fears, though he seems to be alarmed, that universal suffrage should decree the motion of the sun round the earth. Although we maintain that the People are gifted with a moral sense, so much the more exquisite as it is generally disinterested—though we even suspect, in spite of the *proverbial* theory of M. de Sismondi, that the business of all the world can only be well done by all the world—we do not believe that the People, as a mass, are skilful astronomers. But, alas! were they men of the People who burnt Jordan Bruno, and compelled Galileo to retract?

Let us not be misunderstood: we are not discussing Universal Suffrage as a thing immediately and universally applicable. We are not considering its possible agency, but the question of right—the abstract principle. We may be told that here and there causes exist which render the substitution of one system for the other extremely dangerous; that there may exist, in a given People, an all-powerful influence, which must be undermined to its foundations before calling on them in mass to exercise the right of choosing their representatives. The question would then assume a different aspect, and our judgment would be modified in accordance. But with M. de Sismondi, the question turns on the principle as a whole; and his aim is to point out on what path, to what tendency, the labours of legislators and politicians should be directed; he seeks to determine whether their efforts at progression should have in view the approach of that moment when the entire People shall be emancipated, or whether, doing nothing to hasten that period, they should stand fixed at the existing *statu quo*, and leave the future to chance and "the working of events." Exclusiveness does not belong to those who search out the principle of the future, that entire education may be directed to its aim; but to those who build a system on existing contingencies, and yet make immutability a part of that system; to those who falsify the question from the first, by placing on one side all the intelligence, and on the other all the ignorance; as if intelligence were limited to caste; as if, at the present day, intelligence were invariably the attribute of those who monopolize power; as if everything that was done, everything that was said in chambers, in cabinets, in publications, and in meetings, in countries where such exhibitions of feeling are permitted, did not teach us every day that the intelligence dispersed without the electoral body was not more than equiponderant to that within; as if property, or any other exclusive basis of the same kind, can be the effective mark, the unvarying thermometer of intelligence; as if, by enlarging the electoral sphere one degree, though preserving the same principle, we should cause, at the same day and hour, a diffusion of intelligence throughout all the individuals comprised in that degree. Above all, exclusiveness is chargeable on those who, obliged to resort to an obsolete law, founded on external endowments, for an electoral basis, unable to discern and select, nevertheless deem themselves authorized to deny the multitude all fitness, even of the heart, for aught of goodness or greatness.

During the last agonies of Poland, all that there was of virtue, all that there was of energy, in France and England, would have saved her at a cost of the greatest sacrifices. It may be said that France and England desired war; for the amount of energetic, reflective, and virtuous wills is, in truth, the will of the nation. But Universal Suffrage would have given us the amount of apathy, the amount of indifference, the amount of personal interests. The one body knew too little of Poland to will at all; the other, with too much selfishness, recoiled from the sacrifice of conscription and taxation. To consult the greatest number, is to attempt to arrive at a *juste milieu*.—P. 55.

When a man can write, as an argument against popular suffrage, sentences like these, which we are tempted to take for heartless irony, he must have reached a point that renders refutation useless. Since Universal Suffrage would have led us, in the Polish question, to a *juste milieu*, by

what name will M. de Sismondi be pleased to designate the system which has been pursued under the regime of electoral privilege? Since the decision was not committed to the hands of the People, why was Poland not saved? And why, if the masses were opposed to war, was it necessary for the citizen-king to mystify, by a false report of a Polish victory, the people of Paris, engaged in celebrating the anniversary of the Days of July? We have too vivid a recollection of that disgraceful page of indifference and apathy of the history of Europe. Neither do we forget, so soon as M. de Sismondi, that it was *an Intelligence*, M. Sebastiani, which proclaimed, "*Poland is destined to perish;*" that it was another *Intelligence*, M. Dupin, that laid down the maxim, "*Every man for himself, and every man to his home;*" and that it is the class of parliamentary intelligence, estimated by shillings, which has, by its suffrages, supported M. Dupin and M. Sebastiani.

The same forgetfulness of facts, distorted by Doctrinaire prepossessions, is to be perceived throughout the whole work. Perhaps there is not a single fact of all those he alleges in favour of his thesis which may not be refuted, or which does not tend to give a false idea of the people to which it refers. The whole of the eighth essay—On the Excellence of Federative Government—is a real master-piece in this respect; and we are sorry that space will not permit us an analysis, that we might shew our readers to what a depth of historical misapprehension a great historian may fall, if labouring under the nightmare of a false theory. All the opinions he puts forth on the affairs of Switzerland, and the consolidation-projects of those he terms *madmen*, also appear to us singularly erroneous; his views are habitually those of a Genevese, hardly ever national. We shall perhaps have occasion to speak of them, and to oppose to his ideas those which we ourselves derive from a residence of some years in that country, in a future article on the actual state of Switzerland. Still more exclusive, incomplete, and defective is the manner in which, from his recollections of thirty or forty years since, he attempts the portraiture of Italy, as now existing.

The opinions of M. de Sismondi on Switzerland, Italy, &c., are, however, but a legitimate consequence of the general principles that govern his work. We meet, at every page of his book, a declared antipathy to the initiative coming from below, an almost superstitious respect for what is established, and a thoroughly defined resolution never to pass beyond the sphere of palliatives—to admit nothing which may touch the roots of the existing social organization, though an evil should be distinctly tracked there. A few extracts will suffice, for the appreciation of his theory of legislation:—

> No science is so bound to modify itself to circumstances as that of the theory of constitutions; for the legislator is to act simply on the body-politic as given to him; he is not its creator. . . The People exist, and they are not the legislators who gave them life; the People exist, and each people has a constitution, in the most extended sense of the word, by reason of that existence. The legislator is to touch this constitution only with the file, never with the axe. . . He is never to forget that he may put out life, but cannot restore it; and this life may be attached to some one of those organs which he desires to *reform* or suppress. . . The legislator is, above all, habitually to respect the life of the body politic *such as it exists*. He is a *conservator*, and not a creator. He is not to inquire whether a state of federacy be preferable to a state of oneness of power; whether royalty, the patricians, the titled, the clergy, popular assemblies, the towns with their privileges, and the rural communities, should or should not enter into the constitution which he has to work on. . . . He is to say to himself, that, for him, there are facts which each people presents under different conditions, and that the life of the People may be attached to these facts.—P. 25, &c.

Now for an application of the doctrine:—

> The legislator is called on to combine the monarchical interest which he finds in the facts (or the realities existing) with the monarchical element which he finds in the science.—(P. 29.) . . The aristocratic interest and principle present themselves to the legislator in like manner. . . In almost every people, the observer meets with a titled or patrician body. . . . This is a circumstance which must be borne in mind. . . The point is to combine it with the facts, so as to preserve as little as possible of the inconveniences of a nobility, and to ensure the utmost possible of the advantages of a senate. . . Lastly, the democratic interest and principle offer themselves with the same necessity for conciliation. The part left to the People in the social power is that in which may be remarked the most irregularity and inconsistency. Whatever form of the popular interest may exist, so that it be still endowed with life, it is good, and to be respected. Even if it exist as no other than a recollection, than a vain image, it at least suffices to attest that what has been may be again. Probably it may yet reanimate itself.

Heaven be praised! we have here the functions of a legislator marvellously simplified.

> A something has life in the nation at the moment you enter on your functions—is it good or ill? is it injurious or useful? Meddle not with that. Life is sacred; be good enough, therefore, to respect life. Take all the elements, all the influences, all the interests, as they meet your eye on the surface of the body social; arrange them all in the order of their number, one after another, one beside the other, like a museum. This collection is the grand national museum; these portions, these fragments, these substances, however heterogeneous, form, by way of mosaic, the grand national institution. Be on your guard, then, and close the doors, lest any one should have an idea of displacing something. But, amongst all those elements of fact, there are some which have completed their time; some are so posted as to prevent others being moved: the titled destroy equality; the clergy oppose education; there are existences that illegally usurp and monopolize the sources of the common life; and from the bosom of this People rise terrible moanings, cries of wretchedness, clamourings for rights long misunderstood, legitimate claims on the part of classes hitherto without life, not respectable from tradition, and who yet desire to begin to live. No matter: you can suppress nothing, reform nothing—for who can tell the consequences? This rust is so exceeding venerable! that abuse has existed so very long!

—who knows, perhaps, but it is one of the conditions of the life of the nation?

Possibly, on this point, we may know nothing; but one thing we do know—it is, that when an abuse, a disorder, an evil begins to be felt, it creates a contention among the elements of the body social, which goes on increasing, and will sooner or later find an issue; that murmurs by little and little take the character of protests; and complaints turn to threats: thus they swell more and more, till some fine day the huge wave surges, and overwhelms all that men were indisposed to correct. Then come the crash of ruin, convulsive overthrow, single nights sweeping off ages of privilege; a terrible reaction stalks on, torch in hand, and blindfold, striking to the right and left, and levelling with violence the ground which a continually progressive labour might have smoothed insensibly. This, not theory, but history teaches us.

So that, in fact, with this kind of legitimation of "whatever is," under pretext that it makes part of the life of the nation, we arrive at the Oriental system. Fact reigns a tyrant; and it appears to us perfectly useless to write volumes on the social science. Should a People believe itself to have a right to a life very different from its present, rouse itself, destroy the old, and rebuild in its own fancy; in this way a fact would be accomplished that M. de Sismondi would hasten to recognise, still reserving to himself the right of recommencing his theory of immobility from the date of this new era. He recognises the fact of 1789; he recognises that of 1688: why will he not recognise others of the same bearing?

For all those who seek to avoid these violent shocks, by attaining their end in another manner, the part of a legislator is not that assigned by M. de Sismondi. The legislator is a being of foresight; he is to march at the head, and not in the rear of the army; his permitting it to pass him is an act of abdication. The legislator asks of the *present*, of the actual existence, the instruments that he requires to open the path of the future for the people he guides. The legislator never forgets that all that the People have done best and most useful in their history, has been in abrogation of ancient matters.* He knows that tradition is doubtless an essential element in his labours, a visible scale of progress in some sort; but he also knows that, even as the tradition of humanity is not to be measured by the tradition of an isolated people, so the tradition of a nation is not to be deduced from the acts of a minority, of a caste, of any power whatever, whose functions may very possibly have been discharged without regard to the interests and wishes of the nation; but is to be sought in the feeling of the nation itself, taken as a mass; in the degree of intelligence it possesses, in its wants, in its desires, in its history, viewed with regard to the national vocation. Taken in this sense—and it is the only one rationally possible—the tradition of France, for example, was rather re-linked than broken by the Revolution. In the sense given to it by M. de Sismondi, Mr D'Israeli, and all the Conservatives of their stamp, tradition is a sophistry by means of which they hope to juggle a decision in favour of the exact point in question; it is the apotheosis of fact, but material, brutish, and inert fact. There is not, there cannot be but one sole tradition—that of the spirit.

Yes, the life of the People is sacred; but, if this is saying that all that exists amid the People is life of its life, it is also saying that the life of the People may not be falsified, turned from its true aim, gagged and bound. Let M. de Sismondi look around him in Europe, and tell us how many nations live a free life, a life of their choice. The hallowed life of the People consists not of the material existence of things, for such violence and corruption may impair; the satisfaction of their moral wants, the progress of their education, the liberty of proceeding to the accomplishment of the destiny traced out for each by their origin, their creed, their geography, their greater or less special aptitude—these are the signs of this life. But it is evident that there may exist prejudices, false creeds, opposed to the natural direction of a people. Are we to combat them, and direct education in this sense? or are we to respect them? It is evident that there may exist a vitiated power, a usurped influence, an exclusive element, swayed by egotism, no longer discharging functions in the sense of national agency. Are we to suppress it, and direct all the institutions in that sense?—or are we to respect it and assign it a place in the national edifice? Here is the question. Had M. de Sismondi confined himself to saying that whatever exists *has had* a reason for its life—that is to say, the developement of the People—we should have nothing to oppose to him. In a philosophic sense, the feudal seigneur, the Catholic priest, the absolute monarch, did accomplish something national in their time; but their time ended, the sphere of the People's agency enlarged. When these powers no longer represent anything, have ceased their developement, are not susceptible of harmony with the general progress, discharge no functions, but, in a circle of mechanical operation, as it were, are useless or pernicious, do they live the sacred life, the life of the People? If, then, we find ten elements, ten powers existing in a nation, for which we are to accomplish a work of legislation, let us not take their existence as a title of legitimacy; rather let us examine the direction of their functions, compare it with the direction of the People—the sovereign element. Judge them by their works, and their works by their fruit; you will then know if it be possible or not to harmonize them with the collective life of the body social, or if you must needs labour to suppress them as pernicious, or useless; which comes to the same, for every useless wheel in the State machine must end in becoming pernicious.

* The same errors as to the pretended tradition—foundation of all reform—are to be found in D'Israeli's "Vindication of the English Constitution."

Temporary necessity is one thing; the work of the future is another. It is one thing to submit to the *fact* provisionally—when we find it in being, we say not legitimate, but powerful; another to *recognise* it, legalize it, and organize it. Destroy not violently this fact, if the times be not ripe; but give it not a new sanction, more force, if you find that this fact is in opposition to the general object of all legislation, a progressive march, under all possible conditions of equality and liberty, towards the moral and physical amelioration of all. And fear not in this to outstep your epoch. Privilege is but of too usurping a nature. Wherever the education of the country has not been undermined, a large share of influence is assured to it. Wherever titles of nobility or wealth enjoy a great power on opinions—wherever labour is not yet emancipated, and landed property is considered above other kinds of property—be sure that these things will exercise their fair influence on the fact electoral. But the mission of the governing power is of another kind. The social institution is not to nourish its tendencies by partial and transitory facts, but rather from the general and eternally progressive fact. The functions of the governing power are for the entire nation. It should be especially occupied with looking to the interests and principles of those who are not represented: those who lean on custom and tradition are already sufficiently protected, without its aid.

Here we shall conclude. The little that we have said, and the extracts we have given, will suffice for an estimate of the political system which M. de Sismondi, in his last years, endeavours to support. We intended to have spoken at some length on the views exhibited in the work on political economy, quoted at the head of this article; but the politics have carried us to such a length that our space is now limited. We shall say, in a few words, that, if the subject is different, the ideas are the same. The first volume of the "Studies on Political Economy," composed of articles which have, in great part, appeared in various periodicals, is an exposition of doctrines already known by his book of 1819 —"New Principles of Political Economy; or Wealth in its Relations to Population." But, in these *new principles*, the only thing novel, or, at least, not a part of the usual principles of the school of the presiding economy, the consideration of wealth, not abstractedly, not separated from the man, but in its *relations* to population, has remained for twenty years since then, and still remains, in a state of prospectus. This book does not treat of the rational relations, the relations which the march of things promises to the classes who have hitherto been the mere productive instruments of wealth; but of relations as established by the existing organization, and apart from all anticipation. The legitimacy of established fact equally pervades this book; and, as M. de Sismondi was led in politics to touch only on pure questions of form, never to go to the bottom of things, he has been led in economy to treat only of secondary questions, which he in vain attempts to raise to the rank of a *new science*. The problem which has for some years agitated the working classes, why production is so little profitable to the classes from whom it proceeds, is scarcely ever glanced at. In the face of a repetition of commercial crises, in a frightful periodical recurrence, and under the most different circumstances, he can discover no other remedy than to lay restraint on competition. He maintains that there is an excess of production. The distribution of the social wealth is no part of his inquiry. There are the labourers and the receivers; the poor and the rich: so it will remain, so it must remain. Mankind have renounced all equality of right for the common good, &c. When an individual starts from principles like these, he has no claims to announce himself the founder of a *new science*.

Entire political economy is, with M. de Sismondi, a theory of equilibrium between production and profit. The science of war is that which teaches a society to *defend*, against all others, those rights which it has placed in common. Jurisprudence is the mode of defending the rights of each of its members. History is destined to represent the result of all the experience of passed societies; and so on. We know not if these definitions be the most complete that can be given at the present day; certainly they possess no novelty. Neither do we know if we are destined, in our days, to see a new science of economy spring up, which may teach us to stop the sources of physical misery, by a new distribution of the social wealth; a science of war which may teach us how to develope the rights of humanity all around us, and to open a path to European civilization, in countries still barbarous; a science of law which may teach us to make the administration of justice a progressive talent of society; a history which may put intelligence on the clue of the general law governing events and their results;—but we do know, at least, that such a discovery will rightly be named *the new science;* and we know, moreover, that they who shall be capable of producing such a science, will have decided principles, and a higher faith than that of the *established-fact* school, and will not own the axiom "of systematically lending the weight of their doctrine to that bucket of the scale which is opposed to the one which may, at the time, appear to them ready to sink"—("Political Studies," *Introduction*)—for they will recognise but two balances—the just and the unjust.

T. M.

THE PATRIOT MARTYR OF OLD ENGLAND.

A CHRONICLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIVES AND LAZARUS."

THERE are certain epochs of history over which romance has delighted to fling a glittering veil, fatal to the interests of truth. The sparkling of spears, the neighing of war-horses, the bannered lists, the heroic chants of wandering troubadours, are made to shine and glow in the foreground, perplexing the observant eye and distracting its attention from the gloomier recesses of the picture: from cities razed, nations despoiled, and, above all, from the sufferings of the people, the squalid, scourged, dispirited people, ground into dust by the iron hand of oppression. Such was the reign of Richard "Cœur de Lion!" the most splendid name ever bequeathed to the annals of chivalry!

Yet, what a tale of rapine and tyranny is included in the life of this unnatural son and unpatriotic Sovereign, from the period when, approaching the dead body of his father, in the solemn aisles of Fontevrault, blood gushed from the nostrils of the deceased Henry, in token that his murderer stood beside him—to that, when, attempting to wrest from the hands of a vassal his lawful treasure, he fell by an obscure hand, the victim of a pitiful cupidity! True to his darling vice, the Prince—whose first measure on his accession was to sell off the feofs, towers, villages, and movables of the crown, in order to "put money in his purse"—at length gave up the ghost in besieging the Chateau de Chalus, for the sake of a few miserable sacks of silver crowns! Nay, ten years before, while Europe rang with the chivalrous feats of the crusading King of England, the royal plunderer had a narrow escape from lapidation in the island of Sicily; where, having "carried off" (why not *stolen?*) a falcon, in the environs of Messina, from the house of a peasant, to whom he refused payment for his bird, the multitude pursued, with sticks and stones, the thievish prince who so summarily levied contributions upon the loyal subjects of King Tancred!

But

> "Strike up there!
> Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale scribblers
> Rail on the Lord's anointed!"

cries the courtiership of frail mankind.

Cœur de Lion was a King after the Lords'* own heart; a levier of taxes, a craver of benevolence, a grinder of the people's bones to make his bread. No scandal about Cœur de Lion! If we have writ our courtly annals true, Cœur de Lion is the Black Knight; the jolly boon companion of Robin of Sherwood; the brother poet of Bertrand de Boon; the generous antagonist of Saladin; the hapless prisoner of Linz; the "*Richard, O mon roi!*" of Blondel the minstrel! What if he tortured and despoiled the Rothschilds of his reign; what if he hanged on a gibbet the brave defender of Nottingham Castle; what if he engaged the Dauphin of Auvergne to rebel against his liege lord, King Philip, and then fled from France, leaving his unhappy ally to fight at uneven odds, and fall into the hands of his enemy—be it remembered that he excelled both Auvergne and his gallant cousin, the County Guy, in the composition of a *Siruente;* and that not a troubadour of Provence could tinkle a lute more wooingly than Richard of England.

Those were strange times, when—instead of petty squabbles of Excise and Post-Office between the mighty kingdoms of England and France, adjusted by an occasional visit of Colonel Maberley to Paris or Monsieur Pirou to London, or the passage of printed circulars between Thames Street and the Rue St Dennis—armed flotillas were perpetually labouring across the Channel; and Aquitaine and Brittany, Anjou and Poitou, were as much and firmly our own as the Canadas. But for the occasional representation of one of Shakspeare's historical plays, we should almost forget these marchings and counter-marchings upon Gallic ground; nor imagine it possible that "the men of Angers opened wide their gates" to admit, in the person of their lawful prince, an anointed sovereign of Great Britain.

Among the royal skirmishers of the olden time, who kept their English subjects in rags, and their cities collections of mud hovels and pestiferous hospitals, in order that they might add a chateau or two, in France, to the revenues of their civil list—none were more tyrannical and unpatriotic than Henry II. and his son. The roving and warlike propensities of Richard more especially opened the way for countless abuses at home. While the King of England became a marauder, Archbishops and Chancellors became Kings of England; and the iron despotism of the Normans ploughed, as with a burning share, the hearts of the people. The Greeks of our time, trembling under the cruel hands of their Turkish conquerors, were not more deserving pity than the Saxon race, martyrized and insulted by the Norman tyrants, to whom they were subjugated by force of arms, and by whom they were kept in subjection, through the partialities of the throne.

It was in the summer of the year 1196, that Philip Augustus, having taken up his ground at a short distance from the town of Niost in Saintonge, awaited, with anxiety, an expected movement on the part of Richard of England whose army, consisting of Norman, English, Angerine, and Touraine troops, lay encamped,

* House of—query!

within the distance of half-a-mile, divided only by the current of a rapid river. Every hour the British forces were in expectation of instructions to advance; and Bertrand de Boon, the confidential friend of the King, was supposed to have somewhat overpassed the bounds of loyal respect in reviling the pitiful suspense in which they were held by ecclesiastical interference. For, day after day, processions of archbishops and bishops, with crozier and banner, and the chanted hymns of a train of abbots and gownsmen of all orders, progressed from camp to camp, betwixt the belligerent powers, bearing as many proposals, and tergiversations, and protocols, as might do honour to the chicanery of any modern cabinet.

One blessed evening in June, as King Richard lay in his tent, awaiting the reply of his brother potentate to a missive he had that morning despatched to the French headquarters, definitively refusing to do homage to the King of France as his liege vassal for the provinces of Guienne, Normandy, and Poitou, (recreating himself, between occasional draughts from a flask of choice Gascon wine, by stringing rhymes and tagging roundelays with his trusty Bertram,) an esquire of the presence appeared at the opening of the tent, which was drawn aside to disclose the delicious glories of the summer sky, announcing,

"An envoy."

"How is this?" said the King, starting up. "I heard no trumpets. What means King Philip, to despatch towards the King of England a herald so unceremonious?"

"The messenger, an't please your Grace, comes not from the French quarters," replied Sir Bryan Blount, bowing profoundly. "'Tis a deputy from the Commons of England."

"Ha! from England? Why saidst not so before?" cried the impatient monarch. "To the presence with him! 'Tis doubtless an emissary from our trusty Grand Justiciary the Archbishop, touching the recent levy. The knave hath made a timely journey. Our men lack pay and accoutrements; and 'twas but yesterday there reached me an express from our curmudgeon cousin, the Duke of Austria, complaining that the last instalment of our royal ransom is still in arrear."

And, preparing himself to receive the salutation of one of those sleek and smooth-spoken sons of the church whom Hubert Walter of Canterbury was apt to render the interpreter of his measures to a royal master whose clerkly scholarship lagged sadly behind the efforts of his poetical inspirations, Richard threw himself on the cushions wherewith his tent was garnished in guise of throne, assuming an air of royal authority and statesmanlike penetration. He expected to see the bending form of a monk glide, with humble obeisance, to the sublime feet of royalty.

But, lo! the envoy of the Commons of England stood erect in presence of the King. There was more majesty in his gait than in that of the anointed monarch. A long beard, depending nearly to the leathern belt gathering in his grey tunic, announced a Saxon—that is, an *English* subject of the Norman King; while staff in his hand proclaimed him to be an ignoble wayfarer.

"What news from our good Lord Archbishop?" demanded Richard, examining the messenger with surprise, but still mistaking his errand.

"From the so called Grand Justiciary of England, tidings bring I none!" replied the stranger. "I stand in the presence of King Richard, as the delegate of many voices—the witness of many grievances—the interpreter of his oppressed people of London, who sue for justice and redress."

"By the Holy Sepulchre, here's news indeed!" cried Richard. "The people treat with their prince as sovereign with sovereign."

"The sovereignty of the people is to that of the sovereignty of the throne, as the faith of the true vassal to its upright lord," replied the stranger, undismayed. "And it is even because your Grace's faithful English subjects look to your Majesty as a sure redresser of their injuries, that they have deputed me to bear to your feet the manifesto of their wrongs."

"And who art thou, knave, that darest to thrust thy person and opinions into the presence of thy king?" cried Richard. "Knowest thou not that, as my rebellious subject, I may forthwith offer thee in example to my soldiers, hanging to the nearest tree?"

"I am William Longbeard,* burgess of the city of London," replied the stranger—not deigning to notice the threat; "a man of honest descent and honourable purpose."

"And what braggartry hath stirred thee to quit thy peaceful guild, and thwart thy lawful monarch in foreign lands with the murmurs of his ungrateful people?" demanded the King.

"Because the cry of the oppressed is great in the land," replied the august stranger, leaning firmly upon his staff—"because your Grace's name is polluted by the misgovernment it is made to sanction. Your people, O King! do lack and suffer hunger. As I sat by my peaceful hearth, the groans of the many reached unto me, and bade me arise, and gird up my loins, and seek out their sovereign prince, that he might relieve them from the cruelty of the men he hath put in authority over them."

"Ha! Presume to dispute my choice—to arraign the wisdom of my ministers?" cried the King, his cheek suffused with a choleric glow. "Have I traitors, then, in my husting† of London?"

"Your Grace hath an official traitor in your exchequer, an official traitor in your mayor, and vile abettors in the aldermen, his council," replied William, calmly, "who, strong in their wealth, and the absence of the King, bear down upon your Grace's hapless English subjects; wresting from them their substance, under the

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* "*Recalcitrante Willelmo cognomento cum barbâ.*"—Math. Paris, 127.

† From the Saxon *hus*, house, and *ting*, council.

name of levies and imposts, and exacting from the poorest citizen a tax equal in amount to that paid severally by themselves, whose coffers are overflowing, and whose princely merchantmen ride upon distant seas. Against these abuses of trust do I lift up my right hand before your royal face; trusting that the vicegerent of God will deal justly with a people committed to his protection, by Him to whom the mightiest kings are accountable for the welfare of their subjects."

"This boldness passeth forgiveness!" cried Richard, striking his mailed arm upon the table beside him, till the Milan steel rang again. And as William, at that moment, advanced a pace towards the King, Bertrand de Boon again started forward, to interpose between his Majesty and one who might, after all, be a disguised emissary of Philip Augustus.

"Go to—go to! let him approach!" cried Richard, motioning aside his minion. "This is no assassin. I have dealt with such ere now. In the East I had frequent encounters with the people of the Old Man of the Mountain; and trust me, friend Bertrand, their faces were otherwise moulded than the features of this stalwart varlet."

For the first time, William bowed low and reverently, in gratitude for the fair interpretation of his sovereign.

"My people, sirrah, are then in open rebellion?" resumed Richard, sternly addressing him.

"Your Grace holds in small accompt the zeal of the Grand Justiciary, since you can imagine that Hubert Walter would leave such momentous tidings to be communicated by the devoted friend of the people," was the stout reply of Longbeard.

"No evasions, fellow! I ask thee in plain terms, are the citizens of London in revolt?"

"That they would fain avoid so extreme a measure," replied the envoy, "is proved by my pilgrimage to this place. As yet, they have been dealt with by subordinates. As yet, the anointed sovereign of England hath not withheld his ear from their petitions. Wherefore should they dispute the authority of him whom they still hold to be their friend? Your Grace's coronation oath pledged you to administer justice to your English as to your Norman subjects, and, if truth be in the breath of kings, wherefore should we suspect our Richard of the Lion Heart, of meditating an infraction of a covenant made at the altar of the Most High?"

"And what seek these factious rebels of their Prince?" demanded Richard, somewhat mollified.

"An equalization of the law. Let the same taxes affect Norman and Saxon. Let imposts be levied according to the means of the subject, not according to the caprice of minions and ministers. Let not the rich burgess be exempted from a tax which leaveth the hearth of the poor man without fuel, and his children without bread. Secure the liberties of the people; restrain the tyranny of those in authority. Do this, sire, and the nation shall bless you; a grateful people's prayers will more nobly embalm your memory than the extermination of the heathen, the extension of foreign conquests, or the vain renown of chivalry!"

The King remained doggedly silent. It was not often that so stern a voice had sounded in his ears; and the impression was as powerful as distasteful.

"You are the King of England," continued William, profiting by his silence—"the King of a country submitted by the sword of your ancestors, and governed by the sceptre of your power; a country, the hearts of whose children yearn with loyalty, and who would fain love as a father the good shepherd who foldeth their flock. Oh, let not such love and loyalty be embittered by mistrust! Be to us true as we would fain be to your gracious self! A portion of our substance is the portion of the King; and to Cæsar we gladly render the things that are Cæsar's. Enjoy, therefore, the greatness ordained for you—the ermine, the purple, the gauds, the splendours of royalty; for in the sight of these things do we rejoice, as emblems of your power, and tributes of the affection of your people. But be not such empty tokens your *sole* regard! Such toys as I see yonder," continued William, pointing to the King's harp, which lay upon a trophy of arms in the corner of the tent, "are for sport and recreation; and God forbid that the careful hours of royalty be denied their solace! But a prince hath sterner duties in his hand; moments of deep thought for the welfare of those for whose happiness he must account to God—even that jealous God in whose eyes kings upon their thrones are altogether vanity, and who of old reproved them by the mouths of his prophets, and smote them with the edge of the sword, and scattered their ashes upon the waters."

"Enough, enough of this!" cried Richard, starting up, as the sound of a distant trumpet announced the arrival, at the outposts of his camp, of the herald he was expecting from Philip Augustus. "This is no moment for trafficking with disaffected burgesses, or listening to revilings against my men in authority. Thy purpose, varlet, is, I doubt not, good; albeit thy words are unseemly. Leave me. Return to those that sent thee, and say their complaints have reached the ears of their Prince, and shall be regarded in fitting season. I pledge my royal word that my first measure on returning to English ground, shall be to visit the city of London, and, in open husting, redress the grievances to which I find it submitted. Meanwhile, as thy gown were poor defence against the sharp spears of King Philip's lances of Burgundy, or the bolts of his Flemish bowmen, make light thy heels towards the coast, and haste over seas to bear back my answer to my discontented commons."

Great was the joy at Paul's Cross when, on the eve of the feast of St Michael, William Longbeard, attired in his pilgrim's dress, presented himself to the view of the people as bearer of the gracious message of their sovereign; and proportionately great the indignation of the

mayor and aldermen on learning how slightly they had been backed by their prince in the exactions suggested by his royal need.

In his palace at Lambeth, meanwhile, the Grand Justiciary of England sat smiling at the credulity of all parties. Hubert Walter had more intimate experience in the integrity of the royal word. *He* had weighed to a hair the levity of King Richard; and knew, to the value of an easterling, by what mode and measure of bribery his attention was to be diverted from the groans of a suffering people. It was but to administer liberally to his pastimes—(for, to a king, war is a thing of sport;) and the archbishop was as sure of obtaining double warrant of oppression against the Saxon population, as he was that Richard would return from France the victim of an inglorious truce.

But, though despising alike the King, his own dupe, and the good citizen, the dupe of the King, the Grand Justiciary was not the less indignant that an humble burgess should have presumed to bear to the ear of his royal master complaints against his administration; and, in order to secure himself against a repetition of the offence, a decree was issued, forbidding, under penalty of imprisonment, the departure of any citizen from the walls, without a passport from the husting of the city; and certain merchants having presumed to infringe the ordinance, and proceed with their wares to the fair of Stamford,* were seized and cast into prison as traitors and malefactors.

The usual consequences ensued. Oppression begets revolt; and the open despotism of the few, the secret association of the many. Fifty thousand persons were soon united by a common bond against the aggressions of government; and William Longbeard became the heart and soul of the association. Already he had renounced all personal ties—his own people and his father's house—to instal himself champion of his suffering brethren of England. Renouncing every lighter social pleasure, and every profitable pursuit, he devoted his days and nights to the study of jurisprudence, till no Norman clerk was more learned in the law, or more eloquent in its exposition, than the Saxon citizen. William was no blustering demagogue; but the judicious advocate of the oppressed. The courts of justice were unable to resist those masterly pleadings by which the cause of the poor and needy was protected from the chicanery of office; and the courts of Westminster admitted that the ermined officials of the Grand Justiciary had their lesson to learn from the erudition of the self-taught jurist. William knew precisely how far he might proceed in defence of the liberties of the people, without endangering his own; and in those all powerful harangues (a mere fragment of which has reached our times†) he who was surnamed by the Saxons the advocate of the poor, touched scathless upon the most fiery topics, while addressing the populace of London in the fields by Ludgate, or in the churchyard of St Botolph's Priory.

Driven, however, at length to desperation by the prolonged absence of the king, and the unspeakable harshness of the measures perpetrated in his name, the Secret Association began to meditate active measures; and concealed arms were soon lodged, to an unexpected extent, in the dwellings of its members. Axes and hatchets, levers and iron bars, were amassed, as a last resource against the ferocity of the Norman officials; while William, in his zeal to animate the patriotism of his fellow-citizens, launched into the style of mystic oratory which had been so successful in raising the youth of Amsterdam into the frenzy of the crusades; converting to his purpose the language of the prophets—"Ho! every man that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" exclaimed the orator, addressing the attentive multitude; "for behold my fountain is the fountain of liberty, pure and undefiled. And lo! I will filter drop from drop, and separate man from man—the meek man from the proud—the peaceful from him who is stained with blood-guiltiness—the elect from the condemned—the light from the darkness—till liberty is triumphant in the land."

But while the unguarded populace listened to his vague adjurations, the High Norman Court of Parliament, including the functionaries of the Crown, Archbishops, Bishops, and the Barons of the shires adjoining the metropolis, assembled at Westminster, and cited, before their august tribunal, the orator of the people.

Escorted by an immense multitude, who hailed him with acclamations on his way, as their saviour and their king, William obeyed the summons, till the pusillanimous Barons, shaken in their very seats by the shouts of the people, proposed to adjourn the Session till a future day—previous to which assemblies were convoked by the Magistrates of the Grand Justiciary, in divers parishes of London, wherein the weakness of the public mind was assailed by manifestoes of the power and prerogative of the Crown, and the determination of King Richard to deal summarily with all seditious citizens, adherents of William Longbeard.

To all this "the many-headed monster thing" listened with all its ears, and trembled in most of its members. "The King"—"the Crown"—"the Throne"—were, at that period, omnipotent words, to which the great charter of our liberties had as yet opposed no salutary balance; and when, profiting by their panic, the Grand Justiciary had the art to extract from the ring-leaders of the Association a child from every family, as hostages for their submission to the King's Government, William saw that the cause to which he had devoted himself was lost. The innocent hostages having been placed in security in the various forts surrounding London, for a time the public excitement abated. William felt that it were invidious to revive the struggle.

Such, however, was still the influence of the popular orator over the minds of those who, from

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* Roger de Hoved, p. 763.

† Gull. Nenbrigensis, p. 631.

timidity alone, receded from his banner, that the Grand Justiciary, who had not scrupled to separate infants from their parents, lacked courage to arrest William Longbeard.

Instruments of villany, however, are always at the disposal of authority; and accredited spies were soon enlisted to follow every movement of the patriot, and report to the Archbishop his words and gestures. A Norman named Geoffrey, accompanied by a chosen band of mercenaries, contrived one morning to dog his footsteps as he proceeded into the country beyond Aldgate, to enjoy the free air with a company of friends; and laid violent hands upon him, with a view to arrest. But William, drawing from his belt the knife with which, according to the custom of the times, every citizen went armed, laid the traitor dead at his feet; and though the soldiers, who hurried forward to abet their leader, were secured, by coats of chain-mail, from the stroke of the poignard, William and his companions laid about them so stoutly as to escape unhurt to the sanctuary of a church within the walls, designated, in the Norman annals, as that of St Mary of the Arch. Here, having barred the doors, and barricaded themselves against attack, the armed men, their pursuers, were baffled for a time; while the Grand Justiciary, alarmed by intelligence of the outrage, and not altogether reliant on the garrison of the tower of London, despatched messengers to the forts and strong castles along the river, to summon in forces for attack.

Who now shall describe the fermentation of London city! The Mayor and Aldermen assembled in solemn husting at their Hall of Guild. The bell of Paul's Church tolled heavily, to summon the people to prayer. The shops were shut, and tbe apprentices were chidden within doors. The river-side became thronged with idlers, watching the arrival of the troops; for every one felt convinced that a decisive popular movement in favour of William must take place. Every one exclaimed, that the besieged were entitled to the best support of their fellow-citizens; and, while every one waited to ascertain his neighbour's intentions, the royal archers encircled the church, and reinforcements of troops took possession of the adjacent causeways.

Meanwhile, William Longbeard's experience of human nature had prepared his patience for the worst. "Hope not help from your fellow-citizens!" was his exhortation to his comrades in misfortune. "The caitiffs at Westminster have the advantage of us. How is it to be expected that a single foot will budge in our behalf, or a single arm be uplifted, while the knives of the Justiciary's gaolers are at the throats of their innocent children? Would I—would you—would any of us—give the signal for the slaughter of the babes of our bosoms, to secure the safety of strangers? It is not the cause of Liberty that is at stake in our fate; for Liberty is immortal, reviving, from century to century, like the fabled Phœnix from her ashes. 'Tis but the lives of nine human beings, their fellow-labourers in the vineyard, which might be preserved by the sacrifice of their helpless children; and, for my part, I crave not their assistance."

Small, therefore, was their disappointment, on discovering that the inert and panic-struck multitude stirred not in their defence. Ascending to the belfry of the sacred edifice, the devoted men took up their post of observation. And, lo! they beheld the people afar off, retiring to their homes; they beheld the river alive with reinforcements; they beheld the church itself, surrounded troop-deep with armed men; and it was to these that, summoned by sound of trumpet, in the King's name, to surrender, they breathed fresh terms of defiance.

A pile of wood and resinous substances, seized from the yard of a neighbouring builder, was immediately formed, by command of the Archbishop, at the foot of the tower; and, in a moment, the smoke and flame ascended; and, overpowered by suffocation,* the besieged fled from the belfry, and, clinging to the pinnacles of the battlements, demanded quarter of their assailants. Already, the smouldering doors had given way; and the son of the caitiff Geoffrey (the enemy and victim of William Longbeard) was the first to ascend the tower, and plunge his retributive poignard into the body of the patriot.

"This for my father!" cried the infuriated youth.

"This for my country!" replied the noble-hearted Saxon, as he received the blow, and prayed that it might prove mortal.

But, although thus desperately wounded, the half-fainting William was seized and manacled, and, tied to a horse's tail, dragged ignominiously through the streets, a spectacle to the intimidated citizens. His nine companions, tied with cords, were pricked forward by the spearman as his escort, and it was in this humiliating guise they arrived at the gates of the White Tower of London, where the Grand Justiciary was holding his tribunal. Conveyed into the presence of the Archbishop, sentence of death was instantly pronounced against William and his associates. No trial was then available against the antipathies of a vindictive minister. No jury of his countrymen came betwixt a victim and the enmity of his judge. It was

"Off with his head!—So much for Buckingham!"

when a monarch marked his man; it was, "To the gibbet with the insolent varlet!" when the people's friend and advocate confronted the lawless dispenser of the laws.

"I go forth to death," were the last words of William, turning towards the multitude assembled round the gates of the hall. "For my own life have I scorned to plead. The King, who should be at his post to guard the liberties of his people, is vapouring in foreign climes. In the equity of Parliament, (that wordy liar!) no wise man ever yet put trust; and even *you*, in

* Math. Paris, p. 127.

whom I rashly confided, did desert me in my hour of need! I fall, therefore, a prey to the oppressors. My country hath had my life: it shall have my death. I have given up all to my fellow-citizens—state, station, breath: I have nothing more to give them but my forgiveness! And I say unto you, in presence of this proud prelate, and of his creatures, that the cry of the land hath gone forth to God; that its wrongs are registered in the Book of Vengeance; that, as he who smites with the sword shall perish by the sword, the lord your King shall die a violent and untimely death. But the land ye love shall endure; and, watered with the blood of many martyrs, the tree of liberty take root, and flourish for evermore. And, lo! as your children's children sit under shelter of its branches, let them name my name with joy, saying, 'Glory to him who died a martyr for the cause of many! Peace to the ashes of the last Saxon who died for his country!'"

A burst of trumpets interrupted, by command of the Grand Marshal, the prisoner's harangue. Attached anew to the same horse which had dragged him to the spot, William was transferred to Tower Hill, where, at that period, a permanent gibbet was erected. Within an hour, William and his nine Saxon companions had given up the ghost!

As in every other case of popular injustice, a reaction soon became apparent. The citizens, who had been intimidated into the meanness of deserting the cause of their benefactor, no sooner learned that he had been submitted to an ignominious death, than they cried aloud against his Norman murderers, and sorrowed for him, saying, "Alas my brother!" That night the gibbet on which he had suffered was torn down; and, being divided among the fanatic multitude, every fragment was disputed as it were a sacred relique. The following day, every creature within the walls of the city visited the spot; and, on the ensuing days, crowds of country people poured in, to look upon the death-place of William Longbeard. At first, the men in authority disdained to notice the posthumous influence of their enemy; and, at length, they beheld, with amazement, pilgrims from every county in England repair to the spot, until it became excavated and worn away by footsteps innumerable.

The popular enthusiasm thus excited, the spot soon acquired preternatural sanctity. The patriot-martyr graduated into a saint; and miracles were accomplished in his name. Throughout the country, many priests of English origin preached in honour of William the Saxon, just as, one hundred and twenty years before, their predecessors had chaunted the praise of Walthrof, the last chief of the Anglo-Saxons.

The sick were now brought on litters to the spot; and, cured by the force of fashion and imagination, attributed their convalescence to the interposition of the departed patriot. Children were taught to lift up their little hands in prayer for his protection; and the place finally became the rallying point of the disaffected and seditious.

At length, finding the memory of the dead William almost as fatal to his government as his living opposition, the Grand Justiciary, Hubert, stationed a company of spearmen on the spot, to disperse, with the point of the lance, the devotees of the English saint. Still, however, they persevered. Driven from their stand by day, they reassembled after nightfall,* and scattered flowers upon the place of execution. Every day, the palace at Lambeth was harassed with tidings of new honours rendered by the people to their departed friend. Wherever the Archbishop turned, he was haunted by the name of William Longbeard, William the Englishman, William the champion of liberty! The discontented barons twitted him with it in council—the murmuring citizens sheltered themselves from further exactions, by citing the prophetic words of the martyr; and formal ceremonies were at length performed over his place of martyrdom, consecrating it as the altar of liberty.

The Grand Justiciary was now compelled to coercive measures. Having caused the environs to be invested with troops, one night, when a vast multitude were solemnizing the anniversary of the death of the martyr, hundreds of offenders were taken captive and dragged off to prison. The women engaged in the affair were publicly scourged, the men imprisoned in different fortresses of the city; while the place of execution, having been dug up and desecrated, was converted into a military station.

No miracle ensued. The man who had devoted his energies to the cause of liberty lay quiet in his grave, leaving it to the living to pursue his efforts, and thus, discredited as a saint, the popular fervour in his favour gradually subsided, and the Grand Justiciary of England pursued his oppressions unmolested.

It was not till, at the close of the struggles of the succeeding reign, that grand compromise occurred between King John and his nobles, which gave rise to the signing of Magna Charta, the people, finding their interests overlooked in a treaty so mistakingly described in history as the great charter of English liberty, began to murmur in their assemblies, that, were William Longbeard still surviving, the people would be as well secured against the encroachments of the privileged classes, as the privileged classes had contrived to secure themselves against the encroachments of the King. They called upon the memory of their dead—they reviled the ingratitude which had suffered their friend to be sacrificed before their eyes. They swore that the English nation did not deserve from Providence the blessing of a champion; and more than one, emulating the prophetic genius of the departed, denounced, as doom to England, that henceforward, amid her struggles for liberty, no friend should arise to further her endeavours, comparable with the zealous, disinterested William, the first and greatest of her Patriot Martyrs.

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* Gexa. Cantuar. p. 1591.

NEW FASHIONABLE NOVELS.—THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.*

Though the brilliant authoress of this novel had nothing to recommend her save rapidity of invention, and an amazing fertility, her compositions would form a remarkable literary phenomenon. In mere production she distances the wondrous achievements of Sir Walter Scott, and surpasses the exhaustless German, La Fontaine. Her faculty of invention is, indeed, cribbed by the nature of the ground to which she is, as it were, staked; but she discovers its possession by the variety of forms and hues which she contrives to impart to her fashionable staple, from the dexterous and artist-like mode of handling and presenting it. She is like a skilful landscape gardener, who contrives to give the appearance of vast extent and variety to a narrow piece of pleasure ground; or rather like one of her own fashionable *chefs*, who, in a strait, can display his genius by furnishing *entrées* of fish, meat, volaille, and gibier, from the same pair of worn-out slippers. The *fade* and tawdry materials which it has been, we should apprehend, her task rather than her taste so often to fashion and refashion, could never have been so frequently produced to the same advantage, and with the same freshness and air of reality, by an inferior artist. Yet, what pity to see powers, if not wasted, yet so limited in their scope and range, which are capable of adorning a wider and higher sphere, abounding in purer and more genial elements. It is not enough to be at the head of a school, if that school be not the highest. It is, however, we are aware, very easy to talk the matter over sensibly and well. The author best knows his own case, his own duties and difficulties; and the true province of criticism is, not what he might have done, but what he has done. In this respect, "The Woman of the World," though it fully bears out its family resemblance, is not one of the most trancendently beautiful of the numerous literary progeny of the author of "The Hamiltons," "Mrs Armytage," "Stokeshill Place," "Pierre L'Ecrevissier," or "The Lettre de Cachet;" though it is by far the best merely fashionable novel of the season, as all proceeding from the same sprightly pen are out of sight the most brilliant. No romance writer ever united the substance and elasticity of native English fiction with the airy, shifting, fugitive graces of the brightest era of French fashionable literature, in so remarkable a degree. Hence her eminent distinction as a sketcher of the manners of a society which, in its tastes, predilections, and acquirements, is become more Gallic than Anglian. Her style of narrative and her dialogue, a most flattering representation of that of the brilliant society she depicts, is indeed a continual bubbling and belling up of bright, sparkling, evanescent fancies—a perpetual *jet d'eau*—an incessant play of brilliant artificial fire. To the moralist, the author's great merit lies in incidentally exposing the hollowness, heartlessness, and contemptible frivolity of aristocratic life; the lowness of its aims, and the baseness of its means of pursuing them. No one ventures to say that she is an incompetent judge of the manners and morals of fashionable aristocracy; no one alleges that her pictures are overcharged. On the contrary, her parade of knowledge is sometimes censured, since, though correct, it is so sectional.—But we are quite aware that our readers will, in general, be better pleased to learn what the new fashionable romance is about, than to learn once more our opinion of the rare merits of a writer of whose talents they have long since made up their minds.

Sir William Helmsley, of Helmsley Abbey—a young Northamptonshire baronet, blessed with a good constitution, a good person, a good temper, a good estate, and a good reputation, and thrice blessed in a good and amiable wife, who never sighed for a house in May Fair—might have been esteemed among the happiest of English country gentlemen; though the great man of his family, his maternal uncle, Lord Shropshire, a *whister* at White's of thirty years' standing, never spoke of him but as a lost man, or as "that ambitionless ass, my nephew." Sir William would not involve his estate to get into Parliament; he would not be introduced to the Colebrookes, his neighbours, though Lord Colebrooke ranked among the first men in the kingdom, and, in consequence of a change of Ministry, was likely speedily to obtain some high office. It was in vain that Lord Shropshire set forth the advantages of such an acquaintance:—

"I have no ambition to become a placeman," replied Sir William, calmly. "Marcella and I are happy as we are. . . . My sphere is limited."

"The more reason that it should be extended! It was sufficient boast for the rulers of ancient times, that they found a city mud, and left it marble. A man in these days does some honour to his pedigree, who is born a baronet and dies a peer."

Sir William believed his public duties to be limited by the boundaries of his county and his estate; as was his happiness by the park palings of the Abbey. He was incorrigible! While his Lordship shrugged his shoulders in contemptuous pity, Lady Helmsley's quiet eye wandered from her work to the intelligent countenance of her husband, and thence to the well-stored bookshelves of the library in which they were sitting. Nothing could be more rational and happy than the way of life of the inmates of Helmsley Abbey. They led the retired rural life of English gentry,

"In all its joys and elegance."

Their happiness was not often invaded by the intrusion of titled relatives, or fashionable guests. They were left

To ride together, walk together, see with their own

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* Colburn. 3 vols.

eyes, and hear with their own ears the progress effected in the village by the fruition of their schemes of benevolence; return home for a stroll in the flower-garden, a game at billiards, or a duet of harp and flute, of which no carping philharmonic critic was at hand to detect the imperfections. Sir William gave an hour every morning to little Harry; and Mary passed more than three times that space of time on a little stool beside her mother's work-table. The days of the two idle people were, in short, very fully filled up. Lady Helmsley attended to her village school, while Sir William was busy in his plantations; and they met again after a few hours absence, with as much delight as if weeks had divided them from each other.

But there were tender claims upon Marcella's affection existing beyond the Abbey. She had been as a mother to her orphaned sister, Emma; while Sir William became at once the guardian and brother of Gerald Wroughton, her only brother. Gerald was now of age, in ill health; and expected home from Italy to settle at Wroughton Hall for life; and, shortly after the visit of Lord Shropshire, Emma returned from her London school to reside with her sister. There wanted but this to complete the domestic happiness of Marcella, whose cup of felicity was full. Emma found her sister looking, as she fancied, thin and ill. Consumption was in their family; and the doting, unsuspicious husband, roused at once from his dream of bliss to the most distracting anxiety, carried his sinking and angelic wife to London. From thence, as she gradually sank, she refused to go abroad:—

"If change be desirable for me, let it be back to the Abbey. It is my wish to die at home, to be buried at home." For worlds could not Helmsley have commanded the utterance of a word in contradiction to these forebodings! To hear them from the lips of his wife—his beloved, loving, heart in heart, soul in soul Marcella—was as if their meaning reached him for the first time. He felt that since *she* said it, it must be so. He was about to lose her. He was about to be alone!

Compassionating the frenzy of grief she had excited, Lady Helmsley lay silent on her sofa, her cold fingers entwining the throbbing convulsed hand of him who sat beside her, with his face concealed against the back of his chair. She did not reiterate her request. She did not repeat her forebodings. She lay speechless and patient; till at length, in hoarse and scarcely articulate accents, he replied—"We will return to Helmsley then, next week." Such was his mode of confirming the sentence she had passed upon herself!

This is one little passage of deep, silent, unobtrusive pathos; but the whole of the dying scenes are equally touching. Before they left London, a foreshadowing of future events is skilfully given. Lord Colebrooke, to whom Helmsley, the agonized husband, had been accidentally introduced, in a casual encounter on the street, had won his regard by the sincere tone of concern, the look of sympathy with which he listened while the despairing husband, his eyes filling with tears, replied to the decent inquiries of his worldly uncle, concerning the condition of the dying Marcella. Another day he was accidentally accosted by Lord Colebrooke with the kindest inquiries after the health of Lady Helmsley.

Lord Colebrooke had drawn up to make the inquiry; and, at a little distance, reining in a beautiful horse, apparently right proud of its most delicate rider, sat a young and lovely woman, with the most graceful figure and seat on horseback he had ever happened to behold. There was so much life, so much character, so much charm in the countenance of the stranger, as contrasted with the two female faces he was now in the habit of contemplating—the one so sick, the other so sorrowful—that it seemed as if all the impulses of youth, health, and intelligence were gathered there in marvellous combination.

This lady was the Lady Adelaide de Vere—the beautiful daughter of Colebrooke, the *Fate* of Gerald Wroughton and of Sir William Helmsley—THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD. Marcella, with all her love, well knew the weak points of her husband's character; and, though she had the utmost reliance on the strength of his affection for their children, the solicitude of the anxious dying mother dictated many requests concerning them.

"I trust Knowles will not be tempted to quit Mary, even after she is in the hands of a governess," said she, in a faint voice, one evening to Miss Wroughton. "Mary is delicate; and Knowles so thoroughly understands her constitution. Should Helmsley marry again, (as in all probability will be the case,) changes might arise. Promise me, my dear Emma, that you will do your utmost to keep that good woman about the children."

"Her own inclination will keep her there," replied Miss Wroughton, deeply affected by such a petition. "And Sir William will never replace the wife he loves so dearly."

"No man can answer for himself on such a point. And why *should* he? Why should I wish to perpetuate his regret, or prevent some other woman from enjoying the happiness I have enjoyed? A prudent remarriage would probably be the best thing that could befall the children. You are too young, my dear Emma, to remain here as their protectress. *You* will live here with Gerald—marry—become a mother. It will be a better thing for Mary that her father"——

She could not conclude the sentence; and Emma, aware how differently her sister had always expressed herself in the similar case of their own father, saw what violence she was doing to her feelings, in order to pre-assure excuses for any future measure to her husband.

Those who pronounce all novels, and especially fashionable novels, idle and frivolous, and false or unreal representations of life, may be tempted to reconsider their sweeping judgment on reading such passages as this which records Marcella's gradual decline.

Her decline was more tedious, more painful than she had anticipated; *not* that ethereal wasting, the delusive creation of poets and novelists, but the fearful struggle of the soul with decaying nature; the harassing efforts, the restlessness, the exhaustion, the momentary delirium followed by hours of inanition. Throughout all this, the husband watched and ministered with a fervour of patient affection as feminine almost as that of the sister. He would send the others to bed, and remain in secret by the bedside, watching long after the hireling watchers were outwearied and at rest.

It was one of those nights, when he was alone with the sick, that what might be termed the agony of Marcella commenced. His hand was lying beside her own on the coverlet—not clasping it, lest the pressure should be too much for its wasted fingers; when of a sudden, with an unnatural accession of voice, she began to talk, as with the tongue of angels, of GOD, of immortality, of the rewards of the just. Those who have watched beside the dying, know how often this elevation of spirit consequent upon the disorganization of mortal nature, tends to sooth and dignify sufferings otherwise insupportable.

Having anxiously examined her face, which was flushed with hectic spots, Helmsley saw that the strain of triumph in which she was indulging, was the song of the dying swan; and, as if jealous that any but himself should listen to those words of heavenly exaltation, forbore to summon assistance. Marcella was beyond the reach of mortal succour; and, kneeling by her bedside,

he gathered into his heart every look, every syllable, each one of which might prove the last.

In this attitude, were they found when morning dawned. But from the moment Miss Wroughton and the nurse busied themselves in administering remedies and suggesting aid, Marcella became silent.

No frantic sorrow, no passionate despair, ever equalled the violent and impetuous grief of the bereaved widower, which he long sought to cherish and keep alive by every perverted and selfish indulgence. The servants and the tenants said, "Poor master was quite broken-hearted; hastening fast after my lady." But Time wrought his usual miracle; and, though Sir William still persisted in refusing the invitations of his neighbours, it became more the consequence of the habit of seclusion and *mauvaise honte* than overpowering, unconquerable sorrow. The imperceptible but certain change is delicately traced. The menials had worn out their sables, the little children had been habited in their former gay attire. "Changes and improvements were going on. Nothing remained of Marcella save a certain stern gravity on the brow of Sir William, and pensive sadness occasionally overspreading the fair brow of the faithful sister." Gerald Wroughton partook of the constitutional delicacy of his family. He was again drooping, and was ordered to Italy to pass the winter, but experienced some reluctance to leave his brother-in-law.

"If I leave him shut up with Emma, the children, and aunt Margaret, he will turn hermit and let his beard grow before my return," mused the kind-hearted young man. "What if I could persuade him to bear me company?—He has never been abroad; the excitement of new scenes might be of service."

Conscious, however, of the weakness of the man with whom he had to deal, instead of proposing the tour to Helmsley as a matter of recreation, he suggested it as a sacrifice of good will towards himself.

And Helmsley reluctantly went, in compliance with the request of Marcella's only brother; and, before they reached Calais, his spirits were rising; and, on reaching Paris, he was ready to look about him and be amused; while, at Naples, pleasure was courted. Many fashionable English were residing there, and among others Lord Colebrooke and his enchanting daughter, both of whom, on a former visit, had graciously noticed Gerald Wroughton, the latter "as much as a beautiful woman of four-and-twenty ever notices a cubling squire." The brothers-in-law one day discussed, with the St Pauls, an English family residing at Naples, the rights, claims, and pretensions of Lady Adelaide, who had called at the St Pauls' door; but, as was conceived, on some caprice or overstrained point of etiquette, refused to enter the house, though invited, on being told English gentlemen were present.

"How English!" cried Mrs St Paul, vexed at her disappointment. "So much as Lady Adelaide has lived on the Continent, not to have laid aside the chain-mail of English formalities!"

"Would that of all her countrywomen one could say the same!" thought the three single men present.

"*Our* notions of politeness," continued Mrs St Paul, pettishly, "are all connected with laced buttonholes, and our best bib-and-tucker! We never fancy ourselves fine enough to do honour to ourselves and our friends."—Sir William, who was still sufficiently English to blush for his boots, experienced a twinge of conscience at the charge. Fortunately for his confusion, Dr Moorsom engaged in defence of Lady Adelaide. Of all earthly women, he said, *she* ought to be most indifferent to dress, her beauty being of an order beyond deriving the slightest advantage from such accessories. "*Her* attraction," observed the doctor, "consists in grace, ease, dignity, intelligence. She is charming in the simplest morning dress."

"And on horseback!" involuntarily added Sir William, half apart.

"True! Nothing can be more perfect than her seat on horseback!" chimed in Mr St Paul. "She reminds me of an Amazon in an antique bas-relief I once saw at Girdenti." While Wroughton could not refrain from exclaiming to Helmsley, "You have *seen* her, then! You never told me that you had seen her?"

Dr Moorsom was a worthy and benevolent elderly physician, the paternal friend of Gerald, and professionally engaged to attend the nervous, valetudinary Mrs St Paul, and her classical lord, upon a two years' residence abroad. Mrs St Paul, herself *a beauty*, was piqued by the praises poured forth upon the universal charmer. She ventured to think Lady Adelaide's independence of manners anything but pleasing.

"Yet they could not become more deprecating without hypocrisy," interposed Dr. Moorsom. "Age is not to be measured by years. Though scarcely five-and-twenty, Lady Adelaide has been at the head of her father's house from the age of fourteen, doing its honours to all the royalty and nobility of Europe. When Lord Colebrooke was ambassador at the Hague, I recollect his daughter presiding over his fêtes like a *Reine de Seize Ans*, or, rather like the Queen of Faery in person."

"Yes, we all know that she is a woman of the world!" cried Mrs St Paul, with a somewhat tremulous voice. "The spoiled child of the cleverest man and greatest *roué* in Europe! Well!—We shall see whether their united cleverness achieves the object they have now in view."

"And what may that be? To outblaze Vesuvius at the approaching carnival?" inquired Gerald, with a smile.

"Outblaze!—Oh, dear, no. Lady Adelaide is superior to display. She only wants to catch Lord Portumna."

"Is Lord Portumna a great *partie?*" inquired Helmsley, addressing the question generally to the circle.

"A man of broken fortune and broken constitution—first-rate abilities and first-rate fashion!" replied Dr Moorsom.

Long before this Lady Adelaide had fascinated the ardent and enthusiastic Gerald Wroughton, the master of four or five thousand a-year, and no bad *pis aller* for the daughter of a bankrupt *roué* Peer, placed in the peculiar and singular circumstances of her Ladyship. In brief, Sir William Helmsley, in no long time, also felt the influence of the spell which made Lady Adelaide either adored or detested by all who approached her. He suffered himself to be the frequent guest of her father; and, imperceptibly, the despairing husband of the sainted Marcella became the blindly devoted lover of the accomplished Woman of the World, the adored of his brother-in-law. The fine, delicate, and subtle strokes by which the nature of Lady Adelaide, and the enthralment of the successive lovers whom her ambition or her cupidity made the subject of her artifices, cannot be given save in the complete scenes in which her character and position are developed. Nor can we at all advert to the minor satellites of the staff of the fashionable factions at Naples; the one headed by Lady Wycombe, the other by Lady Adelaide de Vere;

nor yet to Lord Portumna the ambassador, or his *attachés*, Alexis Bagot, and Harry Harford, the heir expectant and nephew of a bachelor London millionaire. The retainers of the factions, their respective *tails*—Mrs Longman-Tompkinson, namely, with her everlasting country place of Stoke Park, and her house in Carlton Terrace, "let to the Brazilian ambassador for five years," who stuck by Lady Adelaide; and the *Schrams*, a Yankee family of immense wealth, and an equivalent passion for European fashionable notoriety, who adhered to Lady Wycombe—are more original and racy than the magnates. The *Schrams*, in particular, amply deserved to have been brought to the West End of London. The outposts, the *materiel*, and the policy of the minor chieftainesses of the rival factions deserve a passing notice.

There was, in the first place, Mrs St Paul; who, like the bat in the fable, fought alternately on both sides; and occupied her idle mornings in carrying from one party to the other, hints, sneers, and misrepresentations.

. . . . . .

Then came Mrs Longman-Tompkinson, conscious that the most golden of her gold would be insufficient to gild over, in the sight of the high and mighty countess, the looms from which Mr Longman-Tompkinson of Stoke Park derived his mansions in Buckinghamshire and Carlton Terrace, his plate, equipages, Parliamentary interest, and promise of a baronetcy; but trusting that the excellence of her professional concerts *might* bribe the presence of the dilettante Colebrookes, and the glitter of her diamonds procure an invitation in return. In Mrs Longman Tompkinson, therefore, Lady Adelaide had the most vehement of partizans;—flying from house to house in a frenzy of enthusiasm for her wit, beauty, and accomplishments; and returning to deposit, at the feet of her lovely patroness, the bouquet of nettles she had gathered for her in the shape of a thousand traits of Lady Wycombe's animosity.

The Darlings, with five daughters to marry, judiciously adhered to the Wycombe cause, as the safer side of the question. For Lady Wycombe was a woman congealed in the hardest frost of virtue. . . . .

. . Since the arrival of Helmsley and Wroughton, indeed, poor Lady Darling half repented her demonstrations in favour of the enemy; wisely remarking to a singularly coincident husband, "that people have no business to indulge in dislikes or partialities who have a family to provide for."

The society of Naples, meanwhile, found its account in the feminine feud. Lady Wycombe, well instructed by London experience that popularity will not flourish except upon a diet of ices and lemonade, gave weekly *soirées dansantes* of considerable brilliancy. But balls are things of every-day occurrence during the carnival; and Lady Adelaide contrived, after the first two or three, to give the tone to a general disgust for the heat, noise, and fatigue of such entertainments, as a prelude to the exquisite weekly concerts which Lord Portumna was commencing on Lady Wycombe's night at the Embassy.

Let a private individual, whatever his rank, lavish his utmost cost and care, he will never succeed in producing anything equal to a diplomatic fête. . . . . The temper of no woman of fashion is proof against such a catastrophe. There remained but one resource. Lady Wycombe whispered to her intimates, that she only hoped Lord Portumna would *marry* poor Lady Adelaide de Vere! But even that usually successful hint, fell innocuous; even the conscientious Darlings, though they started at the implication, observed that however things might be, it was the duty of the English, in a foreign country, to attend the fêtes of their ambassador.

In vain did her Ladyship condescend to the most pitiful resources. She would have visited, nay, have honoured with her countenance at dinner, the Longman Tompkinsons, for the sake of bribing away an adherent of her rival. But the Longman-Tompkinsons stood stanchly by the visited of royalty.

The Countess, at length, stooped to conquer, by despatching an invitation to her *soirées dansantes*, through Alexis Bagot, to Sir William Helmsley and Wroughton.

The *Schrams* had just blazed out in Naples to dazzle (Mrs St Paul told Helmsley)

"All eyes with the tinsel and gold-leaf which form the delight of rich Yankees and Bartholomew-Fair showmen."

"And who are the Schrams?" inquired Sir William. "I never even heard of them."

"You are fortunate, then, in having lived out of hearing of the tin-trumpets of newspaper puffery," replied the lady. "The Schrams are New-York Newcomes, who have performed ko-too at the foot of all the thrones of Europe, saving that of England, where they know their pretensions would be weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

"Americans perform ko-too?" cried Sir William. "Forbid it, shade of Washington!"

"The patriarch Schram is an empty, pompous fellow, bursting with the sense of his personal importance, yet unable to forgive himself for not having been born a lord; who throws away his money, not like a prince but like a *parvenu*," added Mrs St Paul.

"Throw away the only thing that seems to have raised him in the world? But what brings these people to Naples?"

"A desire of smoking the calumet of peace with another aristocracy," replied St Paul. "Paris is their meridian.

. . . . . .

"I wonder to whom they will *accrocher* themselves in Naples?—Lady Wycombe, of course, is out of the question. . . . . It would be charity to afford a hint to Schram that he has only to declare war against Lady Adelaide de Vere, to be accepted as an ally of the Wycomites," cried Mrs St Paul. "By the way, we met Lady Adelaide as we were driving to your house."

"So early?"

"I fancy she had been to Santa Chiara, to see her little girl. I know she is only allowed to visit the child on appointed days."

Sir William was too much astonished for utterance. He felt persuaded that he had misunderstood Mrs St Paul; but it was impossible to require the repetition of a lady's words.

At an early age Lady Adelaide had married Lord Sherburne, to save her reputation from the consequences of a suspected *liaison* with Lord Portumna, and gratify her desire of independence; and soon afterwards brought such evidence of the mental imbecility, crimes, and cruelty of her husband, before Doctors' Commons as enabled her to be completely independent. Sir William Helmsley, already her secret lover, even while considering her almost the affianced wife of his brother-in-law Gerald, was, on learning even this, relieved of a load of mortification:—

"The divorce proceeded, then, from no impropriety of conduct?"

"Impropriety, my dear fellow," (cried his friend and old college chum, Sir Raymond Horton,) "is a vague term. Though all the world considered Lord Colebrooke justified in securing his daughter from the brutality of a madman, many people thought it a suspicious circumstance that a man so knowing as his lordship should have suffered his daughter to become the wife of a Roman Catholic peer, by the mere ceremonial of the Protestant Church, so as to leave her the possibility of divorce. The Sherburnes, you see, originally discountenanced the match, but left the poor fellow to his own devices; so that, though married according to the law of the land, the solemnization was nothing to him as a case of conscience. Altogether, there was something *louche* in the business. . . . . I only know that the child is

to inherit, and that Lady Adelaide is at liberty to marry again whenever she shall hit upon her dupe."

Sir William Helmsley, ever striving to deceive himself, and fancying that he was actuated by the most exalted regard for Gerald, while his motives were alloyed by jealousy and rivalry, resolved to remonstrate with the youth, on his infatuation, and, if possible, to avert the calamity of his marriage with a woman so generally blamed and so painfully situated. A letter from Emma, in England, who had heard, with alarm and sorrow, of the entanglement of her brother, enforced his purpose. He accordingly informed Gerald of the marriage and divorce:—

"I am aware of every incident of her life," replied Wroughton, calmly.

"And you would carry back as your wife to Wroughton Hall, to be the protectress of your sister and the successor of your mother, a woman branded with suspicions of the most detestable nature? You would take to your bosom the mother of a child whose father is yet alive?—a woman haunted by disgraceful reminiscences—a woman who has figured before the tribunals of the country?"

"At present, I have made no engagement to marry Lady Adelaide de Vere," replied Gerald, startled but not convinced by the unwonted impetuosity of his brother-in-law. "If anything could hurry me into precipitate proposals, it would be to hear her character unjustly aspersed by my family. All that can be urged against her *I know!*"

Hitherto Lady Adelaide had coquetted with, or encouraged Gerald Wroughton, as one among the list of her *eligible* admirers; but there was more in the cards. Lord Shropshire, the uncle of Helmsley, was the father of an only son, Lord Bridgnorth—

One of the handsomest young men in England; a leading man at the leading clubs, and indispensable at every fashionable dinner-party; who gave exquisite fêtes at an exquisite villa, under the presidency of the most exquisite opera-dancer of the day; had fought a duel, caused a divorce, won a steeple chase, ruined a raw ensign in the guards at piquet; and was supposed to be able to distinguish himself in public life any rainy day, when, having nothing else to do, he should see fit to throw himself away upon politics!

Unluckily, during his interim of fine weather, the noble roué, to whom ordinary modes of life were becoming stale and unprofitable, grew bored on shore, and, like other dandies nautically inclined, mounted a yacht. The result was disastrous. Designing to pass the autumn in the Baltic, Lord Bridgnorth and a noble friend, who, being what is called "hard up," quartered himself on any one who was soft enough to feed, lodge, and bear with his inanity, landed one day in an obscure fishing-town, on the coast of Jutland; where, after treating themselves with schiedam, they saw fit to treat the natives with a specimen of the Great-British art of pugilism; till their Danish antagonists, provoked by the wantonness of an attack which they little supposed to be a scientific exhibition, retaliated so much in earnest, that the following day Lord Bridgnorth fell a victim to the contusions received while his blood was in a state of inflammation.

The heir of forty thousand a-year and an ancient English peerage, to die scarcely sober, wholly unattended, in a Jutland fishing-hovel! The humiliation was greater almost than the affliction; and the bereaved father, blind to the fact that his son had fallen a victim to his own vices, talked of nothing less than requiring from ministers a demand for vengeance on the murderers. . . . . It was not enough that his only son, the finest young man in England, had been sacrificed; but the insolent newspapers had taken upon themselves to represent the event in a series of pitiful paragraphs, presuming to throw blame upon Lord Bridgnorth, and leave a doubt whether his death need be made a matter of national warfare.

Lord Shropshire was, in fact, almost as angry as afflicted at the loss of his son. It was such a mode to die—such a cruel want of consideration for his father—such a sinful disregard to his position in life—such an inattention to the demands of his own consequence! What business had *he*, a member of White's and the House of Commons—a peer expectant, whose bay filly was entered for the Derby two years following, whose name was honoured at Coutts's, and good at Crockford's, to "drink, and speak, parrot, squabble, swagger, swear," with a gang of Holstein skippers?—What business had he at all yachting in the Baltic?—*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galere?*

Nothing can exceed this vivacious sketch. Lord Shropshire died in turn, and Sir William Helmsley was heir to a clear fifty thousand a-year, and the dormant peerage of Monthermer. Of these circumstances, Lady Adelaide had, through her friend the Ambassador, obtained information some hours before the intelligence had reached the party more interested, but not more alive to the changed position of the Northamptonshire Baronet.

Mrs Longman-Tompkinson had, meanwhile, nobly resolved to astonish Naples, and mortify Lady Wycombe and the Schrams, by the splendour of a *bal costumé*. Her patroness, Lady Adelaide, had condescendingly consented to appear; and, by a series of graceful and well-managed artifices, the late melancholy widower, who had foresworn the Palazzo Balbi since he had heard the history of the fair inmate, was induced to perform Petrarch to her Laura, to the inexpressible delight of Gerald. The enamoured youth, totally unconscious of what Sir William struggled to conceal even from himself—the growing influence of the enchantress, the accomplished and exquisitely beautiful *woman of the world*, over his widowed heart—had found the repugnance of his brother-in-law and former guardian to his projected marriage, the greatest drawback upon his happiness. But the relative position of parties, and a good specimen of the work, is afforded by the following extract, which again reproduces our beloved *Schrams*. We never tire of the Schrams: we have far too little of the Schrams. We wish the authoress would oblige the new and old world with their history at length—their Anglo-Dutch parentage; their rise and progress from the log farm-house to the counting-house; their splendours in Broadway; their villa on the New-Jersey Coast; their sojourn at Saratoga Springs; their embarkation for Havre-de-Grace, on a five years' *tower* through Europe; their settlement and final route from the Chausse d'Antin and May Fair.

There was a dinner given at Lord Colebrooke's, at which were present, Dr Moorsom, his nervous patient, Mrs St Paul, and the English heroes:—

"How amazingly poor Princess Stradalla will be outblazed by the gaudy liveries of the Schrams!" said Mrs St Paul, who thought Lady Adelaide and her father extremely prosy. "I am told they raise the price of gold lace wherever they go."

"I thought the sturdy Americans despised such gaudy distinctions?" said Sir William.

"Not in Europe," replied Dr Moorsom. "Schram found himself so often mistaken for one of the 'helps,'

and the head help was so often spoken to for his master, that, in self-defence, he was obliged to hang out the ensigns of feudal life."

"Princess Stradalla (whose grand apartment they have hired) declares that, instead of having the carriage at the door at a certain hour, they have always a stand of carriages in waiting—open, shut, coaches, chariots, caleches, cabriolets—ready to answer their call, or that of their hangers-on; beside saddle horses, *à discrétion*, for the use of their morning visiters," observed Mrs St Paul.

"What pure philanthropy!" cried the doctor.

"Excellent policy in Paris, perhaps," observed Lord Colebrooke, "where the misfortunes and impoverishment of *la haute noblesse* have stripped the spunging system of a portion of its dishonour. The old emigrant Dukes and Marquesses, who, in their youth, gambled away the pocket money so splendidly allowed them by Lord Moira, do not blush to fawn and prey upon the Schrams. *Here*, people are of a different way of thinking. The Neapolitans will overreach brother Jonathan, if they can, in the sale of a picture or antique; but they will not stoop to pick up the crumbs that fall from his table."

"Let them overreach Schram if they can!" cried Dr Moorsom, laughing. "'They need ha' long spoons that sup wi' the de'il.' The old gentleman has still enough of the pettifoggery of the Broadway about him to be a sharp hand at a bargain."

"I confess it would give me no pain to find that he was overreached," observed Gerald Wroughton. "Wherever this man goes, he purchases whatever is most costly, not to gratify his individual taste, but to exhibit the length of his purse; and, when people bring their vanity into the market, with all the streamers of its ostentation flying, they mark themselves out for dupes."

During this chit-chat, the eyes of Monthermer were irresistibly attracted towards the table where Gerald and Lady Adelaide had established themselves at chess.

There was something domestic in their attitude which displeased him. Although placed so close beside the circle as to take a share in the conversation, they had means of addressing to each other by-words and comments, unheard by the rest of the party, and of interchanging glances more eloquent than words.

With her long hair simply parted on her forehead, and twisted into a knot—attired in a dress of dark velvet, which imparted a rich contrast to the dazzling whiteness of her shoulders and of the ungloved arm resting on the edge of the chess-table, without an ornament, without an affectation—Lady Adelaide presented a realization of the ideal of some poet's or artist's dream. It was beauty of the highest order—of form, of colour, of expression; it was beauty which caused the heart of Helmsley to sink within him, when he reflected how soon he might be brought within hourly peril of its charms; and at the cost to Gerald Wroughton, of what fearful hazard of happiness!

Short as was the period since he had shrunk from the self-avowal of a passion which he felt to be unhallowed and degrading, Helmsley now gave himself up to the consciousness of his enthralment. So is it ever with a lover.

Both brothers were now equally under the spells of the enchantress, while with her, the fortune and title of Lord Monthermer had, in one moment, for ever quashed the pretensions of Gerald. Emma Wroughton—still hearing of the enthralment and danger of Gerald, and dreading his alliance with Lady Adelaide de Vere as ruin and misery to himself, and as the severest possible calamity to his whole family—had again written to Sir William to save her brother. Alas! it was himself that more required the admonitions, the warnings, the harsh but necessary severity of friendship. Gerald's small fortune and untitled name were become his protection, when his claims were calmly weighed by the female Talleyrand in the balance, against those of her rich and ennobled dupe. In reply to Emma's sisterly fears and scruples, Sir William informed her that he had obtained a promise from his brother-in-law to form no final engagement for the limited period of two months; but he admitted, that no man, honoured by the smiles of Lord Colebrooke's daughter, was likely to withdraw his allegiance; and entreated that Emma and old Aunt Margaret would prepare themselves to form a more lenient judgment of their future relation. To relieve the perpetual irritation of his mind, Helmsley now plunged into the extravagant dissipation of the English in Naples; whither some of their gay country people had been attracted from Rome by the rumour of the rival fêtes of the Schrams and Longman-Tompkinsons. He found no relief in this hollow refuge. "Alone, with his conscience, he admitted, with varying complexion and hurried respiration, that he was no longer master of himself; that a spell had enthralled his destinies; that the tranquillity of his life was broken up for ever; that he existed but in the presence of Lady Adelaide de Vere."

If the insipidity of Lady Darling's daughters, and the languid inanity of Moorsom's fair hypochondriac, had enhanced the dignified simplicity and clear intelligence of Lady Adelaide, what far higher relief was now afforded to her merits, by contrast with the purse-proud fussiness of the Schrams, and the noisy frivolity of the flight of summer swallows which had migrated to twitter in their sunshine! Mrs Longman-Tompkinson, apprehensive of being outglittered in a single spangle, by the gilt gingerbread of the Broadway, was labouring like a recruiting-sergeant to increase her forces, with favours flying and beat of drum; while curiosity to ascertain whether the high mightinesses of the New World ate with their fingers, and dieted their guests on pumpkin-pie, attracted the untravelled and unenlightened nobility of Naples to the balls and dinners of the Schrams, and policy engaged the *corps diplomatique* to fraternize with the transatlantic colony.

"*We* intend to stand by the Tompkinson woman," said Alexis Bagot to Helmsley, as they were riding home one day together from the Corso.

"By *we*, meaning the embassy?"

"Oh, dear no! I know nothing about school during play hours. Portumna, you know, is a sort of person to go anywhere he is likely to be amused—whether to laugh *at* or *with* his entertainers; and Harford, of course, follows Portumna, like the shadow of a shade. All three will become Schrammites. But *we* adhere to the Tompkinsons."

"I am to conclude, then, that to realize the number of your pronoun, you write yourself '*we*, Alexis Bagot?'"

"No, I speak in the name of my set. Lady Wycombe cannot endure these half-horse, half-alligator monsters. Madame de la Chuchotterie comes to her every day, with proposals of alliance; undertaking that she shall make out the list for their next ball, and order them a dessert service at the royal manufactory, emblazoned with whatever coat of arms she chooses to assign them. But we are cruel. What do the Colebrooke party intend to do?" he continued, coming at length to his point. "What has Lady Adelaide decided?"

"I have never inquired," replied Helmsley. "Conduct herself, I presume, with her usual judicious good-breeding; neither make a favour of going, nor a merit of staying away."

"The world, then, is right in its conjectures?" cried Bagot. "Wroughton *is* engaged to marry the fair *divorcée*?"

"From what do you draw your inference?" demanded Helmsley, striving to speak with composure.

"From the eagerness of your defence. I never heard you so strenuous before. You are pleading the cause of a sister-in-law."

"I am pleading the cause of a very charming woman."

"On second thoughts," interrupted Bagot, caring very little for the motives or opinions of his companion—"Lady Adelaide certainly will *not* coalesce with the Schrams. Portumna has taken them up as vehemently as he takes up all such showy novelties; and it is their cue just now, you know, to fight under different banners."

"Indeed, I know nothing about the matter," cried Helmsley, with rising indignation.

"Portumna is too much a man of the world to interfere with a lady's prospects; for, *entre nous*, old Colebrooke, who is wretchedly out at elbows, only waits to get rid of his daughter to break up his establishment. Portumna is not, by fortune or inheritance, a marrying man. It would be most unfair to stand in Lady Adelaide's light, being, as it is, her last glimmer. I must do Portumna the justice to say that he is the best bred man in Europe. . . . . Do Wroughton's estates lie in a hunting country?"

"Within reach of two of the best packs in England," replied Helmsley, much surprised. "Why?"

"I was wondering whether there would be any apology for a long winter visit from his Excellency. We should not be sorry to have our next carnival here to ourselves."

Nettled by the flippancy of his companion, Helmsley seized the first pretext to ride on.

He could not outride the influence of Lady Adelaide. While smarting under the insinuations of his friend Horton, or listening to the light babble of such persons as Bagot, he often resolved to appeal anew to the good sense of Gerald; and, concealing his own feelings, implore him to renounce a connexion fraught with dishonour; but an hour spent in the saloons of the Palazzo Balbi sufficed to renew his irresolution; for he felt that, smiled upon, encouraged like Gerald, he should become the most infatuated of lovers.

The "Woman of the World," distinguished at all times by the gentle suavity of her address, appeared inspired by a yet more feminine softness by the attachment to which she was evidently giving way. Few women were likely to have received such attentions as those of Wroughton with indifference.

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From his own box at St Carlos, Helmsley often tortured himself by watching the sympathy of silence with which the lovers listened together to the touching strains of the "Otello" and "Medea." They seemed perfectly to understand each other; they seemed already prepared for the heart-in-heart cohesion of a life of domestic happiness!

Sometimes, rousing himself from the reveries produced by such a picture, he would intrude upon their happiness, as if in vengeance; and it almost provoked him to observe with what courtesy his appearance was welcomed by Lady Adelaide, as if admitting *his* claim to be there as one of the nearest relatives of her future husband. She would invite him to the seat by her side; address him in her softest tones, with the utmost blandishment; defer to his opinions—draw out his conversational powers—applaud his sentiments—rejoice in his pleasures; talk to him of Northamptonshire—of his home, his children, his return to England—till her gracious interest almost tempted him to execrate her in return! He could not bear to know that he was indebted to Gerald for the melting glances that reposed with almost sisterly affection upon his face; for the graceful gesture that seemed prepared to admit conviction, ere half his argument was unfolded; for the conciliatory expression, for the deprecating smile!

Disquieted and ill at ease, how often did he wish that he had never been tempted to visit Naples; that he had never been admitted to the companionship of Lady Adelaide!—"Had I known her only as Wroughton's wife," he would exclaim, in his solitary strolls amid the shrubby steeps of Pozzuoli, "she would have produced no other impression on my mind than regret that a woman of doubtful reputation should have been forced upon the adoption of the family. But *now*—when—*when* will my better reason overcome the hateful enchantments with which she has stirred my spirit to this mood of madness!"

The fall of Helmsley, his gradual and hopeless enthralment, are delicately touched; until we see him arrived at the fatal crisis when her Ladyship, having secretly learned from her friend Portumna, of Sir William's brilliant change of fortune, took more direct measures to secure the willing prize. On the day of Mrs Longman Tompkinson's fancy ball, he had received a letter from a friend in England, mentioning the serious illness of his uncle, Lord Shropshire. He knew that he ought to give up the ball, give up the happiness of sustaining the part of *Petrarch* to the *Laura* of Lady Adelaide, which her gentle and modest entreaties had induced him—her future brother-in-law—to accept. But could he disappoint her, and even the hospitable Tompkinsons? No one in Naples could know of his uncle's illness. It was not his business to proclaim it. He locked up the letter, went to the ball, and exulted in his determination when—

He beheld Lady Adelaide de Vere, to whom the elegant lightness of her costume imparted an almost girlish air of simplicity. The robe of pale straw colour, bodiced with violet-coloured velvet, the slight gauze hanging sleeves looped up to display the symmetrical beauty of her ungloved hands—the hair bound over her forehead, its braids half escaping from the net of gold and pearls so often described by her poet and lover—all was in strict accordance with the descriptions of Petrarch and the portrait of the Stradalla gallery. Lady Adelaide, slightly embarrassed, perhaps by the novelty of her position, looked paler and more delicately lovely than ever: and when Sir William, arrayed in his simple white tunic and crowned with the laurels of the capitol, approached to offer her his hand, her eyes involuntarily cast down to veil her confusion completing her resemblance to the well-known picture of Laura de Sades. . . . . .

It was remarkable that all the other English destined to form part of the eventful group, were attempting to disguise their *mauvaise honte*, by laughing at themselves or each other—by affected buffoonery and clumsy irony. Even Gerald, who personated Boccaccio, was pretending to throw himself into attitudes at the feet of Mrs St Paul, while old Moorsom assumed the solemnity of demeanour becoming the sacred College. But Petrarch and Laura were apparently mutually engrossed. They had no eyes but for each other.

The fate of Helmsley was sealed. In the course of this evening, he learned incidentally, from the lips of the astonished Lady Adelaide, that there existed no engagement whatever between her and Gerald Wroughton; on her part, no attachment. She was aware that there was no limit to the absurd surmises of society, particularly in a place like Naples.

"Is there anything particularly absurd," said Sir William, almost seriously, "in attributing to a beautiful woman supreme influence over the feelings of a disengaged man—young, free, handsome, rich, in a position to look upon marriage as the crowning happiness of his prosperous destiny?"

"I spoke not with reference to your brother-in-law, I spoke selfishly. It is, I think, absurd to imagine that a woman who has suffered so bitterly as I have done from the consequences of an ill-advised marriage, would, in the more matured season of her experience, be tempted

into a union with a man several years her junior in age —in *character* a hundred !"

It was now Sir William Helmsley's turn to start. "Am I to understand, then, that you would reject a proposal of marriage from Gerald Wroughton ?"

"I know not by what right you interrogate me on so delicate a point," replied Lady Adelaide, restored to composure, and attempting to resume her smiles.

Sir William ardently pressed his inquiries; he interrogated, he cross-questioned almost beyond the limits of good-breeding; and the "Woman of the World" came off clear. Her father and herself had, no doubt, on Gerald's first visit to Naples, been interested in the sickly boy, their young countryman, placed in circumstances so dispiriting, exiled from home in search of health. They had treated him as a son and a brother; and his return had been discourteous neglect. When they afterwards became his not-far-distant neighbours in Northamptonshire, he had not even made those common inquiries for Lord Colebrooke demanded by ordinary civility.

"How could I suppose," said Lady Adelaide, "that one so cold and graceless was cherishing towards me the tenderness of a lover ?"

Lady Adelaide paused for a reply; but Helmsley had not presence of mind to utter a syllable.

"At length casual report acquainted us," continued the lovely Laura, "of the family distresses which, naturally enough, were estranging the mind of Gerald Wroughton from his friends. We grieved for him, for through *him* we had learned to feel familiar with the unknown members of his family; to respect his brother and guardian—to admire and love that guardian's angelic wife. We pitied, therefore, and forgave our truant friend."

"You were indeed indulgently forgiving !" exclaimed Sir William; "since, on his arrival here this winter, you received him again, and with the same familiar confidence into your circle !"

"Sufficient evidence, were proof wanting, that he was regarded as a mere acquaintance both by my father and myself ! It is easy to forgive the fault of an indifferent person; while the ingratitude of those we *love* is an unpardonable offence !"

"Am I plainly to conclude, then," cried Helmsley, accelerating his explanations, on perceiving that, a supper-room having been opened at the lower extremity of the gallery, the crowd of dancers was hurrying forward so as to render conversation or confidence impossible; "am I to conclude that my brother is without hope of"——

"Lady Adelaide—Lady Adelaide de Vere—my dear Lady Adelaide ! I have been looking for you in all directions!" panted Mrs Longman-Tompkinson. "There's the Prince of Capua waiting to take me in to supper," &c. &c.

While Sir William was following, with admiring eyes and an intoxicated fancy, the peerless beauty whom Prince Leopold conducted to the supper-rooms, an express arrived for him from England. He was summoned to the deathbed of his uncle; and, as his heir, he accordingly went to England, buried Lord Shropshire, and took possession of his estates and his splendid seat. He visited his children—the children of his adored Marcella. It was but for one night. There was at Wroughton Hall too much of his lost wife—too much of his former home, of his past life—to harmonize agreeably with his present consciousness. New tortures were in reserve for him in this brief visit. Emma requested a private conversation :—

"Is there any hope for us ?" she demanded; "or must I make up my mind to witness the disgrace and misery of my poor Gerald ? Is he or is he *not* to marry Lord Colebrooke's daughter ?"

"Had you inquired of me a month ago," replied her brother-in-law, "I should not have hesitated to answer, 'he *is*.' I knew that it was his desire—I fancied that it was his destiny. Circumstances have induced me to alter my opinion. I have reason to suppose that Lady Adelaide's sentiments are less favourable to Gerald's views than he once induced me to believe."

"Thank God !" interrupted Emma Wroughton; "whether proceeding from coldness or fickleness, heaven keep her to her opposition ! There would have been an end to all the happiness of the family, had that woman consented to marry my brother."

"You express yourself too vehemently—you pronounce too harshly !" cried Lord Monthermer, with a heightened complexion. "Lady Adelaide de Vere is one of the most charming and accomplished women in Europe."

The conversation proceeded, until Lord Monthermer at last entered warmly, and even angrily, upon the defence of Lady Adelaide. Emma asserted, upon the authority of respectable country neighbours, that Lord Sherburne, the persecuted husband of Lady Adelaide, had been more sinned against than sinning; that he had actually been driven out of his senses by witnesses suborned to impute crimes to *him*, of which he had, in fact, been, not the perpetrator, but the victim. Such was the judgment of society.

"*Society !*—what *sort* of society ?" exclaimed Monthermer. "The circle of squires and parsons' wives of a country neighbourhood !"

Emma Wroughton, excited in her turn, could no longer restrain herself from observing—"My opinion of these people has not been wholly formed upon the testimony of our good neighbour, Mr de Ligne; it was from my dear sister that"——

"Enough, enough !" cried the agitated Monthermer, unwilling to trust himself to hear further. "Entertain what opinions you think proper; but, before you select *me* to become your auditor, it is but just I should inform you that I have no friends I regard more highly than the Colebrookes; that there is not a woman on earth I more truly admire than Lady Adelaide de Vere." Emma started, but uttered not another syllable. As she bent over the pillows of her little nephew and niece ere she retired to rest, silent tears fell from her eyes in attestation of the shock she had received, and the terrors that were entering into her soul; nor could all Mrs Knowles's ejaculations in honour of my lord her master, who had presented her with a £50 note, in acknowledgment of her zealous discharge of her duties to the children during his absence, induce Miss Wroughton to utter a single syllable of applause. She passed a sleepless night; the most disturbed, the most painful since that succeeding the loss of her irreplaceable friend, the much-loved sister of her youth !

In London, on his return, the new peer, possessed of fifty thousand a-year and two charming seats, and accredited for at least one hundred thousand, became acquainted, among other luminaries, with the Duchess of Havering, the sister of Lord Colebrooke, and, consequently, the aunt of Lady Adelaide—a Woman of the World, *and a woman of the day*.

A widow, as far as woman is widowed by the social death of a husband buried alive in the vast vault of public business, the Duchess of Havering, still handsome, and at all times lively and clever, preserved, even at the perilous age of two-and-forty, an unblemished reputation. . . . . The risks of that age, the Duchess of Havering had escaped. Downing Street and Palace Yard denied her the society of her husband, and she consoled herself *faute de mieux* with whist. She was not a gambler. She played as a pass-time, not as a *kill*-time;

and her Grace's society being chiefly composed of whist-players, for the most part sagacious, able men, the Havering coterie was far from contemptible.

The Duchess had just learned that her niece's marriage with Wroughton was broken off. Lord Monthermer, indeed, assured her Lady Adelaide had never entertained the slightest intention of giving her hand to his brother-in-law.

"And to whom, then, *does* she intend to give it?" cried the Duchess, almost with indignation. "This Mr Wroughton appears to have been a most unexceptionable match, and, according to report, attached to her for the last two years. Surely she does not intend to throw herself away on that ruined *roué*, Portumna?"

Her Grace recovered herself. Her niece, she said, had only encouraged Portumna to dangle after her, to torment the old Duchess of Kimbolton. Lady Adelaide was to be in town in May.

"Having (she added) no daughter, and *she* no mother, I have always treated her as a child of my own. It was I who wanted to make up that match for her with your cousin, Lord Bridgnorth, which, at one time, was all but settled. But they are calling me to order! My whist-table waits; and here, *en attendant*, (George, I want you!) allow me to present you to the Duke of Havering." And the duke, who had just entered the room on his return from Windsor, bestowed ten minutes' attention upon the new peer, ere he quitted the house again, to pass the remainder of the night in the house of Drawbacks.

We would wish to make room for Sir Jacob Harford, the hoary, rich, shrewd, tolerably honest, Christian Jew; the banker, loan-contractor, stock-jobber, &c. &c., who, when encumbered with a blockhead of a nephew as his heir and successor, estimated his own vocation so much above statesmanship that he would not hear of bringing the young ass up to business; but despatched him to Eton to serve the preliminary apprenticeship, and be booked for a diplomat. We must, however, notice the millionaire thus slightly, to introduce another character:—

"Sir Jacob Harford has interest, then, with government?"

"Interest?—Why, he could buy a South American republic, anoint himself king, and treat, *en souverain*, with the Foreign Office! Sir Jacob Harford commands anything of anybody that he chooses to ask for."

"Ay, ay?—I don't wonder, then," cried Lord Royston, "that Flaszaski has marked down the nephew for an intimate friend. I fancy poor Flash has been swimming out of his depth this long time past."

"I fancied Count Flaszaski was a man of family and fortune," said the naïf Monthermer.

"A man of tolerable connexions; but, from the times of the Chevalier de Grammont to our own, England has been the willing dupe of *les aventuriers de bonne maison*. John Bull is a lazy dog; he loves to be amused by his foreign guests; he loves to be taught to dress, eat his dinner, and behave himself, by any gay and graceful foreigner, more particularly when gifted, like Flaszaski, with mastery over his own temper and the frailties of other people."

"Ay! Flaszaski has them all hollow," cried Royston, stretching himself and yawning. "Artists, men of letters, men of fashion, press, populace—high, low, great, and small. Flash swears he has every editor in town in his pay, or in fear of his horsewhip. He has thrown dust or snuff in their eyes. A man who can ride, who is a crack shot, and a *gastrophile*, may do what he likes in England."

"Not altogether!" said Lord Carpynter, without raising his eyes from a new periodical. "Flaszaski has not yet found his way into good *female* society. Our ladies shew their good taste: they admit him to be very handsome—very talented—very showy; but he is Count Flaszaski—he is not a safe man."

Flaszaski's style of managing editors is one of his best points. One morning he visited Lord Monthermer, exactly as Sir Jacob Harford withdrew. The city baronet, in an unusual fit of philanthropy, had called to warn the son of his old and honoured patron, Sir Robert Helmsley, from the snares of Lady Adelaide De Vere. A marriage with her would, he said, "be bigamy, a dishonoured acceptance, not worth a pea-straw." Lord Monthermer assured him that the divorce was legal; and, moreover, that Lord Sherburne was on his death-bed, and not expected to survive a week.

"In that case I have nothing to urge on the score of bigamy," coolly replied the old gentleman; "but I *will* say to the son of my old and honoured friend that he is about to throw himself away. Colebrooke married that girl after a fortnight's acquaintance to poor Sherburne, notoriously more than half a lunatic, to save herself or her reputation out of the clutch of Lord Portumna; and now he's going to foist her off on *you* that he may break up his establishment and live on what friends he has left.

. . Knew it was running my head against a stone wall to argue with a man in love," cried the banker—"can't help it—done my duty to the dead and living—pity they hadn't managed to marry her to young Bridgnorth—there she'd have been paired as well as matched."

"You were acquainted with my cousin?"

"Knew him as one knows the pillory—by its bad name—nothing more—curious genius young Bridgnorth—made a figure in trade if he'd been born a cit—contrived to turn even his vices to account—made money by play—made money by the turf—made money by horses, dogs, carriages—drove a tilbury and a bargain better than e'er a young fellow on the stones—a thriving pedler spoiled when Lord Bridgnorth was born to a peerage."

"My relations obtain as little quarter as my friends!" said Lord Monthermer, dreading what might chance to follow. "I am more graciously disposed towards you. How is Harford? When does he return to Naples?"

"Never. Lord Portumna, who pretends to have taken a fancy to him—a farsighted spec, unless I'm much mistaken—is going to Russia, and has applied to the Foreign Office for Master Dick to bear him company."

"And what is Harford doing in the interim?"

"Making an ape of himself somewhere hereabouts—expected to have news of him from *you*—don't often see him in the city—shouldn't be sorry to settle him in life out of the way of such leeches as your Colebrookes and Portumnas."

"I should imagine there would be little difficulty in obtaining a suitable match for your nephew."

"Such as *he* or *you* might fancy suitable. I'm old-fashioned enough to care for allying myself with the daughter of an honest man; but, as I find the mischief-mongering newspapers have set it about that Dick Harford's heir to a couple of millions—we shall soon be having sealed tenders sent in for his hand—hope he'll be in better luck than others whom I could mention. Good morning, sir." . . . . .

"*Bon jour, mon cher!*—was delight to see you!" cried Count Flaszaski, sauntering into the room which, on Sir Jacob's deliberate departure, Lord Monthermer in his dressing-gown was hastening to quit. "Vas stop at my friend Lynchwell (your neighbour) door, ven I see your apoticaire drive off. *Ah! ce n'était pas l'apothicaire?—n'importe! Il en avait bien l'air—et nourri méme de ses drogues.* Vell! I tink I was never should see you again! *D'abord que je vous fasse mon compliment.* I see by the journals you about to change your estates."

"Indeed, I was not aware of it! Which of them?" inquired Monthermer, referring Flaszaski's observation

to some advertisement or other, touching the Bridgnorth property, issued by Messrs Cognovit.

"Vish? Your estates of solitary blessingness, as it vas call in Inghiland. De morning papers assure you give de ball, becos you take de vife!"

"The morning papers! How annoying! how impertinent! What a curse is entailed by the officiousness of the newspapers in this country!"

"You give dem de liberty of de press, and dey take de liberties! Eh?—*c'est ça je crois, n'est ce pas!* But if dey bore you, vat more easily silence. I have got every journal of London in my pocket."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Monthermer, wondering how little the symmetry of the Count was distorted by so extensive a freight.

"*I* very well know how manage dem all. Some was de dirty *éditeur*, one should buy at so much per sheet. Some vas de fashionab' *éditeur*, *dont on graisse la patte* vid oder tings dan monies"

"With what?" demanded Monthermer, curious to learn the consistency of the last new-invented palm-oil.

"*Mais avec l'huile de roses!* I sake hand vid dem at de Opera—give dem de seat in my cab up St James' Street von rainy day, and tell dem *chez* Crockfor, dat de *monstre* vat I bearlead vas my *banquier!* De fasionab' *éditeur* vas love to hear it thought dey vas on de intimate foot' vid de fashionab' Graf von Flaszaski! *L'animal veut faire accroire à son espèce qu'il sait vivre—qu'il est des nôtres*—and so I make heem my own. I vas do vot I like vid de *journalistes*. De vorship my vit—my *bon-ton*—my *bonne mine*—my *aimabilité*—*et s'il s'agissait de me trouver un beau jour moins aimable, ma foi, on en vient aux extrémitiés! Il y a toujours pour le coup, un coup de cravâche!*"

"You stand, I see, on no ceremony with your *friends*," said Monthermer, laughing at the gesture which Flaszaski suited to the word.

"Or dey would be vorse dan de enemy!" replied Flaszaski. "Vill you dat I should arrange for you dis affair, *pour que cela ne vous coûte rien?*"—

"Many thanks! The mischief is already done! Besides, the less one meddles in such matters, the less chance of dirtying one's fingers."

"Ah! you do not tink I would interfere personally? No! I vas have too many iron in de stove! I send vord to *Monsieur l'éditeur*, trough de great man of his partie—some *ex-chancelier* or lord of *de trésorerie* vot is to be. I get *mein freund*, Lor' Carpyntarie, to give his order to de Torie; I get *mein freund*, Lor' Loxley, give his ordaire to de Duke d'Evering to give his ordaire to de Vig! Ah! I hav' mein irons every vhere in de stove!"

After endless balls, suppers, *déjeûners*, drawing-rooms, rides, operas, and also misadventures and *contretemps*, from which it requires all the wit and address of Lady Adelaide to extricate herself, Lord Monthermer is led to make his declaration in form; and the WOMAN OF THE WORLD, still keeping up her part, though graciously disposed, from those delicate scruples which enhance her purity and dignity of character with her lover, declines a positive engagement until the decease of "the unfortunate man whose name it was so painful for her to pronounce" should remove every legal obstacle to their union:—

"Why, then, expose me to annoyances, when a few weeks, at most a few months, will annihilate them altogether?"

Lord Monthermer pressed in silence the beloved arm that was resting on his own.

"I bring you no fortune—I bring you nothing that the world accounts of value"——

"You bring me a treasure far, far beyond the estimation of vulgar minds!" interrupted Monthermer, with becoming spirit and magnanimity.

"I am not even so fortunate as to unite with yours a name undimmed by the reproaches of the world. The malice of society has fearfully avenged upon me the distinctions conferred by the homage of a chosen few. It is therefore doubly incumbent on me to secure you, to secure myself—(suffer me to say *ourselves*)—from a renewal of the attacks which have sunk only too deep into my soul."

A most tender and confidential conversation ensued between the lovers, who chanced to be together at a *déjeûner* given at a fashionable villa. Lord Monthermer would that night have laid his head on his pillow a perfectly happy man, had he not been stung by the insect attaché:—

"Where have you been dining?" drawled Harford; "your eyes are sparkling and your cheeks burning with champagne!"

"My eyes sparkle with joy, and my cheeks are merely sunburnt," replied Monthermer, "for I did not dine at all. After breakfasting at Lady Glenvillian's, I went to the French play, from whence I am just arrived."

"At Lady Glenvillian's! Oh! you went to Lady Glenvillian's! Was it worth the bore of the ride?"

"I did not even ride, since you force me to be so circumstantial. The *déjeûner* was the pleasantest I ever experienced."

"Pleasant, was it? I could have got there, if I liked. But Lady Adelaide told me she had particular reasons for not wishing me to be there. Is she coming to-night?"

"I put her Ladyship into the carriage to go home after the French play," replied Lord Monthermer, coldly.

"The Devil you did!" was Mr Harford's polite rejoinder. And there was something in his tone of giving utterance to that brief phrase, which sent Lord Monthermer home to drink Seltzer water after his dinner of cold tongue and anchovy sandwiches, preparatory to a night of physical and moral indigestion.

Emma Wroughton had long been aware of her brother-in-law's fatal attachment. It was now about to be acknowledged. Her brother, Gerald—ruined in health and broken in heart, by the perfidy of the false one—was wandering in Greece. She would be compelled to make over to the care of the heartless and unprincipled woman, who had already inflicted so much misery upon those dearest to her, the charge of her beloved sister's children. Lord Monthermer had only permitted her to retain them so long in pity to her devoted fondness, and in compliance with her earnest entreaties. But now they must be given up; and she was miserable.

The unambitious Emma had a lover;—he was Basil Hamilton, the college friend of her brother Gerald, a poor curate, though a spirited, amiable, and well-born gentleman. He had lately, by the unexpected kindness of a country friend of the Wroughtons, who knew of the attachment, obtained a living of a thousand a-year in the neighbourhood of the Hall. His own two hundred, and Emma's fortune, might make up a competent income; and he had just obtained the promise of the hand of the woman whose heart he had long possessed. Hamilton had already written for the approbation of his friend Gerald; and, in the interim, came to London, on a sort of family mission from Emma, to ascertain the plans of the father of her sister's children. He was much in *good* society, and saw Lady Adelaide with the enlightened eyes of the lover of Emma, and the friend of Gerald. Hamilton,

though he would not travel on Sunday, had no objections to an opera on a Saturday night; and, on one occasion, he heard a party of noble loungers, whom he accompanied to the opera, talk thus of Emma's feeble-minded kinsman:—

"I vow to heaven!" cried Royston, "'tis too provoking to see such a good fellow as Monthermer so imposed upon! Now, *do* observe how he has taken up his post in her box, waiting till she condescends to make her appearance, that he may be on the spot to hand her to a seat! I never saw a man more devoted, or so thrown away."

Young Harford said nothing. A significant smile overspread his insipid features.

"She is certainly a splendid creature," added Sir William Willets, as the little *attaché* minced his steps away from them towards the staircase.

"Splendid!" ejaculated Flaszaski, who had his misgivings respecting the sable coat of their companion. "But I could no more *lofe* such a vomans, than I could eat a vaxen fruits. From de once a man convince himself of a woman's absolute corruptions, I can understands he give up to her everytings—except his time. But von's life is so precious to trow away!—and Monthermer, he pass his *life* at de feet of Lady Adelheid."

The group of *roués* now proceeded to canvass other beauties gracing the gay assemblage around them, with a degree of freedom revolting to the ears of their companion. . . . . .

But he noticed also, that, free as was the mode of discussion among his new acquaintance, not a woman present, however notoriously lost in reputation, incurred the opprobrious epithets attached to Lady Adelaide de Vere. For the sentence pronounced upon the most offending of the unchaste, there was some qualifying clause:—"Lady A. was such a kind-hearted creature."—"Lady B. so friendly, so charitable."—"Mrs C. so unapt to indulge in ill-natured remarks."—"Lady D. such a good mother, or such an affectionate sister." But in Lady Adelaide's case, not a word of mitigation! Lady Adelaide they regarded as that monstrous thing—a woman without a heart:—

> "Like to the apples on the Dead Sea shore,
> All ashes to the taste!"

a speculatress, an *intrigante*, a *chevalière d'industrie* in that worst species of gambling, which stakes every gift that ought to be held holy and precious among women, against a title and a marriage settlement!

Basil Hamilton was deeply grieved. He was almost sorry when the recommencement of the opera put an end to revelations which every moment tended to arm him with strong resolutions. Two days before, his great anxiety had been to conciliate the good-will of Monthermer, as guardian to Emma Wroughton. All he *now* desired was an opportunity to excite his everlasting displeasure, by warning him against the dangers of his connexion with Lady Adelaide de Vere.

Yet, even the sedate and enamoured Hamilton, the betrothed of Emma, could not look upon that radiantly-beautiful countenance, that graceful form, without owning the influence of the indomitable charms of Lady Adelaide; and he accordingly, for the present, suppressed his purpose, and resolved to inquire farther. Lord Monthermer travelled down with him to Northamptonshire, to witness the marriage of Emma, and pave the way for his own by the removal of the children. He meditated liberal and gracious designs for Hamilton and his bride, but he beat about the bush on other topics. He could not, at once, say—"I am come to take the children of Marcella, and transfer them to the maternal care of Lady Adelaide de Vere." On visiting the family at Wroughton Hall, the day after his arrival, he found Hamilton seated between Emma and her aunt, under the shade of a group of fine beech trees. He announced his generous intentions for the young couple, approached the subject of his own projects, and hesitated:—

The appearance of Harry and his sister on the gravel-walk, with a wheelbarrow containing their gardening implements and the slouched straw hats intended to shade their little faces from the sun, suggested a text for his discourse; and after having, for the twentieth time, assured Miss Wroughton she had every prospect of being the happiest of women, he launched forth into a prophecy that, in the domestic joys of such a lot, she must necessarily lose sight of her adopted pupils.

"Never!" was Emma Wroughton's fervent reply; "that is," added she, in a qualifying tone, "never, so long as you wish me to retain the control of their education."

"Do you imagine me so unreasonable as to protract such an occupation, *now?*" demanded Monthermer, with a smile intended to disguise his agitation. "No, no, Emma! I know too well what reliance is to be placed on bridal resolutions. Hitherto, you have had no will but your own—henceforward you must submit yourself to that of Hamilton."

"In the present case, Hamilton's is *hers*," replied Basil, with a cordial, affectionate smile.

"Make no rash vows!" resumed her agitated brother-in-law. "Nay, my dear Emma, I had better at once remove your scruples of conscience, by avowing that the dear children are likely to receive such a compensation for their loss as will render it less important to their future happiness. They will soon, I trust, find an affectionate mother in Lady Adelaide de Vere; and my house a mistress delighting to welcome you to a roof which you must still regard as a second home."

Emma made two efforts to speak; but, without tears, it was impossible. Basil sat as silent from surprise, as Miss Wroughton from mortification; while Aunt Margaret, "frighted from her propriety," suddenly exploded, with—"Well, God's will be done! I always feared it would be so!—I am sure Lord Monthermer, I congratulate you with all my heart—that is, I mean, I heartily hope it may all turn out for your happiness." . . .

"When is the event to take place?" was Emma's abrupt and sole inquiry. . . . . .

It was strange! The announcement of her own match, and Basil's presence in the house, had created no embarrassment among the parties. So well did their characters assimilate, that it appeared as if he had been always a dweller among them—an offset from the family. But a mere hint from Monthermer that the children were likely to have a mother-in-law, seemed to raise up an iron barrier in the midst of the family! . . . .

Lord Monthermer was deeply mortified. However amiable his disposition, the frame of his mind was far from lofty; and he had flattered himself that it would be impossible for Emma and Aunt Margaret to hold out against his choice, at the moment he was securing to them so splendid a share of the good things of this world, in place of the modest competence they had anticipated. As if a few hundreds a year more or less could silence the suggestions of their plain good sense! . . . .

It was a glorious evening;—one of those days of the English year which repay our many months of humidity and gloom, by snatches of atmospheric enjoyment unattainable in climates of better renown. They were pleased to hear Monthermer avow, that, even in Italy he had seen nothing so attractive, so venerable, so refreshing, as that unpretending woodland scene. They were glad to find that his taste was not *thoroughly* corrupted; that the interests of home were still potent over his feelings.

Instead of withdrawing, according to their custom, at the close of the dessert, to the neighbouring saloon, Emma and aunt Margaret were about to step from the dining-room to the lawn, when the searching eye of the latter, suddenly directed from the threshold towards the long line of carriage-road winding through the domain, discerned that a carriage had entered the park.

"Some neighbourly visit! was the conclusion of the rest of the circle; and, on any other evening of the year, such an incident, at such an hour, would have been felt a tiresome interruption. . . . .

The visiter was Gerald, the dying Gerald!—who had hurried on to England, that he might spend his latest breath in warning his infatuated brother-in-law, and that done die at home! He would listen to no remonstrance of his medical attendants. When seized with fainting-fits on the road, he still pressed forward in spite of them. "I may be yet in time," burst continually from his parched lips. Emma, dreading the agitating effects of an explanation to the sinking invalid, entreated, for the present, Lord Monthermer to avoid being alone with him:—

"Why should you imagine that he has anything important to communicate to me?" inquired Monthermer. But, in spite of his Lordship's assumed composure, there was no disguising the tremor of his voice or the quivering of his lips with which the inquiry was spoken. He was completely unhinged. . . . .

"I do not *imagine* it—I *know* it!" replied Emma. "The few broken sentences in which, last night, he alluded to his return and its motives, convince me (pardon me, it is a moment to speak plainly) that Gerald is dying a victim to his miserable attachment; and that he cannot expire in peace till he has confided to you the secret of his sufferings—perhaps of his wrongs."

"In that case," said Monthermer, pale with conflicting emotions, "it will be better for me this moment to leave the house. I can listen to nothing, I *will* listen to nothing, even from Gerald, detrimental to *her*."

"Leave us?—at such a moment?" cried Emma, scarcely repressing her indignation. "Is the influence of such a woman, then, so fatal to every generous impulse, that your nature is already thus changed? Would you abandon my brother, who, at the risk of his few remaining hours, has travelled so many hundred miles to see you and to do you service? Gracious Heavens! is it the husband of my dear Marcella, who evinces so little consideration for those who are dear to her; those to whom she made him dear!"—Miss Wroughton burst from the room to hide her indignant tears, as she uttered these words of unusual bitterness; but it was a comfort to her to learn, when, an hour or two afterwards, she inquired for Lord Monthermer, that he had not yet quitted the house.

The explanation of the dying man was at length given. The proofs of Lady Adelaide's utter worthlessness were irrefragable. Lord Monthermer could not avoid listening to Gerald's dying words, but he had pre-determined not to *believe* them:—

Yet how to withhold his faith when the mild, broken voice of Gerald sounded in his ears—that voice which, even in sport, he had never heard utter an untruth! The accusations it conveyed were spoken in no exacerbation of spirit. He simply alluded to the blandishments with which he had been courted to Lord Colebrooke's house, to the flatteries lavished on him, the tokens of affection; and, as he pursued his patient narrative, Lord Monthermer's personal experience afforded painful confirmation that the siren's modes of fascination were habitual.

"Till the day of your quitting Naples," continued Gerald, wiping the cold dews from his forehead, "I received constant assurances of her attachment. Nothing but the formality of acceptance by her father was wanting to the ratification of our engagement. She knew that a lock of her hair was treasured next my heart: I now resign it to you, Monthermer, that you may restore it to her after my release from all earthly passions—all human engagements! She knew that her letters were valued as my dearest of earthly possessions; containing as they did such assurances of tenderness as one less inexperienced than myself in the hypocrisies of life might have received, as *I* did, with respect—with gratitude—with rapture. These also, my friend, restore to her in my name; and, having once seen them in your hands, Lady Adelaide de Vere will know that any future union between you becomes impossible."

"I will execute the commissions with which you see fit to intrust me," said Monthermer, when the pause occasioned by Gerald's physical exhaustion seemed to demand a reply; "but do not expect me to pledge myself by promises till I have heard her vindication. My honour is too deeply involved to admit of withdrawing from my engagements without positive proof of unworthiness. Admitting all your charges, to what do they amount? That she encouraged your addresses—accepted the offering of your affections—and bestowed a lock of her hair on him upon whom she intended to bestow her hand! A more intimate acquaintance, it seems, convinced her that such a marriage would be fatal to the happiness of both, and she withdrew her consent! She was wise enough to know that a greater injury would be inflicted on you by an ill-assorted marriage, than by a momentary disappointment; and, if sufficiently confident in your honour to leave unclaimed in your hands the tokens of former regard, entertained little apprehensions that they would be made instrumental in the destruction of her future happiness!"

"The reproach touches me not," replied Wroughton. "The gifts and letters of Lady Adelaide de Vere remained in my hands only because I resisted her attempts, backed by the insolence of Lord Portumna, to recall them to her possession. I told her I would resign them but with my life. Misunderstanding my declaration, her lover did not persevere in his demand at the risk of his own; and *now* I fulfil my promise, for with my life I am about to resign them!"

"Her lover?" cried Monthermer, with a start "Would you infer that Lord Portumna is attached to Lady Adelaide de Vere?"

"Not sufficiently so, at least, to make her his *wife*. It was by him I was suggested to her as a weak, willing husband—a husband to be duped and wronged—a husband whose fortune would defray her debts, and whose hand establish her position in the eyes of the world."

"You admit, then, that Adelaide's feelings had at no time any influence in her engagement with you," demanded the infatuated Monthermer.

"I admit that, in accepting me, she acted wholly under the influence of Portumna; and I assert that it was also *his* worldly wisdom which, on your accession of fortune, determined her to break with *me*, and direct her arts of attraction towards yourself. I ask you in all candour, Monthermer, till that fatal ball, had you the slightest reason to doubt her regard for myself, or suspect her preference?"

Monthermer was silent.

"By Lord Portumna was the news of Lord Shropshire's death communicated to her, before it reached his heir. Such was the honourable prompting which suggested her conduct that night! What it has since been your observations can best determine. But enough!—I have done my duty, even at the risk of estranging your good-will at a period when I can little afford to part with the sustaining affection of a friend. My peace of conscience, dear Monthermer, must recompense me for all I am losing in your regard!"

"Bear with me!" replied Lord Monthermer, extending his hand towards Gerald, after a pause of deep emotion. "None better than yourself can estimate the difficulty of dismissing from the heart a deeply-cherished affection. You know the power of this woman. Bear with me!"

Lord Monthermer disappeared for many days. When he returned, he sought a private interview with Gerald, who still lingered on. What passed between them did not transpire to the family; but from that moment confidence was restored between the brothers during the short

period that Gerald survived. But even to Emma, even to the dying man, Lord Monthermer had not been able to communicate the particulars of his reception from the WOMAN OF THE WORLD. When he appeared with Gerald's message—

The calm, well-bred, well-affected surprise expressed by Lady Adelaide at his blindness in "not discovering at their last interview the determination she had taken to decline a nearer engagement with one whom she found herself unable to requite with the affection indispensable to so solemn a contract," might have been mistaken for truth, had not Gerald's previous experience led him to see through the flimsy folds of such bitter irony. That she chose to anticipate his withdrawal, a withdrawal which honour alone had forbidden him to attempt, was sufficiently plain. But this, he fancied, afforded at least proof of her disinterestedness. She might have clung to the engagement; she might have asserted her claims. Her cold dignified rejection restored her in some degree to his esteem.

"Do not deceive yourself! She is incapable of a generous thought or action!" was Gerald's commentary on this implied commendation.

The sequel proved the truth of his opinion. Old Sir Jacob had died in the interval; and his heir, the little attaché, now Sir Harry Harford, was twice as rich as the discarded peer, who, moreover, had got his eyes opened. And soon—

Not a chitchatter of fashion in Paris, not a scribbler of delicate scandals to delicate friends in Park Lane, but covered their reams of satin paper with envious details of the Harfords' acquisitions—the Harfords' fêtes—the Harfords' triumphs; and above all of the merits and charming manners of Lady Adelaide!—"she was such a delightful creature—such an ornament to society—so graceful, so gracious, so truly amiable!"

"I always knew you would find her so!" was the reply of the Duchess of Havering. "My niece has hitherto occupied a false position. But her true character will now be seen."—"So long as she remained with her father, she was sure to share the odium of his Lordship's embarrassments," said Mr Strangways, not reflecting on how many persons present the odium of embarrassed affairs might happen to be reflected.

"So long as she remained single, the world was always marrying her to some one or other, and getting up some idle story to account for the non-fulfilment of its prophecies," added Lady Mary Mitchell. . . . .

. . "They said she was to mary Lord Portumna."

"There never was any idea *of* the kind!" asserted the Duchess.

"Of course not! Portumna is what is called a rising man," observed St Leger Kerr; "and rising men are never marrying men."

"Why to what *can* Lord Portumna *rise?*" demanded Lady Mary. "You talk of him as if he were a political adventurer!"

"He may rise to a pension, an earldom, and the garter.—A poor Irish lord, and a hanger-on upon government—what *is* he but a political adventurer? It would have been ruin to him and her, had he allied himself with Lady Adelaide de Vere."

"Then there was that young Mr Wroughton at Naples," said Lady Mary; "he was really a charming person!"

"But so *borné*—so totally unfit for a woman of Adelaide's mind and sensibility!" interposed the Duchess.

"And, after all, a mere Northamptonshire squire!" echoed Lady Chertsey, who stood upon her countesship. "One could not expect Lady Adelaide de Vere to throw herself away on a Northamptonshire squire!"

"One *did*, however, expect to see her throw herself away on Lord Monthermer," said St Leger Kerr, with a significant smile.

"On Lord Monthermer?—Fie!—a total incompatibility of habits and pursuits," said the Duchess of Havering, in a confidential tone. "At one time I fancy Adelaide was really disposed to like Lord Monthermer. But on a more intimate acquaintance, we found him so susceptible—so jealous—so difficult to live with—that she was advised to give the preference to Sir Henry Harford, whose position in the world is equally brilliant, and whose character far more amiable.—I never saw a more amiable person than Sir Henry Harford! Monthermer will marry some neighbour's daughter; and London will not lose the attraction of a being so formed to become an ornament to society as my niece."

"She is certainly quite a woman of the world!" added Lady Mary Mitchell, intending to convey a compliment; "and a most charming creature!"

"The great test of merit is success," said St Leger Kerr. "Lady Adelaide has carried off the best match of the day—*ergo*, she is the most meritorious woman."

The world listened—and confirmed the decree!

Such is the world of fashion and its most meritorious women; and the silent moral is far more impressive than if the author had visited the heroine with strict poetic justice, and tagged a long homily to the end of her vivacious narrative.

SONNETS FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

. Su le Chioma Recisa.

ARE these the knots of gold, is this the hair,
Whether in curls or fillet, or entwined
With various gems and pearls, or unconfined
And scattered to the breeze, always so rare?
To spoiler, the vermilion living there,
That living alabaster, who resigned?
Those brethren, left more fortunate behind?
That face, than every other face more fair?
Unlearned Physician, did thy science know
No aid, no remedy, but thus to sever
Such precious hair from so revered a head?
Yet say thy Phœbus willed it should be so;
That his own locks, when these were perished,
Before all else might rank themselves for ever.

What Indian ivory, or marble white
From Paros' isle, or ebony obscure,
What silver so refined, what gold so pure,
What crystal so transparent, amber bright,
What sculptor's hand, or skilful artist's sleight,
Shall form a vase, wherein laid up secure,
The hair, that was my Lady's, may endure,
Severed from her, its melancholy plight?
For, mindful of that lofty brow, and those
Vermilion cheeks, those radiant eyes, those fair
And rosy lips, and every grace she shews,
It could not, though like Berenice's hair,
Among the stars received, to heaven it rose,
Find comfort or an end to sorrow there.

Whene'er I think upon that golden hair,
(Alas! a thousand, thousand times a-day!)
More by mistake from all those treasures rare,
Than needfully or wisely torn away,
My face is flushed with anger and despair;
And many tears adown my cheeks there stray
From hour to hour, and I die with care
To make those impious hands atonement pay.
That they should pass unpunished, Love, by thee,
Is shameful! Bacchus made the Thracian king
Pay very dear for every fallen tree:
And thou, greater than he, when wretches bring
Spoil on thy treasures that most precious be,
Lookst on, composed and silent, wondering!

W.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

Not very many years have elapsed since it first began to be felt that some sort of education was essential, or might be advantageous, to the working classes of this country. It was not very clearly laid down what advantages were to follow the instruction of the People, nor what kind of education should be given. Many were altogether opposed to it; and others treated the proposal with indifference or neglect. Of those who were favourable to the education of the People, some, no doubt, thought it might be made a tub to amuse the whale, and distract its attention from state affairs. Some desired that the working classes should be made acquainted with the principles of their trades, that they might be better workmen, and thereby more useful to their employers. Others thought that, if workmen were educated, they would have a chance of improving their condition, by rising in their profession, forgetting that *all* could not rise, and that this would only aid those who would likely have risen without it. Another class thought that education would make the people more orderly, better members of society, and more disposed to be peaceable and obedient; and there were many who took a higher view of the objects of educating the masses, and promoted this great cause with the view of rendering the People more happy, in whatever condition they might be, more comfortable in their circumstances, and, by knowledge and mental culture, preparing them to appreciate the rights and better perform the duties of men and citizens. From the poverty and apathy of the working classes themselves, the indifference of the government and greater portion of the public, and the loose and confused notions which prevailed upon the subject, little was done for a very long period; and that little was not based on any comprehensive system, or on a clear view of the wants of the people, but doled out irregularly and in snatches, as circumstances happened to be favourable. Still, however, popular education advanced, and almost everywhere attempts have been made—and, in some instances, attended with a tolerable degree of success—to establish something like COLLEGES FOR THE PEOPLE, or, as they are generally termed, MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS. These are the growth entirely of the present century—we may almost say, of the last twenty years; and, within the last few years, they have increased considerably. All large towns, and almost every village, has its MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, SCHOOL OF ARTS, ASSOCIATION FOR POPULAR LECTURES, or, in short, some institution in which lectures are delivered on various subjects, at hours and on terms which enable the working classes to attend, and generally having a library, to which those attending the lectures have free access. In most places where they have been established for a few years, they have taken firm root, and acquired considerable influence; and it is now apparent, from the hold they have obtained, that they may be made available for influencing in no small degree the character and habits of the mass of the People. We, therefore, propose here to inquire what they are doing for the People, whether they are doing all that they might do, in what they are deficient, what are the main obstacles impeding their usefulness, and how these obstacles may be removed, and their defects supplied.

We do not stop now to discuss the question, Shall the People be educated or not? That question is settled. Education of a certain kind they are getting, and of that more and more every day. Newspapers, cheap magazines, libraries, reading-rooms, lectures, addresses, unions and associations, and conversation, (if it were nothing else,) are educating the masses; and not merely giving them information in literature and science, but teaching them their political rights, shewing them the wrongs in their social condition and unfolding their causes, exciting them to procure redress by their own exertions, teaching them to combine and to act. And now, they *will* act, meet, consult, discuss everything that bears on their interests, address, petition, agitate, and in no small degree influence the affairs of the country. The whole question is, Can that education and that influence be directed, so as to give them the most salutary tendency?

1. *What is taught at Mechanics' Institutions.*

About the time when these Institutions were beginning to start up, there was literally a rage for the study of physical science. It had lately received some powerful impulses, was making rapid advances, and attaining a completeness which fitted it for being made a branch of popular instruction. A number of important discoveries, throwing light on the phenomena of nature and art, had recently been made; and all the world were excited about the wonders of geology, electricity, chemistry, &c. The arts and manufactures were at the same time making rapid strides, and the application of the principles of science to their improvement was looked to with the most sanguine expectations. Accordingly—physical science presenting the most complete and systematic body of knowledge possessed by man at the time, and great results being anticipated by making the operatives acquainted with the principles of their trades—when institutions were established for the education of the People, the experimental sciences occupied the chief place in the various courses of instruction, and their application to the arts was held out as a leading inducement to attract the working classes.

In the LONDON Mechanics' Institution, the subjects taught, either by lecture or in private classes are, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Practical

Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, Geography, Phrenology, Literature, English Grammar, Composition, Writing, Arithmetic and Algebra, Geometry, Drawing, Modelling, Music, French, Latin, Short-hand, and the Arts. There is a reading-room and a library.

In the MANCHESTER Mechanics' Institution, the subjects of instruction are, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, Chemistry, Geology, Arts and Manufactures, Literature, Physiology, Grammar, Elocution, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry, Music. There is a library and a school for the children of the members.

In the LIVERPOOL Mechanics' Institution, the leading courses of instruction are, on Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Grammar and Composition, Writing and Arithmetic, Mathematics, Music, Drawing, Geography, French. There is a library, a reading-room, and a day-school.

In SHEFFIELD and BIRMINGHAM, the subjects of instruction are similar to the above, but the courses are not so complete.

In the EDINBURGH School of Arts, the stated branches of education are, Arithmetic and Mathematics, Drawing, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry; and there are occasional courses on Geology, Natural History, Physiology. There is also a library.

In the Andersonian Institution of GLASGOW, the stated classes are, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry. In the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution, the only fixed subjects are, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; but there are occasional courses on Botany, Natural History, Physiology, Phrenology, History, Political Economy. In the suburban Institutions of Glasgow, the leading branches of instruction are the same. To all there are libraries attached, and the Mechanics' Institution has also established a reading-room.

The above may be taken as a sample of the whole. They are in the principal towns, and are the oldest established, and most of the other institutions for popular instruction are founded on some of these as models. The standing dishes, or staple commodities, in them all, are, CHEMISTRY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. There are occasional lectures on the other branches of science; instruction in some elementary branches, such as Writing, Drawing, Geometry, Composition; and, now and then, a course, or a few lectures, on PHYSIOLOGY and POLITICAL ECONOMY.

2. *What that Instruction will do.*

Such being the general course of instruction pursued at the only institutions where the People can acquire any education, we must next inquire what that instruction is capable of effecting. There are various kinds and degrees of knowledge, and the fruit to be gathered must depend upon the seed that is sown. The education given at Mechanics' Institutions will unquestionably tend to improve the People as operatives, to assist those whose talents and industry render them capable of rising above the station in which they have set out, and, by extending the knowledge of the principles of science, and their application to the arts among artisans, to promote the improvement and advance of the useful arts. In these respects alone, Mechanics' Institutions have been of great service, and, if they did nothing more, are entitled to public encouragement and support.

But the application of science to the arts is not the only object of scientific instruction. The study of the sciences has a value of another and a higher kind than the improvement of the arts, and ministering to the physical wants of mankind. By implanting a knowledge of the works of nature and art in the mind, we are supplying a want of human nature too much lost sight of—the means of agreeable, harmless, and rational recreation for leisure hours. In teaching men to derive pleasure from a knowledge of the beauties and wonders of nature, we furnish an attractive pursuit to direct the attention from other modes of spending leisure time, which are the bane of high and low, rich and poor, in this country. This is an object of very great importance: it is not during the hours of labour, but during those of recreation, that idle and pernicious habits are acquired; and to occupy our leisure hours in a rational and improving manner, is the surest mode of preventing the growth of those moral weeds that overrun every waste, uncultivated mind. It is universally felt that the pursuits of literature and science tend eminently to refine and civilize, to raise the standard of mind, elevate above grovelling pursuits, and impart dignity of character and self-respect. By the extension and completeness which it has now obtained, the many singular phenomena which it unfolds, and the beautiful general laws and relations which are daily developed, science is becoming more and more adapted for the noblest end of all study—to interest, excite, and develope the intellectual powers, and direct the mind to pleasures of a refined and elevated character. Science becomes peculiarly adapted for these ends when it rises from facts to principles, when its isolated phenomena gather into general laws. We cannot suppose that the great amount of scientific knowledge now acquired, has been designed merely to be applied to the arts and manufactures, to increase the quantity and improve the quality of *goods!* While we contemplate with satisfaction the progress of the useful arts, and the national prosperity as connected with *that*, let us not forget, as in this trading community we are too apt to do, that *that* is not the highest application of science; that these results are poor indeed, if they are not accompanied with moral and intellectual advancement; and that the cultivation of scientific pursuits is always found to have a beneficial effect on the temper and conduct, and will aid in no small degree in promoting the true end of all study—advancing mankind to a higher standard of thought, feeling, and action. And here, do not let us imagine that physical science, because it does not bear directly upon the moral or intellectual condition

of man, is of little value for the improvement of the mind. This would be a narrow view indeed. When the thinking principle has been set in motion, no power can stop it. Any science or study whatever that leads a man to think—that furnishes him with the materials for the exercise of his intellectual powers, incites them to action, and keeps up for a time some degree of mental training—must improve these faculties, and render them more fit for exercise on any other topics to which his attention may be turned. It will aid in generating a habit of reflection; and, when that has once been formed, it will not be confined to the abstract science which gave it birth, or promoted its developement, but will soon overleap this narrow boundary, and extend its range to his moral condition, and that of the world around him—to the study of living man, the materials for which are so constantly thrust upon his notice, and so important for him to be acquainted with.

We often hear knowledge and education recommended, that its possessors may have a chance of succeeding better in their worldly career—of rising in the world. This is one of the most common inducements held out to incite to the acquisition; and is generally illustrated by the instance of some individual who, by the aid of superior knowledge, has risen to a high estate from very small beginnings. But this is not the proper motive. This is connected with the low ambition of being above other people. This vulgar desire should be checked, or at least moderated. It is a mean motive for study. Besides, if all were educated, which should be the case, all would be on a par in this respect. There would be no advantage, no distinction, except that of natural talent, which exists independent of education. Though all, however, cannot be raised to wealth and dignity, all may, by knowledge, extend their sources of personal improvement and rational pleasure, and thus make themselves *wiser, happier, better,* in whatever condition they may be. That is the true end of education. The grand aim should be, not to teach a man how to be a richer or greater man than his neighbour, but how to render himself a more rational, happy, and better-conducted being than he himself was before. This end is attainable by all; and should be held out as the great prize, which every one may gain, who devotes some of his spare time to the cultivation of his mind in the delightful walks of literature and science.

We thus regard instruction in literature and physical science as of very great value to all classes of society. To the masses, it cannot but be beneficial, as a means of mental discipline, of exercising and improving the understanding, preparing for higher studies, and thereby rendering them more fit for the various complicated duties, as men and as citizens, which they may be called on to perform. By furnishing the mind of the workman with the materials for thinking, implanting the taste and giving the capacity for a vast field of delightful study in literature, science, history, &c., it will enable him and render him more likely to pass his leisure hours in an agreeable and rational manner, which must conduce to his improvement. How have the country gentry, the Squire Westerns, been reclaimed from the state of ferocious ignorance which characterised them in the last century? By the press—by literature and science. May not—nay, will not the same means produce a similar beneficial change, and elevate the condition of the people? This change is taking place, though slowly. Popular education is bearing good fruit, as is shewn in the well-known improvement in the characters of those who take advantage of the opportunities of education now held out.

3. *What is left undone by Mechanics' Institutions.*

While we willingly admit that the above institutions have done, and are doing, much to improve the character and condition of the people, and will lend a powerful aid in the advance of civilization, we cannot help thinking that they might do a great deal more. There can be no doubt that they must tend to stimulate thought, and improve the habits of those who avail themselves of the opportunities they afford. But the fullest instruction in physical science cannot avail much towards moral or social improvement. It may aid indirectly, by cultivating the mental powers, and furnishing to some minds a resource against idleness and the evils that follow in her train. These, however, are but negative and secondary in their action; and, unless something positive be done, to direct the attention of the industrious classes to the moral, physical, and social evils by which they are depressed, to furnish them with full and correct information on these, shew the constant and powerful influence they exert on their condition, point out their sources, and enforce the necessity, and give instruction on the means of correcting them, comparatively little improvement can be looked for. Physical science can never do this. It may sharpen the mental tools, but it does not furnish the materials upon which these must work to improve man's condition. It may make him a more reasonable and orderly being, better able for the exercise of his higher powers; but it does not furnish him with that knowledge which will direct him to the most important application of them.

In Mechanics' Institutions, everything seems to be taught. Inanimate nature, science, the useful arts, the fine arts, literature—all receive a plentiful share of the student's attention. There is one omission; but it is like the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out. There is one subject wanting. But, in importance, that one subject would outweigh all the others. That subject is MAN. The earth, the air, the heavens are explored; plants and the lower animals are elaborately explained; the phenomena of the various experimental sciences are exhibited, and their principles studied;—but MAN—his nature and relations, the action of the external world

upon him, his condition in society, his physical constitution—are neglected, or only honoured with an occasional and trifling notice. This is a very serious defect. Every one knows and admits that, without knowledge of himself in his various and complex relations, no one can look for any rational or enduring happiness. "Know thyself," said the ancient sage. This is enforced by the poet in the well-known line—

"The proper study of mankind is man."

And SAMUEL JOHNSON, the great sage of modern times, remarks—"The knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind." "We are perpetually moralists, we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence that one man may know another half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy: but his moral and prudential character immediately appears." For example, what does it avail a man to know the size, distance, and motions of the sun and planets, if he is ignorant of his own physical constitution, of the ordinary circumstances of air, diet, regimen, &c., which affect his health, and of the means of avoiding or counteracting any noxious tendencies of external influences upon him? Of what service is it to him to know the longitude and latitude, climate, history, &c., of the Russian or Chinese empire, if he has not attended to the laws and institutions of his own country, if he has not studied the bearing of these upon his condition, the manner in which they might be rendered more equitable and advantageous for him, his position as a member of a community bound together in many complex relations, his rights, and the duties which devolve upon him? What benefit worth speaking of can he derive from curious descriptions of the structure, habits, &c., of the lower animals or plants, when he is ignorant of the nature of his own children, of their physical wants and feelings, their moral nature, the discipline proper for rearing them up so as to be useful members of society; not awake to the great truths, that the formation of their characters and habits is in his hands; that the education, be it good or bad, which influences them most, is his example? To teach him these, which affect his condition in so many ways, and enable him to reflect properly upon his situation, to give a method and fixedness to his system of conduct, render him less the victim of nursery prejudices, or the creature of momentary impulse and wild enthusiasm, impress him with a due sense of the importance of his rights and duties, something more is necessary than information on physical science.

"Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure, and subtle; but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom."

The want of such instruction as we have alluded to, is felt by the more intelligent and influential part of the labouring classes themselves. This is shewn by the character of the cheap magazines which circulate amongst them, and by the attempts lately made in many places, to establish *working men's associations*, having for their objects the enlightening of the people on these very points. Also, this is indirectly shewn by the fact that the great body of the people—the working classes—the artisans—do not frequent the Mechanics' Institutions. The halls of these places are filled by the middle classes, clerks, shopmen, warehousemen, merchants, manufacturers, students, and the youths of the middle and upper orders; not by the operatives, except in very small proportion. A mind, however, has been infused into the latter class. They feel that their situation is uncomfortable. They see (or suppose they see) certain causes conducing to their present depressed state. They think chiefly about how to remove these sources of distress and improve their condition; and, with these feelings, they cannot be expected to sit down quietly, and amuse themselves with chemistry or geology, botany or astronomy. Their minds are intent upon one study—how are they to better their circumstances. The great mass of the working classes live in the precarious state graphically termed—from hand to mouth. They are indifferently supplied with the comforts of life, and seldom reach any of its luxuries. A trifling depression of trade reduces a very large portion of them to destitution, or, at least, to a very meagre supply of the necessaries of existence; and such depressions very frequently occur. If the obstacles to their happiness and comfort are caused by their own conduct solely, announce that to them, shew them wherein they err, teach them how to avoid the causes of these evils, and, if possible, aid them by such institutions as may be thought likely to have a good effect. Convince them that their miseries are all of their own creating, and explain to them, if it be so, that laws, modes of government, institutions, can be of no assistance. Reason and truth will surely prevail. But, if their distresses are in great part caused by harsh and unequal laws, by restrictions in the free exercise of their occupations, by the oppressive nature of some institutions, and the deficiency of others—if they have begun to perceive the unfavourable operation of these causes, have acquired the opinion that they may be removed, and see that their own efforts are necessary to remove them—it is not likely that their attention will be easily drawn from the sores under which they are smarting, and the means of relief, the great object on which they are intent, which they naturally look upon as the one thing needful for them. And institutions designed to convey useful knowledge to the great mass of working men, professing to be for their behoof, should not neglect, or pass by utterly without notice, the subjects in which those for whose benefit the institutions were designed have, or conceive they have, so deep an interest. They should be instructed that they are wrong, and

content under admonition, and then they may take the benefit of the scientific instruction provided for them; or be assisted in procuring the knowledge they believe to be so essential to promote their interests. It may be said of institutions designed for the good of the people, which neglect these vital topics, that, when the people ask bread, they give them a stone.

4. Of the obstacles to the efficiency of Mechanics' Institutions.

In offering a few hints on the subject of Mechanics' Institutions, we cannot omit noticing several circumstances which oppose serious difficulties in their onward path, and are calculated to diminish very much their usefulness.

In the first place, the mass of the people are worked too hard. They continue too long at work daily, and in the evening are not in a condition to undertake any serious effort, mental or bodily. They are worn out by the severe and long-continued fatigue of the day, become unfit for any active exertion, and can only pass the evening doing nothing, in idle conversation, or derive entertainment from the excitement of the theatre or the public-house. In all classes of society—shopmen and clerks, tradesmen and operatives of every kind—the mind is too long every day closely intent upon business. The attention is too unremittingly exerted; and, in the evening, the mental powers are exhausted, incapable of any effort of reasoning, or even of keeping up a steady attention for any time. The mind and body become exhausted, even from doing nothing, from the passive exertion of being awake. Hence, with the present hours and habits of business, the evening's occupation cannot be *study:* it must be *relaxation*, light, amusing, requiring little active effort of attention, exciting; and no very substantial or permanent improvement can be expected. Until some arrangement is entered into, which shall send the artisan home from his work more fresh, and with a little more time to spare for amusement and improvement, we cannot hope that he will be enabled to take the full benefit of any opportunities of instruction placed within his reach.

It will be objected that it does not do to interfere between tradesmen and employers, and that, if the former has shorter hours, he must have less wages. We do not suggest any legal enactment to interfere between them. We wish it to be brought about voluntarily by the conviction of both parties that it will be for their interest. In almost all cases where the work done is in proportion to the energy and activity of the workman, it will be found that a small deduction from the time of work would not make a corresponding loss of work done. In two-thirds of the time, the workmen will do more than two-thirds of the work. This we know is the conviction from experience, when the workers were upon reduced time, of many manufacturers employing a considerable number of hands; and, from all we have heard, we have little doubt that, if the employed and employers of every kind could be awakened to the importance of the subject, they would find that it would make little difference in their pecuniary interests, were the hours of labour to be abridged a fifth or a sixth; and that would allow the labourer time for rest and recreation, and leave him not unfit for a little serious study, for his improvement.

There is another serious obstacle in the way of popular education—that is, education of the adult population. The people are not ready for it. That grown up persons may take an interest in and derive benefit from lectures, the mind must be prepared by some previous culture. The taste and capacity for intellectual pursuits cannot be acquired all at once by an adult, whose mind is a sort of *tabula rasa*, quite unused previously to habits of attention and study. Unless a taste for, and the means of, pursuing proper occupations for spare time, be implanted in early youth—when the mind is not pre-occupied, when it is ready to acquire the habit of learning, and may be easily bent by a gentle force—it will be difficult to eradicate the mental indolence and incapacity which must result from a long habit of not using the mental powers, and those pernicious tastes and habits which will infallibly take possession of that mind in which better seed has not been sown. Hence, the necessity for primary schools to qualify for study in maturer years. And every inducement, from cheapness, from the attractive nature of the courses, should be held out to invite attendance. The want of education and general mental cultivation is not felt. It is not like the want of food, attended by a gnawing pain. The people generally do not seem to be impressed with the uses and advantages of knowledge. The remedy must be found in instruction when young, and easy admission when advanced in years to the benefits of the Mechanics' Institutions.

We are sensible that many of the directors of the different Mechanics' Institutions are aware of the deficiencies in their course of instruction, and have made many attempts to improve it. But there has been one grand obstacle to every improvement—the WANT OF FUNDS. Do they wish to extend the library or apparatus; invite some eminent man, whose fame would draw out the people, to give them a course, or a few lectures; or to establish some course for which there may not be a sufficient demand to make it pay itself, but which, at a cheap rate might be well attended, and thus, knowledge be diffused among many, which would take root and spread—they are met at every turn by the want of pecuniary means. Hence, they are confined to those subjects of lecture which will draw classes, and support themselves. From the charge necessary to remunerate the lecturer and clear the expenses, the middle classes only can attend; it is frequently beyond the means of the mass of the operatives; and hence we find that the operatives form only about a fourth or fifth of the students at the Mechanics' Institutions: only the higher order and better paid operatives

being able to pay the necessary fee—or, if able, these only considering the lectures worth the fee.

Here, we cannot but regret that the legislature has taken no interest whatever in these institutions; and, more particularly, that a government which has professed so much good-will to the cause of education, should not have endeavoured to assist institutions calculated to be of such service in promoting popular education. Large grants have been awarded to the colleges, the benefits of which are enjoyed by the gentry and richer of the middle orders; to say nothing of the immense sums squandered on mere trumpery. But no aid has been tendered to the colleges of the working classes. And, while these institutions, designed to assist the poor and hard-wrought artisan, open the advantages of education to his class, and which, from the limited means of those for whose use they are designed, specially need external assistance and encouragement, have been struggling with every difficulty, and even sometimes for existence, government has looked coldly on, apparently indifferent as to their fate. It is not easy to remedy this fundamental want. But the directors of these institutions have no small influence, and, by a strong appeal to the public, could do much to increase their resources; and, were several institutions combining, they could make out a very strong case to enforce an application to the legislature.

In order, therefore, to give to Mechanics' Institutions increased efficiency, and to render them really colleges for the working classes, giving instructions on easy terms on *all* those subjects on which the people need to be enlightened—we think the following points must be attended to.

1. The managers of these institutions should make a strong effort, either by an appeal to Parliament, or to the wealthier orders in each district, to procure additional funds to carry on the good work with spirit—to extend the library and apparatus, procure able lecturers, and *lower the rate of admission*. Cheapness is absolutely requisite to induce attendance on lectures, the subjects of which may not be recognised or generally felt as wants.

2. The directors of Mechanics' Institutions should use very strong endeavours to get the hours of labour shortened in manufactories, shops, warehouses, &c. This is a *sine qua non* to the success of these institutions; and addresses to the public on the subject from the directors would be attended with a very good effect. This is a subject, the importance of which, cannot be too highly estimated.

3. In every such institution, there should be a course for the MAN as well as for the artist or operative. This is essential. The course for the man should embrace.—1. His PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION, and the means of preserving health—knowledge on which subjects is very deficient among all classes, and will do much to promote temperate habits, and prolong life.—2. His MORAL CONSTITUTION, embracing the duties of the private relations of life, developed and enforced in a homely and practical manner; a course which might be rendered very attractive, and enlivened by biography and anecdote.—3. His SOCIAL CONSTITUTION, embracing his rights and duties as a citizen, and political economy. It may be objected that there will be insuperable obstacles to introducing the latter division in the present Mechanics' Institutions. It may be so; and, wherever this is the case, let others be set a-going to supply this fundamental want.

4. There should be, for general students, courses on History and Biography, Geography and Statistics, Literature, and Science treated popularly. And these lectures should be something more than that dry statement of facts which may answer well enough where students *must* attend, either for the information, or as qualifying for some corporate privilege. They must be in a style which will attract and keep up a sustained interest.

5. There should be a course for artisans, consisting as much as possible of practical lessons and examinations, embracing—

Grammar and Composition.
Arithmetic and Mathematics.
Drawing and Modelling.
Natural Philosophy.
Chemistry.

These are the bases of the useful arts and manufactures; and a DIPLOMA should be given to those who have attained such proficiency as to enable them to pass an examination on these subjects—*wherever or however they may have acquired their knowledge.*

6. Primary schools for the young must be instituted. It does not seem likely that national schools will be soon established. The education of the poor is to be all left to the voluntary system. The directors of several of the English Institutions have wisely instituted schools in connexion with their classes for adults, that the latter may have every facility for supplying their children with that elementary instruction they so much feel the want of. This is an excellent feature of these establishments, and we hope to see it imitated elsewhere.

We are perfectly aware that it is impossible for the Mechanics' Institutions to attain all these ends at once and without considerable difficulty. But, if those who desire to promote the usefulness of these institutions, keep these ends steadily in view, are impressed with a sense of their importance, and take every opportunity of attaining them, by however small instalments, these institutions will gradually form into truly useful Colleges for the People, acquire their affection and esteem, and, by so doing, exercise no small influence in bettering their condition.

HOWITT'S COLONIZATION AND CHRISTIANITY.*

This volume may not be the most entertaining or poetical of Mr Howitt's diversified works, but we have no hesitation in pronouncing it, in its object and scope, the most important and valuable of any that he has yet produced; not secondary to his earnest exposition of the teeming mischiefs of priestcraft, and well worthy of the spiritual descendant of George Fox and William Penn. How often must the humbling and painful idea, embodied in the opening sentences of this volume, have occurred to every reflecting mind, trained in the light of Revelation! How often must it have been said, in almost the same words employed by our author! "For eighteen hundred years the divine faith of Christianity has been the pretended guide of a large portion of the civilized world; for three centuries, British Protestants have possessed the heritage of the pure oracles of God, and asserted the right of private judgment in interpreting, each for himself, a body of doctrines and a system of morals so lucid that he who runs may read—and where are the practical results?" When we hear the happy and benign influences of Christianity upon society so loudly vaunted, we are often tempted to reverse the proposition, and express unfeigned and regretful astonishment, that, having for so many generations, pretended to live under the pure and sublime morality of the gospel of Jesus, Christendom differs in so shadowy or imperceptible a degree from Heathendom in following whatsoever things are pure, peaceful, lovely, and of good report. The facts which Mr Howitt has compiled, and on which he founds his earnest, and therefore eloquent denunciations of the blindness and complacent self-delusion of nations, arrogating to themselves the name of Christians, and acting for ages, from the era of the discoveries of Columbus down to the recent cruelties and injustice shewn by Englishmen to the aboriginal tribes of Van Dieman's Land and Caffreland —may well put Christendom to the blush, and give a triumph to pagan nations; who, if they want the boasted civilization of Europe, are also unstained by the wholesale and systematic depravity which has, in nearly every instance, attended colonization by Christian people—subjects of "Most Sacred or Most Christian kings," Defenders of the Christian Faith! It is, indeed, "high time," as our author asserts, that we look boldly into the real state of the question, and learn actually whether the mighty distance between our goodness and the moral depravity of other people really exists—"WHETHER, IN FACT, WE BE CHRISTIANS AT ALL." Looking to the code of their nominal religion on the one hand, and, on the other, to the conduct of those legalized banditti, who have planted Christian colonies in fraud, rapacity, blood, and demoniac cruelty, the question is easily determined. By their fruits ye shall know them. They are not Christians, nor do the communities which sanctioned or tolerated their injustice and manifold atrocities deserve the name of Christian, however many humble and sincere followers of the religion of Mercy and of Peace may have been comprehended in their population. But Mr Howitt does not rest alone upon the doings of former centuries, in distant quarters of the globe, whither *Christians* have gone forth with the cross in the one hand, and the sword in the other, to pillage and proselytize the heathen—initiating them into the mysteries of their holy faith, by a baptism of fire and blood. He seems to question whether we are much better *Christians* at home in Europe than in Asia and America, and other heathen lands, and concludes in a strain of accusation, which it were more desirable than easy to controvert:—

> If ever there was a quarter of the globe distinguished by its quarrels, its jealousies, its everlasting wars and bloodshed, it is Europe. Since these *soi-disant* Christian nations have risen into any degree of strength, what single evidence of Christianity have they, as nations, exhibited? Eternal warfare!—is that Christianity? Yet that is the history of *Christian* Europe. The most subtle or absurd pretences to seize upon each other's possessions —the contempt of all faith in treaties—the basest policy—the most scandalous profligacy of public morals—the most abominable international laws!—are they Christianity? And yet they are the history of Europe. Nations of men selling themselves to do murder, that ruthless kings might ravish each other's crowns—nations of men, standing with jealous eyes on the perpetual watch against each other, with arms in their hands, oaths in their mouths, and curses in their hearts;—are those Christian? Yet there is not a man acquainted with the history of Europe that will ever attempt to deny that *that* is the history of Europe. . . . . It is very well to vaunt the title of Christian one to another —every nation knows in its own soul, it is a hollow pretence. While it boasts of the Christian name, it dare not for a moment throw itself upon a Christian faith in its neighbour. No! centuries of the most unremitted hatred—blood poured over every plain of Europe, and sprinkled on its very mountain tops, cry out too dreadfully, that it is a dismal cheat. Wars, the most savage and unprovoked; oppressions, the most desperate; tyrannies the most ruthless; massacres, the most horrible; death-fires, and tortures the most exquisite, perpetuated one on another, for the faith and in the very name of God; dungeons and inquisitions; the blood of the Vaudois, and the flaming homes of the Covenanters, are all in their memories, and give the lie to their professions. No! Poland rent in sunder; the iron heel of Austria on the prostrate neck of Italy; and invasions and aggressions without end, make Christian nations laugh with a hollow mockery in their hearts, in the very midst of their solemn professions of the Christian virtue and faith.
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> But I may be told that this character applies rather to past Europe than to the present. What! are all these things at an end? For what then are all these standing armies? What all these marching armies? What these men-of-war on the ocean? What these atrocities going on from year to year in Spain? Has any age or nation seen such battles waged as we have witnessed in our time? How many WATERLOOS can the annals of the earth reckon? What Timour, or Zenghis Khan, can be compared to the Napoleon of modern Europe? the greatest scourge of nations that ever arose on this planet; the most tremendous meteor that ever burnt along its surface! Have the multitude of those

* Longman and Co., pp. 508.

who deem themselves the philosophical and refined, as well as the Christian of Europe, ceased to admire this modern Moloch, and to forget in *his* individual and retributory sufferings at St Helena, the countless agonies and the measureless ruin that he inflicted on innocent and even distant nations? While we retain a blind admiration of martial genius, wilfully shutting our senses and our minds to the crimes and the pangs that constitute its shadow, it is laughable to say that we have progressed beyond our fathers in Christian knowledge. At this moment all Europe stands armed to the teeth.

Well, then, may it be asked—"WHETHER, IN FACT, WE ARE CHRISTIANS AT ALL"—whether, in few words, the Apostle Paul, were he now in the body, would have received the same reception among us, and at the Court of our young Queen, which has generously been accorded to our ancient and honourable foeman, Marshal Soult;—whether the Apostle or the warrior would have awakened the most chivalrous feelings, the proudest recollections! It is needless to travel so far abroad as Mr Howitt has frequently carried us, that we may inquire—*Whether, in fact, we are Christians at all?* Look, among hundreds of instances, to our prisons for petty debtors; to the tithe-battles of Ireland; to the cruelties practised or allowed by our *Christian* planters in the West Indies; to the neglected and perishing juvenile population of the streets of our great cities. If our Christianity be genuine at all, then, alas! how far is it from having accomplished its perfect work!—how lamentably slow is the progress which it has made in eighteen centuries!—how much still remains to be done!

But the immeasurable distance between the high standard of true Christianity and the very moderate attainments of the so-called Christian world, though not foreign to the design of this volume, is not its immediate object. That is, "to lay open to the public the most extensive and extraordinary system of crime which the world ever witnessed," in full operation for three hundred years, and continuing in unabated activity of evil. For this purpose, our author commences with the conquests and *Christian* colonizations of Columbus and Gama, and descends, through a revolting series, to the latest atrocities committed by our buccaneering Protestant seamen in New Zealand and the Islands of the Pacific Ocean. But Protestant and Catholic are Christian distinctions unknown beyond the Line or the boundaries of Europe; and English, Dutch, Spaniards, and Portuguese, may fairly divide the blood-stained laurel among them, the enormity of their guilt being limited only by their sphere of action, and the numbers of *savages* whom civilized Christians have found to plunder, torture, proselytize, enslave, or extirpate. In this good work, *Protestants* have vied with Catholics, if they have not rather, the world's progress considered, eclipsed their triumphs. The Reformed Dutch have emulated the bigoted and superstitious Portuguese; the Protestant English and Anglo-Americans, where Hindoos, Negroes, Red Indians, Caffres, or Hottentots, have been concerned, have not lagged one whit behind the Spaniards. Much of the spurious or vitiated Christianity which has instigated, or formed the apology for the enormous crimes committed against Pagan humanity in three quarters of the globe, by the *Christians* of the fourth, are imputed, in part, to the lingering influence of the corrupt doctrines of the Romish Church, from which Protestant sects have not yet been wholly emancipated. How lamentably true is it, that, though "we have renounced mass, and the confessional, and the purchase of indulgences, we have tenaciously retained the mass of our tyrannous propensities. We practise our crimes without confessing them—we indulge our worst desires without even having the honesty to pay for it; and the old spurious morality and political barbarism of Rome, are as stanchly maintained by us as ever, while we claim to look back on Popery with horror, and on our present condition as the celestial light of the nineteenth century."

Mr Howitt speculates with enthusiasm upon what might have been had Reformed Protestants appeared in America and the Indies as Reformed Christians—if they had *protested* against the cruelties and aggressions of the Popish Spaniards and Portuguese, if they had *reformed* all their rapacious practices, and remedied their abuses, and shewn that they had really reverted to the genuine faith of Christ, and were come to those lands to seek honest benefit by honest means. But the Dutch and English might have been Papists, and Spaniards Reformed Protestants, for any difference which their practices revealed to the Heathen. The one did as foul disgrace to genuine Christianity as the other. Of both, it is too truly remarked—"From their deeds the natives, wherever they came, could only imagine their religion to be something especially odious and mischievous."

The cruelties of the Spaniards in America are tolerably well-known to the world, though Mr Howitt appears to think that they have never yet been sufficiently reprobated, and certainly not by the most eminent of the historians of the Americas, Robertson—a Christian philosopher, and a Protestant minister. Our author's statements shew, that, with yet greater rapacity, the Reformed Dutch displayed, in the Indian Islands, cruelty more cold-blooded, perfidy more deliberate, than their Popish forerunners.

A curious speculation is indulged on the probable judgment which the natives of these countries must have formed of their Christian visiters, if the Bible had previously been placed in their hands, and they had been assured that the strangers solemnly professed to walk by its dictates, which commanded not to kill, not to covet, not to steal, not to oppress; while the disciples of this code were seen to be the most murderous, greedy, and tyrannical of men. "But," says our author, "if the natives could have read the declaration of Christ—'By this shall men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another'—the wonder must have been tenfold, for never did men exhibit such an intensity of hatred, jealousy, and vengeance toward each other. Portuguese, Dutch, French, English, and Danes, coming together, or one after the other, fell on each other's

forts, factories, and ships, with the most vindictive fury. They attacked each other by sea and land; propagated the most infamous stories of each other wherever they came, in order to supersede each other in the good graces of the people, who had valuable trading stations, or were in possession of gold or pearls, nutmegs or cinnamon, coffee or cotton cloth. They 'loved one another' to that degree, that they were ready to join the natives anywhere, in the most murderous attempts to massacre and drive away each other." The quiet sarcasm that follows, conveys not the lightest part of the censure:—"What must have seemed most extraordinary of all was, the English expelling with vigour those of their countrymen who ventured there without the sanction of the particular trading company who claimed a monopoly of Indian commerce. The rancour and pertinacity with which Englishmen expelled Englishmen was even more violent than that which they shewed to foreigners." As a specimen of the moral *power* of this work, in which, indeed, its great merit lies, we select the following remarks on the early Machiavelian policy of the Honourable East India Company, a body which has included many flaming saints, and more open, bold-faced sinners; but both alike ever steady to one object—selfish aggrandizement at almost any price.

From that period (1708) the East India Company commenced that career of steady grasping at dominion over the Indian territories, which has never been relaxed for a moment, but, while it has for ever worn the grave air of moderation, and has assumed the language of right, has gone on adding field to field and house to house—swallowing up state after state, and prince after prince, till it has finally found itself the sovereign of this vast and splendid empire, as it would fain persuade itself and the world, by the clearest claims, and the most undoubted justice. By the laws and principles of modern policy, it may be so; but by the eternal principles of Christianity, there never was a more thorough repetition of the hankering after Naboth's vineyard, of the "slaying and taking possession," exhibited to the world. It is true that, as the panegyrists of our Indian policy contend, it may be the design of Providence that the swarming millions of Indostan should be placed under our care, that they may enjoy the blessings of English rule and of English knowledge; but Providence had no need that we should violate all his most righteous injunctions to enable Him to bring about his designs. Providence, the Scriptures tell us, intended that Jacob should supersede Esau in the heritage of Israel: but Providence had no need of the deception which Rebecca and Jacob practised—had no need of the mess of pottage and the kid-skins, to enable Him to effect his object. We are much too ready to run the wilful career of our own lusts and passions, and lay the charge at the door of Providence. It is true that English dominion is, or will become, far better to the Hindoos than that of the cruel and exacting Moguls; but who made us the judge and the ruler over these people? If the real object of our policy and exertions in India has been the achievement of wealth and power, as it undoubtedly has, it is pitiful and hypocritical to endeavour to clothe it with the pretence of working the will of Providence, and seeking the good of the natives. We shall soon see which objects have been most zealously and undeviatingly pursued, and by what means. If our desires have been, not to enrich and aggrandize ourselves, but to benefit the people and rescue them from the tyranny of bad rulers, heaven knows what wide realms are yet open to our benevolent exertions; what despots there are to pull down; what miserable millions to relieve from their oppressions;—and when we behold Englishmen levelling their vengeance against such tyrants, and visiting such unhappy people with their protective power, where neither gold nor precious merchandise are to be won at the same time, we may safely give the amplest credence and the profoundest admiration to their claims of disinterested philanthropy. If they present themselves as the champions of freedom and the apostles of social amelioration, we shall soon have opportunities of asking how far they have maintained these characters.

The mandates issued by the grave and Honourable Board of Directors, commanding their military and civil servants rigidly to respect the principles of justice in their dealings with the natives, he would seem to think much of the same nature as nearly similar orders hypocritically issued by the Court of Russia to Potemkin or Swaroff, staying their ruthless career of conquest, and which their experienced commanders, such as Hastings and Clive, considered that they best fulfilled by neglecting.

Seen in Mr Auber's pages, the Directors present themselves as a body of grave and honourable merchants, full of the most admirable spirit of moderation, integrity, and benevolence; and we may give them the utmost credit for sincerity in their professions and desires. But unfortunately, we all know what human nature is. Unfortunately the power, the wealth, and the patronage brought home to them by the very violation of their own wishes and maxims were of such an overwhelming and seducing nature, that it was in vain to resist them. Nay, in such colours does the modern philosophy of conquest and diplomacy disguise the worst transactions between one state and another, that it is not for plain men very readily to penetrate to the naked enormity beneath. When all the world was applauding the success of Indian affairs—the extension of territory, the ability of their governors, the valour of their troops; and when they felt the flattering growth of their greatness, it required qualities far higher than mere mercantile probity and good intentions, to enable them to strip away the false glitter of their official transactions, and sternly assure themselves of the unholiness of their nature. We may, therefore, concede to the Directors of the East India Company, and to their governors and officers in general, the very best intentions, knowing as we do, the force of influences such as we have already alluded to, and the force also of modern diplomatic and military education, by which a policy and practices of the most dismal character become gradually to be regarded not merely as unexceptionable, but highly honourable. We may allow all this, and yet pronounce the mode by which the East India Company has possessed itself of Hindostan as the most revolting and unchristian that can possibly be conceived. The most masterly policy, regarded independent of its *morale*, and a valour more than Roman, have been exhibited by our governors-generals and armies on the plains of Hindostan: but if there ever was one system more Machiavelian—more appropriative of the show of justice where the basest injustice was attempted—more cold, cruel, haughty, and unrelenting than another—it is the system by which the government of the different states of India has been wrested from the hands of their respective princes and collected into the grasp of the British power. Incalculable gainers as we have been by this system, it is impossible to review it without feelings of the most poignant shame and the highest indignation. Whenever we talk to other nations of British faith and integrity, they may well point to India in derisive scorn. The system which, for more than a century, was steadily at work to strip the native princes of their dominions, and that too under the most sacred pleas of right and expediency, is a system of torture more exquisite than regal or spiritual tyranny ever before discovered; such as the world has nothing similar to shew.

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From the moment that the English felt that they had the power in India to "divide and conquer," they adopted

the plan of doing it rather by plausible manœuvres than by a bold avowal of their designs, and a more honest plea of the right of conquest—the ancient doctrine of the strong, which they began to perceive was not quite so much in esteem as formerly. Had they said at once, These Mahomedan princes are arbitrary, cruel, and perfidious—we will depose them, and assume the government ourselves—we pretend to no other authority for our act than our ability to do it, and no other excuse for our conduct than our determination to redress the evils of the people: that would have been a candid behaviour. It would have been so far in accordance with the ancient doctrine of nations that little would have been thought of it; and though as Christians we could not have applauded the "doing evil that good might come of it," yet had the promised benefit to more than eighty millions of people followed, that glorious penance would have gone far in the most scrupulous mind to have justified the crime of usurpation. But the mischief has been, that, while the exactions and extortions on the people have been continued, and in many cases exaggerated, the means of usurpation have been those glozing and hypocritical arts, which are more dangerous from their subtlety than naked violence, and more detestable because wearing the face, and using the language, of friendship and justice. A fatal friendship, indeed, has that of the English been to all those princes that were allured by it. It has pulled them every one from their thrones, or has left them there the contemptible puppets of a power that works its arbitrary will through them. But, friendship or enmity, the result has been eventually the same to them. If they resisted alliance with the encroaching English, they were soon charged with evil intentions, fallen upon, and conquered; if they acquiesced in the proffered alliance, they soon became ensnared in those webs of diplomacy from which they never escaped without the loss of all honour and hereditary dominion —of everything, indeed, but the lot of prisoners where they had been kings.

This may not be palatable doctrine to many, but the question is, whether it be not true; and the truth is established by numerous flagrant instances, which must be familiar to many of our readers; with which, indeed, the modern history of India teems, even when the disgraceful tale is told by Englishmen, and with every possible extenuation. But the cruelty and tyranny of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and the worse cruelty and perfidy of the Dutch, are now become things comparatively ancient, foreign, and remote; and the chapter upon our own doings in India, in South Africa, and New Holland, up to the passing hour, form the more important and appropriate text of this impressive discourse. To South Africa we need not particularly revert, as the subject of *Caffre Wrongs* was lately animadverted upon in this Magazine, in noticing the generous and Christian appeal made by the friends of the Aborigines.

Mr Howitt expatiates in a rapturous strain upon what Christianity has done in the enchanting islands of the Pacific to render the scene of luxuriant natural beauty which he describes one of equal moral loveliness. He quotes largely from the Polynesian Researches of Mr Ellis, and the works of Mr Williams, both eminent labourers in these fair and fruitful fields. From the former writer we shall also borrow a few sentences, as his relation forms the vestibule to those of Mr Howitt's observations, which we wish to present to our readers in a striking light. Mr Ellis, after mentioning that the natives had become ship-carpenters and blacksmiths, and were apt at learning all European trades; that they built neat and comfortable houses, and vessels of considerable burden—proceeds:—

"*They have new wants;* a number of articles of clothing and commerce are necessary to their comfort, and they cultivate the soil to supply them. At one island, where I was once fifteen months without seeing a single European excepting our own families, there were, I think, twenty-eight ships put in for provisions last year, and all obtained the supplies they wanted. Besides cultivating potatoes and yams, and raising stock, fowls and pigs, the cultivation, the spinning, and the weaving of the cotton has been introduced by missionary artisans; and there are some of the chiefs, and a number of the people, especially in one of the islands, who are now decently clothed in garments made after the European fashion, produced from cotton grown in their own gardens, spun by their own children, and woven in the island. One of the chiefs of the island of Rarotongo, as stated by the missionaries, never wears any other dress than that woven in the island. They have been taught also to cultivate the sugar-cane, which is indigenous, and to make sugar; and some of them have large plantations, employing, at times, forty men. They supply the ships with this useful article, and, at some of the islands, between fifty and sixty vessels touch in a single year. The natives of the islands send a considerable quantity away; I understand that one station sent as much as forty tons away last year. In November last, a vessel of ninety tons burthen, built in the islands, was sent to the colony of New South Wales, laden with Tahitian grown sugar. Besides the sugar they have been taught to cultivate, they prepare arrowroot, and they sent to England in one year, as I was informed by merchants in London, more than had been imported into this country for nearly twenty previous years.* Cattle also have been introduced and preserved, chiefly by the missionaries; pigs, dogs, and rats were the only animals they had before, but the missionaries have introduced cattle among them. While they continued heathen, they disregarded, nay, destroyed some of those first landed among them: but since that time, they have highly prized them, and by their attention to them they are now so numerous as to enable the natives to supply ships with fresh beef at the rate of threepence a pound. The islanders have also been instructed by the missionaries in the manufacture of cocoa-nut oil, of which large quantities are exported. They have been taught to cultivate tobacco, and this would have been a valuable article of commerce had not the duty in New South Wales been so high as to exclude that grown in the islands from the market. The above are some of the proofs that Christianity prepares the way for, and necessarily leads to, the civilization of those by whom it is adopted. There are now in operation among a people who, when the missionaries arrived, were destitute of a written language, seventy-eight *schools, which contain between* 12,000 *and* 13,000 *scholars.* The Tahitians have also a simple, explicit, and wholesome *code of laws*, as the result of their imbibing the principles of Christianity. This code of laws is printed and circulated among them, understood by all, and acknowledged by all as the supreme rule of action for all classes in their civil and social relation. The laws have been productive of great benefits."

So far Mr Ellis; following whom, our author exclaims—

Here again they have far outstripped us in England. When shall we have a code of laws, so simple and compact that it may be "printed and circulated amongst us, and understood by all?" The benefits resulting from this intelligible and popular code, Mr Ellis tells us, have been great. No doubt of it. The benefits of such a code in England would be incalculable; but when will the lawyers, or our enlightened Parliament, let us have it? The whole scene of the reformation, and the happiness introduced by Christianity into the South-Sea

* This must be a mistake.—*Ed.*

islands, is, however, most delightful. *Such a scene never was exhibited to the world since its foundation.* Mr Williams' recent work, descriptive of these islands and the missionary labours there, is fascinating as Robinson Crusoe himself, and infinitely more important in its relations. If ever the idea of the age of gold was realized, it is here; or rather,

"Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams—
The goldless age, where gold disturbs no dreams."

Besides the benefits accruing from this improved state to the natives, great are the benefits that accrue from it to the Europeans. The benefit of commerce, from their use of European articles, is and must be considerable. They furnish, too, articles of commerce in no small quantities. Instead of European crews now, in case of wreck on their coasts, being murdered and devoured, they are rescued from the waves at the risk of the lives of the people themselves, and received, as the evidence and works of Ellis and Williams testify, in most remarkable instances, with the greatest hospitality.

But all this springing civilization—this young Christianity—this scene of beauty and peace—are endangered. The founders of a new and happier state, the pioneers and artificers of civilization, stand aghast at the ruin that threatens their labours—that threatens the welfare—nay, the very existence of the simple islanders amongst whom they have wrought such miracles of love and order. And whence arises this danger? whence comes this threatened ruin? Is some race of merciless savages about to burst in upon these interesting people, and destroy them? Yes, the same "irreclaimable and idomitable savages" that have ravaged and oppressed every nation which they have conquered, "from China to Peru." The same savages that laid waste the West Indies; that massacred the South Americans; that have chased the North Americans to the "far west;" that shot the Caffres for their cattle; that have covered the coasts of Africa with the blood, and fires, and rancorous malice of the slave-wars; that have exterminated millions of Hindus by famine, and hold a hundred millions of them, at this moment, in the most abject condition of poverty and oppression; the same savages that are at this moment also carrying the Hill Coolies from the East—as if they had not a scene of enormities there wide enough for their capacity of cruelty—to sacrifice them in the West, on the graves of millions of murdered negroes: the same savages are come hither also. The savages of Europe, the most heartless and merciless race that ever inhabited the earth—a race, for the range and continuance of its atrocities, without a parallel in this world, and, it may be safely believed, in any other, are busy in the South Sea Islands. A roving clan of sailors and runaway convicts have revived once more the crimes and character of the old bucaniers. They go from island to island, diffusing gin, debauchery, loathsome diseases, and murder, as freely as if they were the greatest blessings that Europe had to bestow. They are the restless and triumphant apostles of misery and destruction; and such are their achievements, that it is declared that, unless our government interpose some check to their progress, they will as completely annihilate the islanders, as the Caribs were annihilated in the West Indies.

It is not easy to gainsay this melancholy and lamentable statement. Mr Howitt has diligently collected many proofs of the cruelty shewn to the natives of these and other islands by the depraved characters who haunt them—runaway convicts or seamen, the vilest of the vile, but all nominal *Christians*. These iniquitous doings are not, however, sanctioned by authority; and it is to the exposure of the legalized oppression of the Aborigines of different countries, masked by hypocritical professions and thinly-veiled injustice, that we are more powerfully attracted. Let us take a single and recent instance—the conduct of the Colonial Government and population to the lingering relics of the native population of Van Diemen's Land, to which Mr Howitt alludes in very brief terms. So late as 1830, the Lieutenant Governor of the colony appointed a committee, consisting of colonists of course, to report upon the relations existing between the aboriginal natives, and the settlers. In a work on our table, written and published at Hobart Town, that report is given in substance. The writer has some sense of justice, some relentings of humanity. After describing the natives as the civilized *Christian* man uniformly does the *savage* he desires to crush, he adds,

But it should be remembered that these Aborigines exhibit man as nature has made him; unwrought upon by civilization—unpolished by the influence of the arts and sciences—unformed, unmoulded, into anything like shape of mind. In this riot of wildness, favourable in its very existence to the display of our worst attributes, and to the concealment of our better ones, how have they been treated? Worse than dogs, or even beasts of prey—hunted from place to place—shot—their families torn away from them—the mother snatched from her children, to become the victim of the lust and cruelty of their civilized Christian neighbours! Every allowance should, therefore, be made for them, if, smarting under such treatment, they have adopted, and have shewn, an indiscriminate abhorrence of those at whose hands they have seldom received good, but very frequently much and aggravated evil.

The committee appointed by Lieutenant Governor Sorell confirms this statement, at least in as far as regarded the first white settlers, but their feelings are much more lenient towards such offenders than those of the military official. In how many histories of colonies may the same thing be remarked, the same disposition to palliate what it was impossible to overlook, and to find in the lawful natural resistance or aroused vengeance of the barbarian, the excuse of the *Christian* aggressor! When Colonel Sorell, from their own report of facts, drew up a proclamation denouncing the miscreants who had perpetrated the most barbarous atrocities upon the unhappy natives, and, in particular, had robbed them of their wives and children—

"The committee, while they lament to revive these imputations, apparently too well-founded, against the earlier colonists, are, however, not prepared to say, that the description given by Lieutenant-Governor Sorell of the passive and inoffensive character of the Aborigines, unless when previously attacked, is entirely supported by the evidence before them."

While a few specious words might suffice, these have rarely of late, since policy was more in favour than violence, been withheld—save indeed, in South Africa, where matters are carried with a high and open hand. A pretext has never been wanting, either to the diplomatic or the warlike to attain the great end, the possession, in the words of Mr Howitt, "of Naboth's vineyard." The Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, were no doubt protected by vague unmeaning proclamations which no one even affected to regard, while the colonists were armed with the powers of martial law, and aided by the military, to knock them on the head, like so many mad dogs, wherever they found them, upon any or no pretence. Among the best of the reasons alleged by the committee, was this—that

"It is manifest that they have lost the sense of the superiority of white men, and the dread of the effects of firearms which they formerly entertained, and have of late conducted their plans of aggression with such resolution as they were not heretofore thought to possess, and with a caution and artifice which render it impossible to foresee or defeat their purposes. They continue to occupy and ravage beyond the reach of control, and in defiance of the orders and efforts of Government, those settled districts which they were prohibited from entering.* Since the commencement of the present year, an unparalleled series of devastation has marked their passage through the country, as atrocities perpetrated by them will abundantly testify.

"After a careful comparison of the several statements they have received, the committee have no hesitation in expressing their persuasion, that a sentiment of alarm pervades the minds of the settlers throughout the island, and that the total ruin of every establishment is but too certainly to be apprehended, unless immediate means can be devised for suppressing the system of aggression, under which so many are in dread that they may themselves become the victims."

Thus, the decree went forth. The colony had been rapidly increasing by emigration, and the arrival of convicts; fresh settlements were in great demand—and how did the colonial government proceed? But first, let us read the closing paragraph of the report of the committee upon which their plan was founded. The committee, in conclusion,

"May venture to express a hope, that the experience of present transactions may be even rendered useful in the history of the world; and that, in all future attempts at colonization, it may be steadily borne in mind how strict an obligation exists to exercise mercy and justice toward the unprotected savage, and how severe a retribution the neglect of those duties, even by individuals, may ultimately entail upon an entire, an unoffending community."

And now mark the sequel to these benevolent reflections, or Colonel Arthur's grand *battue*, or man-hunt.

Acting, in a great measure, upon the recommendations so offered, a degree of activity marked the movements of Government in regard to the Aborigines, shortly after the date of this report, which plainly denoted that they were in earnest in endeavouring to put an end to the unhappy state of affairs then existing between ourselves and the black inhabitants; and, as part of this, in September of the same year, a plan was originated, the object of which was to force the whole of the Aboriginal population into one corner of the island, forming a peninsula with a very narrow isthmus, and which was thought capable of being easily rendered impassable to the natives when once enclosed within its limits. It is always unfair to judge by events; and, although the result of the scheme shewed it to have been undertaken upon insufficient grounds, it received the sanction, at the moment, of persons who were considered well informed upon the subject, and the manner in which it was carried into effect, by the simultaneous move of the whole of the inhabitants, deserves to be styled a splendid instance of patriotism, bearing an unfading testimony of the estimation in which the Lieutenant-Governor was himself held upon the occasion.

By a Government order, the inhabitants were called upon to co-operate with the authorities towards accomplishing this design; and so well was the call answered, with so pure and disinterested a zeal was the whole population animated, that a force of no less than four thousand civilians was assembled on the day appointed, ready to undertake whatever duties were assigned them. This burst of patriotic feeling was even carried farther; for many of the inhabitants of Hobart Town and Launceston, who were unable, by age or other causes, to take the field, rendered equally good service by volunteering to perform the whole garrison duty of the two towns; thus placing at the disposal of the Government a number equal to themselves of soldiers, who accordingly proceeded to the more active duties of the campaign.

For a period of two months, or so long as the slightest chance remained of a favourable issue to the expedition, every sort of privation and hardship, necessarily incidental to field service in a wild and open country, was borne cheerfully, and with the most exemplary patience, by all parties; but, at this time, it became manifest that the scheme was not feasible—that there were impedients, alike arising from the nature of the country as from the habits and character of the foe with whom they were contending, which were insurmountable; and all the parties returned, therefore, to their homes, receiving a very gratifying expression of thanks for their services from the head of the Government, and enjoying the satisfaction of feeling that, although unsuccessful, the fault, if fault there was, was not attributable to themselves. At the moment, the expedition was certainly highly popular; and the majority of the expectations entertained with respect to it were of the most sanguine description. There was an excitement connected with it which reached far and wide. With one exception only, the press of the colony was loud in its commendations of the whole affair; and even this exception, although from the first sceptical as to the result, bore honourable testimony to the spirit and feeling by which all parties, from his Excellency Colonel Arthur to the humblest settler, were animated. Now, however, that public opinion is somewhat sobered, the illusion has passed away; and the surprise is less that failure was the result, than that anything else could have been ever contemplated. It may be proper here to mention that, immediately after the campaign was over, and during the heat of the *qui vive* feeling we have been describing, address upon address, from all quarters of the island, reached the Lieutenant-Governor, breathing a tone quite in character with the general excitation that then prevailed.

But, notwithstanding this failure of the expedition in respect to its grand or primary object, it has been attended by the very best consequence in the end, in many points of view—having led the Aborigines to a much more cautious as well as less offensive system of warfare than had previously characterized their movements, and having unquestionably paved the way to the successful termination of a mission of peace which was undertaken shortly afterwards. It is only a piece of justice to a very meritorious individual that, in speaking for a moment of this mission, and of the events that have sprung from it, a line that has been hitherto endeavoured to be followed should be departed from, and the name of the person be brought under the notice of the reader. In 1829, (when, with *the laudable design of promoting their civil zation*, an establishment for the reception of the Aborigines was formed at Bruné Island,) a Mr G. A. Robinson, who had

* These were their hunting-grounds, and the waters where they fished, in all probability. An outrage charged upon the natives, who drove a settler from a hut he had erected, is thus spoken of:—"It is the opinion of some persons who were then in the colony, that the displeasure of these people was excited only by finding this hut erected upon ground to which, as being favourably situated for water and hunting, they were in the habit of resorting, and on which they were preparing at this time to hold a general assembly, and that they had no more hostile intention than to remove this obstacle to their proceedings, while it is deposed, by one who was an eyewitness, that they did not even proceed to this act of aggression. Their having been accompanied by their women and children—whom, when engaged in expeditions of danger, they are known to be in the habit of leaving in a place of security—is a circumstance strongly in favour of the opinion that they had in view no other than a peaceful purpose, and that they were not the first assailants. But, whatever may have been the actual course of previous events, it is indisputable that a most lamentable encounter did at this time ensue, in which the numbers slain of men, women, and children, have been estimated as high as fifty." These poor people were literally massacred by a detachment of an English regiment.

previously been a thriving, industrious master mechanic, relinquished the certain advantages attendant upon such an occupation in a young colony, and volunteered to take charge of it, and otherwise to endeavour to effect an amicable relationship between the natives and ourselves. In some respects, even at this time, he was not unsuccessful; although, probably, the chief advantage then derived was the means presented of acquiring a knowledge of the language, habits, and other particulars of the blacks, which has since proved invaluable. After the expedition terminated in the manner we have stated, Mr Robinson proceeded to that part of the country most frequented by the natives, endeavouring to conciliate or to establish such a degree of confidence on their part as might induce them to regard us rather as friends than enemies; and, shortly afterwards, these benevolent labours were strengthened or aided by a party of the New South Wales Aborigines, perfectly civilized, who arrived here from the sister colony for that purpose, it having been presumed they would be more likely than ourselves to be viewed without distrust or suspicion by their sable neighbours of this colony. The result has proved of the happiest kind. Mr Robinson has succeeded in persuading a whole tribe to allow themselves to be removed to a neighbouring island, where they are to be protected, civilized, and instructed in those habits, pursuits, and enjoyments, which exalt human beings above the brutes that perish.

Was there ever so atrocious a proceeding related in the same calm, unconscious, self-complacent tone, as if this wholesale outrage upon the lingering wrecks of these poor people, God's creatures, lords of the soil, were some very meritorious action? The employment of the natives of New South Wales, to hunt down or enslave their brethren in Van Diemen's Land, was quite worthy of that European genius which directed Pizzaro to the employment of blood-hounds, or our own slave-owners to keep up corps of Maroons to hunt down their negroes. Having given the narrative of this labour of Colonel Arthur's Christian "love" at some length, and seen Van Diemen's Land cleared of the native race, in a manner which excited unbounded admiration within the colony, for its singular philanthropy, and the exalted and energetic character of the governor, we return to Mr Howitt's work. He closes it with the outrages recently committed against the New Zealanders by the white Christians, who visit them. These New Zealanders are incorrigible barbarians, and, too probably, cannibals. They kill men to eat them. Eating certainly does not enter into our many motives, in highly civilized society, for killing men. The captain of a whaler boasted that he had killed "about twenty of these black fellows." Thus, says Mr Howitt,

Those who have seen in shop-windows in London, dried heads of New Zealanders, may here learn how they came there, and to whom the phrenologists and *curiosi* are indebted.

Mr Williams writes—

"Till lately, the tattooed heads of New Zealanders were sold at Sidney as objects of curiosity; and Mr Yate says he has known people give property to the chiefs for the purpose of getting them to kill their slaves, that they might have some heads to take to New South Wales.

"This degrading traffic was prohibited by General Darling, the governor, upon the following occasion:—In a representation made to Governor Darling, the Rev. Mr Marsden states, that the captain of an English vessel being, as he conceived, insulted by some native women, set one tribe upon another to avenge his quarrel, and supplied them with arms and ammunition to fight.

"In the prosecution of the war thus excited, a party of forty-one Bay Islanders made an expedition against some tribes of the South. Forty of the former were cut off; and a few weeks after the slaughter, a Captain Jack went and purchased thirteen chiefs' heads, and, bringing them back to the Bay of Islands, emptied them out of a sack in the presence of their relations. The New Zealanders were, very properly, so much enraged that they told this captain they should take possession of the ship, and put the laws of their country into execution. When he found that they were in earnest, he cut his cable and left the harbour, and afterwards had a narrow escape from them at Taurunga. He afterwards reached Sidney, and it came to the knowledge of the governor, that he brought there ten of these heads for sale, on which discovery the practice was declared unlawful. Mr Yate mentions an instance of a captain going 300 miles from the Bay of Islands to East Cape, enticing twenty-five young men, sons of chiefs, on board his vessel, and delivering them to the Bay of Islanders, with whom they were at war, merely to gain the favour of the latter, and to obtain supplies for his vessel. The youths were afterwards redeemed from slavery by the missionaries, and restored to their friends Mr Yate once took from the hand of a New Zealand chief a packet of corrosive sublimate, which a captain had given to the savage in order to enable him to poison his enemies."

"Such," continues Mr Howitt, commenting on this statement, "is the general system." Such, we trust, is not the general system, but such things beyond doubt have often occurred; nor can the mischief effected, the barbarities perpetrated, the contagion spread by our runaway convicts, and the worthless seamen who abscond from our trading ships be easily exaggerated.

With a few sentences from Mr Howitt's emphatic and eloquent peroration, we close these hasty remarks, earnestly hoping that his appeal may reach the hearts of tens of thousands, impressing them with the vital and mighty distinction which exists between the morality practised by Christian nations, and even by individuals rich in the world's esteem, fair and honourable, and worthy, and pious men, and the morality uniformly taught in the gospel, and solemnly enjoined by all its precepts, denunciations, and promises. It is high time that assent to the doctrines of Christianity were held to be nugatory, while its direct and lucid rules are either treated with neglect, or as frequently violated with impunity, and especially by pretended Christians in their collective and international relations.

We have now followed the Europeans to every region of the globe, and seen them planting colonies, and peopling new lands, and everywhere we have found them the same—a lawless and domineering race, seizing on the earth as if they were the first-born of creation, and having a presumptive right to murder and dispossess all other people. For more than three centuries we have glanced back at them in their course, and everywhere they have had the word of God in their mouth, and the deeds of darkness in their hands. In the first dawn of discovery, forth they went singing the Te Deum, and declaring that they went to plant the cross amongst the heathen. As we have already observed, however, it turned out to be the cross of one of the two thieves, and a bitter cross of crucifixion it has proved to the natives where they have received it. It has stood the perpetual sign of plunder and extermination. The Spaniards were reckless in their carnage of the Indians, and all succeeding generations have expressed their horror of the Spaniards. The Dutch were cruel, and everybody abominated their

cruelty. One would have thought that the world was grown merciful. Behold North America at this moment, with its disinherited Indians! See Hindustan, that great and swarming region of usurpations and exactions! Look at the Cape, and ask the Caffres whether the English are tender-hearted and just: ask the same question in New Holland: ask it of the natives of Van Diemen's Land—men, transported from the island of their fathers. Ask the New Zealanders whether the warriors, whose tattooed heads stare us in the face in our museums, were not delicately treated by us. . . . . Many are the evils that are done under the sun; but there is and can be no evil like that monstrous and earth-encompassing evil, which the Europeans have committed against the Aborigines of every country in which they have settled. And in what country have they not settled? It is often said as a very pretty speech—that the sun never sets on the dominions of our youthful Queen; but who dares to tell us the far more horrible truth, that it never sets on the scenes of our injustice and oppressions! . . . . . The slave-trade which one of our best informed philanthropists asserts is going on at this moment to the amount of 170,000 negroes a-year, is indeed the dreadful climax of our crimes against humanity. It was not enough that the lands of all newly discovered regions were seized on by fraud or violence; it was not enough that their rightful inhabitants were murdered or enslaved; that the odious vices of people styling themselves the followers of the purest of beings, should be poured like a pestilence into these new countries. It was not enough that millions on millions of peaceful beings were exterminated by fire, by sword, by heavy burdens, by base violence, by deleterious mines and unaccustomed severities—by dogs, by man-hunters, and by grief and despair—there yet wanted one crowning crime to place the deeds of Europeans beyond all rivalry in the cause of evil—and that unapproachable abomination was found in the slave-trade. . . . . The mysteries of God's endurance, and of European audacity and hypocrisy are equally marvellous. Why, the very track across the deep seems to me blackened by this abominable traffic—there must be the dye of blood in the very ocean. One might surely trace these monsters by the smell of death, from their kidnapping haunts to the very sugar-mills of the west, where canes and human flesh are ground together. The ghosts of murdered millions were enough, one thinks, to lead the way without chart or compass! The very bed of the ocean must be paved with bones! and the accursed trade is still going on! We are still strutting about in the borrowed plumes of Christianity, and daring to call God our father, though we are become the tormentors of the human race from China to Peru, and from one pole to the other.

The whole history of European colonization is of a piece. It is with grief and indignation, that, passing before my own mind the successive conquests and colonies of the Europeans amongst the native tribes of newly-discovered countries, I look in vain for a single instance of a nation styling itself Christian and civilized, acting towards a nation which it is pleased to term barbarous with Christian honesty and common feeling. The only opportunity which the aboriginal tribes have had of seeing Christianity in its real form and nature, has been from William Penn and the missionaries. But both Penn and the missionaries have, in every instance, found their efforts neutralized, and their hopes of permanent good to their fellow-creatures blasted, by the profligacy and the unprincipled rapacity of the Europeans as a race. Never was there a race at once so egotistical and so terrible!

LITERARY REGISTER.

*Spencer's Travels in the Western Caucasus; including a Tour through Imeritia, Mingrelia, Turkey, Moldavia, Galicia, Silesia, and Moravia.**

In the continuation of Captain Spencer's travels, though they display favourably the copious and solid information and excellent understanding of the traveller, we miss the romance and charm of his earlier wanderings over the fresh soil of Circassia, whose rocky fastnesses—the refuge of the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty—he first threw open to admiring Europe. The first portion of the present volumes is devoted to the conclusion of his travels in the Western Caucasus. The traveller labours to prove that the friendship of Circassia—an independent state, threatened to be engulfed by the insatiable rapacity of Russia—might be of great advantage to England in a commercial point of view. Heartily sympathizing with the brave Circassians in their struggle to preserve national independence, we may confess that these promised advantages are not yet apparent, although Great Britain were not bound over to keep the peace with all the world, in a penalty of nine hundred millions. Mr Spencer speculates very rationally upon the internal condition and the prospects of Turkey. He gives that power up to destruction without much regret, and only laments that it should be from Russia and not England that she is destined to receive the elements of a higher civilization. He is unwilling to admit that this must be so. He deprecates the supine policy by which the statesmen of France, England, and Austria tacitly sanction the long-fostered ambitious designs of the Cabinet of St Petersburg, now near the accomplishment of the conquest of Circassia—a possession which he believes will at once ensure to Russia the real sovereignty of Persia and Turkey; when, Colossus-like, with one foot planted in Europe and the other in Asia, she will dictate laws to the commerce of all the European powers, and command in their councils. The traveller does not sufficiently advert to the delicate nature of commerce. It may be fettered or alienated; but to dictate its mode and channels is to destroy. The goose which lays the golden eggs can easily be killed; but, if the wiser course be taken, the time and manner of producing its dropping contributions must be left to Nature. In reference to the rapacious greed of Russia for new conquests, and her consequent unprincipled policy, the traveller refers to the Lord Dictator of the Canadas. "Turkey had no clever ambassadors to cajole and deceive, no accomplished princesses to send intriguing from court to court, no brilliant crosses and jewelled orders to bestow on those who could advance her interest and aid her measures. . . She was an alien among the nations, a prize to be divided among those whose cupidity might blind them to their future interest, in assisting in her spoliation. It is not so with Russia: that pretended supporter of thrones, may plunder, slay, imprison, confiscate, beard, and insult with impunity. Even in our own country, do we not see, with regret and astonishment, the representative of the freest nation in the world, *the recognised chief of the liberal party*, [Lord Durham, namely,] publicly lauding the acts and policy of a sovereign, who, however amiable he might be in private life, in his character of chief of the Russian empire, is

* Two volumes 8vo, with numerous engravings.

compelled, &c. &c. . . . . The same courtly flattery that won our representative at St Petersburgh seems to have travelled to our own land." There is but one opinion of the influence of Muscovite blandishments on the susceptible nature of Canning's peer; who, were he indeed, as he is not, "the recognised chief of the liberal party," would prove it to be in a more deplorable condition than we had surmised.

We regret to remark a discrepancy in the writer's opinions of the probability of the Circassians successfully resisting their invaders. At one time he boasts of their courage, their union, their glowing patriotism, and the impregnable nature of their country; but, at other times, we discern a tacit admission, that, however high the price of conquest to Russia in men and money, corruption and crime, it must ultimately be effected. The farther residence of the traveller among the Circassians, has not enabled him to add much to his former engaging details of their manners and condition; but whatever new information is obtained, confirms the previous favourable impression of this brave, manly, and primitive race, who display all those heroic virtues which would seem inherent in mountaineers.

The account of the different warlike and hospitable tribes of the Caucasus, among whom the traveller rambled, after leaving Circassia, is exceedingly interesting and amusing. From the clans inhabiting the western Circassian range, he passed into Imeritia, still in his assumed character of Hakim. Of Imeritia, Mingrelia, and Gourial, besides the traveller's personal narrative, there is an historical and a descriptive sketch. The plague was raging when he reached the Turkish dominions, and its aspects and ravages in Constantinople are graphically described. Plague is regarded by this traveller as an exceedingly malignant form of typhus; and certainly contagious, though many individuals are contagion proof. A melancholy chapter is devoted to the impending fate of Turkey.

Back again in Europe, but travelling through provinces internally little more known than the fastnesses of the Caucasus, the narrative moves at a brisker pace, and is both lively and entertaining. The traveller has a quick eye for the picturesque, and shews much taste in grouping his *natives*. The travels conclude at Vienna, in which capital, according to Mr Spencer, pungent epigrams now mitigate the despotism of the government; so that the Austrian constitution resembles that of France before the Revolution.

Travels in Palestine and Syria. By George Robinson, Esq.

This gentleman made a tour to Spain and Italy, some years ago, without meaning to go farther; but, once set adrift—by the temptation, and under the impulse which every one has experienced on some scale—he extended his travels; and the result is a work in two comprehensive volumes. After all that has been published on the same subject by recent travellers, his full, sensible, unpretending narrative will be duly appreciated by those who, in a book of travels, look rather for copious and minute information, conveyed in a plain and simple style, than poetical flights and learned disquisitions. His senses of hearing and seeing, his faculty of *noting* and remembering, have not been the fools of his imagination. He has produced a good book.

Six Years in the Bush; or, Extracts from the Journal of a Settler in Upper Canada.

Works of this kind are daily increasing in importance; and this plain volume is one of the most valuable of its kind that we have seen. The author had graduated at Oxford with a view to entering upon one of the learned professions. He probably saw that they were already overstocked; and a strong desire seized him to try his fortune in Upper Canada. Thither he carried some capital, and many admirable pre-requisites to ensure success—good sense, clear-headedness, coolness, steadiness, perseverance, industry, self-denial, and hopefulness. To every young man the like success might be assured, were he possessed of the same qualities. He entered Upper Canada, *via* New York, in the summer of 1832. He spent several months in travelling and looking about him; and, early in 1833, completed the purchase of 3000 acres of wild forest land in Verulam township, for a dollar per acre, or £750 provincial currency; paying down one-fourth, the remainder to be paid in four equal instalments. Like the prudent man he is, he immediately left the expensive capital of Toronto, and repaired with all his effects on a sleigh to his estate, attended by his wolf-dog and one or two wood-cutters. His territory, part of which had been formerly possessed by a colony of beavers, and round which broken Indian tribes still hovered, was not reached without danger and difficulty, owing to the state of the road, or rather the want of anything like a road. Part of the progress was by water. Next morning, the new proprietor, who had slept, we presume, on the bosom of his mother earth, was up with the sun, to view his estate and fix on a site for his future abode. He says—

> A beautiful lake, emptying its surplus waters over a ledge of limestone rock, into a broad river below, formed the boundary of the property in length; and in breadth it extended a considerable way into the forest, interspersed occasionally with broad meadows; the real lawns, or "*saltus*," as we used to be taught at school, of the ancient poets—
>
> "Where the wild flock that never needs a fold"
>
> were accustomed to take their pasture, and the scarce less wild Indian to pitch his summer camp, and breathe unconfined the pure air of heaven. These lawns or openings, in the otherwise changeless forest, are the workmanship of the beaver tribe; traces of whose ancient consequence are everywhere common, and not a little grateful to the eye in a land where all else is new. . .
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> One of these meadows on my property is upwards of 100 acres in extent, and will furnish an ample supply of hay for winter consumption. The land lay chiefly on a gentle slope, rising gradually from the lake shore; and timbered with pine and hemlock below, and oak and bass above. The lake, with the fall and river, formed a beautiful prospect; and I determined to pitch my first tent in the wilderness, so as to command a view of them. Meanwhile, I wandered on, forming plans for the future, and peopling the solitudes around me in my mind's eye, until the lengthening shades of evening warned me to rejoin my companions. A clear tall column of smoke, rising above the trees, marked their position; and a haunch of venison, bought of an Indian, as usual, which I found roasting at the fire, proved a welcome finish to the labours of the day. In the morning, after pointing out to the men the site I had fixed on for the erection of a shanty, and measuring a lot for them to commence felling upon, I took leave of my estate for the present, and getting into the boat, made the best of my way back to Peterboro', to superintend the removal of my effects.
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> *April* 17.—Having laid in a good store of axes and other necessaries for the use of the men, I returned to the settlement. The sun was shining brightly on the lake as I crossed, and a number of Indian canoes gave it a very pretty and animated appearance. One of the squaws offered me some maple sugar for sale, which I purchased at about 4d. per lb., and had the satisfaction of hearing it pronounced by my men to be of an excellent quality. As I approached the settlement, the heavy fall of the axe gave notice that the work of demolition was going forward; several hemlock and other soft-wooded trees lay stretched along the shore; and I confess it was with a somewhat English feeling of sorrow for their fate that I stepped out amongst them. A glance at the Falls,

however, and the clear blue lake beyond, through the opening, reassured me, and I soon entered into the exultant feelings of the choppers, as one after another the noblest among these ancient lords of the soil groaned under the stroke of the axe, trembled for a few seconds, and fell.

26.—This evening I visited Cameron's Falls, (taking with me one of the woodmen,) a grand and most romantic cascade, by which the surplus waters of Lake Fenelon are discharged over a broad shelf of limestone rock, into a deep gulf fifty feet below; on either side, the shore was fringed with dwarf oaks, and covered with flowers and herbage, rendered more brilliant by ever-rising clouds of spray; above sloped a lofty hill, crowned with pines of giant growth, from the summit of which I beheld the broad expanse of the glassy lake, then lit by the evening sunbeams, and contrasting beautifully with the deep shade in which the mass of forest lay buried. I loitered on this lovely spot, probably the first white man of higher rank than a wood-chopper who had ever visited it, until the moon was risen, and then, rejoining my companion, who had busied himself with preparing torches of the birch bark for fish spearing, we re-embarked, and floated lazily down Lake Sturgeon, towards our clearing. Having lighted a torch and fastened it to the prow of the canoe, I posted myself there with a fish spear in my hand, while the woodman directed our progress and steadied the boat; the strong light threw a glare on the water, under which it was easy to distinguish the dark forms of the fish, as they rose to the light. I was a novice in the art of spearing; but, nevertheless, succeeded in capturing several fine maskalongy and bass. It was past two o'clock in the morning before we landed; but the fire was blazing cheerfully, and, wrapping myself in a blanket, I was soon asleep by the side of my choppers, who were all stretched before it.

The next few days were occupied in building a shanty, or rude hut, which an appearance of change in the weather seemed to render advisable. The month of May set in cold and wet; but I was obliged to go to Peterboro' to lay in fresh stores. The voyage was altogether miserable; and, in addition, I had the vexation to discover that my new boat was good for nothing: on returning, however, it was a great satisfaction to find my mansion finished, and ready for occupation. It consisted of one apartment fourteen feet by twelve feet in the clear, and contained, in the way of furniture, a camp bedstead, a chest of drawers, and a well-filled bookcase, it had also the somewhat unusual luxury of a chimney, pegs for the suspension of guns and fishing implements, and shelves for my scanty kitchen utensils: a hole in the planks served to admit light, and air found free entrance through numberless cracks and crevices; such as it was, however, it served my purpose well; and when the evening closed, I used to light my lamp and sit down to my books with a great feeling of comfort.

After lauding the advantages and delights of literary taste to the solitary man, the student, turned bushman, declares—

Such was my situation within doors—comfortless enough it may be thought—but when on a fine evening I sat at the open door or window, many admirers of nature might almost envy my lot. Placed on a gentle slope, crowned with a luxuriant growth of sugar maple, the house faces the broad expanse of the lake, just where it discharges its surplus waters over a ledge of limestone rock into a rapid river or torrent, which hurries them along to the sister lake below. On the bank are scattered huge masses of stone, covered with lichens, and fantastically wreathed with creepers and wild briers, while the stream itself is broken by a little group of islands, carpeted with spring flowers, and dwarf oak and bass, whose foliage affords an exquisite relief to the white foam occasioned by the fall of the waters. On the opposite bank rises a dark grove of pine, (unquestionably the queen of our forest trees,) which forms a natural and appropriate frame for the picture.

We have been so much pleased with the sylvan freshness of this Crusoe-like narrative, that we are tempted to transfer another portion of it to our pages.

May 25.—On calculating the price of my house, I found it to be (including the chimney) about £6.

26.—This morning I was surprised by a visit from two young Englishmen, who were going to explore the country; but the accommodations I had to offer were so little to their taste, that they took fright at the prospect before them, and determined to make the best of their way back to Toronto.

27. Sunday.—I crossed the lake to visit an English gentleman and lady, recently settled in the Bush, who had invited me to join their family worship on the Sabbath: the gentlemen read the service of the church and a sermon, and the day was passed (as were many succeeding Sundays) very satisfactorily in their society.

29.—Having observed a little fleet of canoes on the lake, I went out, and bargained with an Indian for one for a couple of dollars. The canoe is made of the bark of the birch tree, lined with thin cedar laths, sewn together with fibres drawn from the root of the tamarach, or larch. The length of my purchase was about fourteen feet, and it was so light that I could easily draw it from the water, and carry it on my back past rapids or other impediments in the river; while, at the same time, its buoyancy was so great, that I have crossed the lake on a stormy day with the carcases of a couple of deer in it.

June 1.—Made a first essay of my canoe in a voyage to Peterboro': the wind being fair, I fastened a blanket to a pole and swept gaily across the lake: my return, however, was less propitious; and, after some hours buffeting against a headwind, I was obliged to go on shore, and trespass on the hospitality of an old rough settler, who lived in a small log house by the water side, surrounded with a growing family of half-Indian children. The two eldest were handsome, well-shaped girls, of sixteen or seventeen; these prepared the evening meal, while the old man related anecdotes of his early days in the wilds, and of the Indians with whom alone he used to associate. They were then unconverted, and had learned nothing from the white man, but to engraft his vices on their own; he described them as fierce, easily offended, implacable, addicted to drinking, even to madness, and capable, under its effects, of the most horrid excesses—even the murder of their wives and children. Thanks, however, to the missionaries, these poor men are now actuated by Christian principles; and are, for the most part, as mild and gentle, and patient of injury, as they formerly were the reverse. Our supper consisted of fried slices of venison, and wild duck stewed with potatoes; when it was concluded, my host pointed me out a corner, and then wrapping himself in his blanket, as did his children, we all disposed ourselves to sleep. On awakening with the first gleam of light, I found my pretty cooks already stirring, and busied in preparing breakfast; after which I took my leave of my host, and smiling farewell to his daughters, who could not utter one word of English, returned to my canoe.

The morning was very wet and chilly, and the wind in my teeth, so that I was nearly starved with hunger and cold before I reached my own clearing. Dry clothes and a good luncheon revived me, and I had just taken down a book, when I saw a noble buck crossing the lake, in front of my window. To seize a rifle and jump into the canoe was scarcely a minute's work; but long before I could get within shot, I had the mortification to see him reach the opposite shore, shake the water from his flanks, and trot majestically away. On returning, however, I was more fortunate, for I fell in with a bear, following on the same track; and, after some exertion, succeeded in placing my canoe in a position to enable me to send a ball through his head: this was a great feat, and very serviceable; for his skin was as welcome an addition to my wardrobe as the carcase to my larder.

13.—Purchased a mill seat, and went to Peterboro' to pick up information about it, and to hire labourers; on returning, with four men, in my canoe, we were all nearly swamped in the middle of Pigeon Lake, an event which I looked upon as a warning not to tempt Providence in future.

16.—My men having now chopped down a considerable quantity of trees, I help them to log—that is, to draw them together in lengths for burning. It is a most dirty and disagreeable business, and especially in wet weather; but, as it requires great strength both of men and oxen, all hands are put in requisition. I assisted at this work for some days, but a dip in the clear lake at sunset removed all external impurities; and when I sat down to my supper and book at the close of the day, I felt myself again a gentleman.

18.—Engaged in setting potatoes among the stumps, and fencing them against the incursions of strangers, whether human or savage.

19.—Crossed the lake to assist my opposite neighbour in looking for a stray yoke of oxen. These animals are suffered to roam at will through the forest, which affords

them excellent pasture in summer, and soon fattens them, provided they are supplied with salt, for which they will generally return to their owner's clearing with the greatest regularity.

The settler was now becoming a man of consequence in his district. He was "of the quorum and rotulorum." He laid out a garden, and (all with his own hands) sowed seeds of melons, cucumbers, lettuce, &c. &c., and planted out potatoes, cabbages, and broccoli. It was now July, and the weather oppressively hot in the middle of the day, but cool in the mornings and evenings.

July 10.—My days were passed in the following manner:—I rose early, and worked in the garden until breakfast, then read for a couple of hours; afterwards chopped firewood in the shade until three o'clock, when I dined, and resumed my studies for an hour: the next two hours were passed with the woodmen in overlooking their work, and at six o'clock I took tea, and afterwards floated about the lake in my canoe, with or without a gun, until nine or ten o'clock, when I retired to bed, and slept most soundly: my health was very good, my spirits even, and I was well satisfied with my condition.

18.—The mosquitoes and black flies began to be excessively troublesome.

19.—A tremendous storm of thunder and lightning: several large trees were struck on the edge of my clearing; and the crash of shattered limbs in the forest was very appalling. The storm lasted six hours.

20.—The air much cooled and very pleasant. Some Indians crossed the lake in their canoes, one of whom brought me half a buck; I am now become acquainted with these aboriginals, and mutual attentions and civilities pass on both sides: they are honest and civil, and always ready to do me any service. On one point alone, that of hunting furs, they are said to be as tenacious as English landholders of their game.

Like Robinson Crusoe, he lost a day. In crossing the lake on Sunday to join the service of his neighbour in the opposite clearing, he found it was *Monday!*

August 20.—Went to Peterboro', where a rapid improvement had taken place during the summer; new houses had been built, new shops opened, and a large influx of inhabitants had arrived. I had been so many weeks absent, that I had forgotten to change my half-Indian costume before I left the woods, consequently my old acquaintance recognised me with difficulty, and especially as the sun had sadly changed my complexion; even the boys in the street hooted as I passed. . . . .

26.—Having now been some days alone, I began to look anxiously for the return of my men; about noon, four travellers arrived from Peterboro'; they were new to the Bush, and stared when I requested them to help me to prepare for their entertainment, but they soon entered into the spirit of the thing, and, as in the good old patriarchal days, one baked, another attended to the roast, while a third prepared the vegetables. In due time, I set before them a repast of the usual forest fare—fish, fowl, and venison—which my guests pronounced sumptuous, and enjoyed not the less on account of its novelty.

So passed the early part of the settler's sojourn in the wilderness. But new settlers were arriving; a site was fixed upon for a village; and, though his first Christmas day on his estate seemed very dreary and un-Christmas-like, the recollection of his many advantages and good prospects reconciled the settler to his lot. Clearing twenty acres, building a log-house, a root-house, a cellar, and a barn, purchasing a yoke of oxen and a cow, seeds of different kinds, and some furniture, cost him in all £212: 5*s*. But he soon saw that farming was not the most direct way to wealth, though "with a capital producing from sixty to a hundred pounds a-year, independent of the farm, a gentleman of education and active business-like habits may live very comfortably;" "but, on the whole, the emigrant of this description ought not to go to Canada with the expectation of obtaining more than a comfortable independence." In the subsequent years, the settler, who is evidently a clear-headed, cautiously enterprising person, bought several pieces of wild land on speculation, let his farm and homestead to a respectable tenant, invested part of his capital in a saw-mill near the Rapids, and built there a new shanty.

July 3, 1834.—All the timbers having been pronounced ready to "*fix*" in their places, a "bee," or gathering of all the neighbours was summoned to raise the mill; they assembled in great force, and all worked together in great harmony and good will, notwithstanding their different stations in life. When the last rafter was fixed, a bottle of whisky was broken on the top, and sundry others having been distributed among the humbler members of the hive, the party separated, well satisfied with their day's work. The completion of the saw-mill was an event of vast interest to all the inhabitants of the settlement, who looked to exchange their rude shanties in a little time for neat frame houses.

A few days afterwards, the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Colborne, honoured him with a visit, which—

Put the whole settlement in a fever of loyalty and preparation. At the appointed time he arrived, and, after surveying the public works, and making himself acquainted with the condition and prospects of the settlement, assisted at my first dinner party in the Backwoods. There was a noble maskalongy,* supported by the choice parts of a couple of bucks; then, for *entremets*, we had beaver tails, (a rare delicacy,) partridges, wild fowl, and squirrels. My garden supplied the dessert, which consisted of melons, raised from English seed, but far exceeding their parent stock in size and flavour, plums, strawberries, and apples; there were grapes, too, rich in hue and beautiful in appearance, but, unhappily, tasteless to the palate as the fabled fruit of the Dead Sea shore. The high-bush cranberry, by far the most delicate and admired of all our native fruits, was not yet ripe, but his Excellency was pleased highly to extol the entertainment, and to declare himself well satisfied with his reception. After dinner, he christened our infant village "Rokeby," a name which may one day make a figure, perhaps, on the charts of the Province.

The saw-mill being completed, a yard was formed and filled with logs, and *Buck* and *Bright* the twin oxen laboured in a new vocation, drawing logs. In addition to the saw-mill, as there was a constant influx of settlers requiring provisions, until they could raise their own, the sensible Oxford student laid in a store of flour and pork, which proved useful to his new neighbours, and profitable to himself; and in Canada, as in the United States, a gentleman may keep a store or shop without derogation of his dignity. The 8th of April 1835 was the fourth anniversary of his departure from England; and on that day the saw-mill, rendered idle by the frost, began to work afresh, to the general joy of the settlers, who were all in want of planks. The payment was in kind; half the planks being left for turning the logs brought to the mill into that form, or into deals. A saw-mill is the germ of a new settlement in the Bush.

At first, some one or two adventurers, possessed of a little capital, purchase a few acres of land on the bank of a river or stream, where, in the provincial idiom, there is good water power: two or three rude huts or shanties are erected, and a small clearing made in the forest; by degrees, others are attracted to the spot. The original settler, meanwhile, has turned a little money, and embarks it in a saw-mill; this induces many to come into the neighbourhood, from the facility its offers for building. Then, as the settlement increases, some bold man is persuaded to erect a grist or flour mill, which again serves as an attraction: a growing population requires the necessaries of life at hand; stores are opened, a tavern licensed, and, in a few years, a thriving village, or, as in the case of Peterboro', an important town, springs up in the heart of the forest.

The settler, who had hitherto enjoyed excellent health, was this spring attacked with fever and ague, and obliged to remove to Peterboro' for medical assistance.

On returning (he says) I found the saw-mill working away in great force: on an average it cut daily full 2000

* The Indian name of a fine fish found in the lakes.

eet of planks, which I obtained a ready sale for at 30s. a thousand feet. As it may be interesting to future emigrants, I will state the expenses and returns of the mill per day:—

Six logs, which cut 2000 feet, .	£0	15	0
One sawyer, ...	0	5	0
One labourer, ...	0	2	6
	£1	2	6
Returns, 2000 feet at 30s. per 1000.	£3	0	0
Cost, as before stated, . . .	1	2	6
Profit, ...	£1	17	6

This was in itself a very satisfactory return for the outlay expended upon the erection of the mill; but I had become so well acquainted with its management, that I could relieve the sawyer very often, and so work it beyond the usual hours, to my considerable advantage.

A neighbour offered to exchange a useful milch cow for 3000 feet of lumber, which I readily acceded to, and thought myself a gainer by the transaction. Having little else to do at this season, I took my turn at the mill regularly, until the yard was cleared out, and all the logs of the neighbours sawn up. The principal demand was for deals, though several oak, elm, and cedar logs, were cut up for furniture, and other domestic purposes.

This man must have thriven anywhere. In August he dispatched several rafts down the lake to market. In the following spring, the *Bachelors* of the new settlement gave a splendid ball at Peterboro'. A church was opened, and the infant members of the colony christened. There were also sundry "*bees*," such as "logging bees," "fixing bees," and "house-warming bees," where the favourite toast was, "British connexion and Sir John Colborne." Our settler has strong and decided Tory predilections, with which, however, we have no desire to quarrel. He seems to regret exceedingly that Sir J. Colborne was superseded by Sir Francis Head, in which he is not singular. In the fall of last year, the saw-mill being laid up for the season, its owner resolved to pass a few months with his friends in England. He travelled from Peterboro' to Albany for £2:15, and from thence to Liverpool by New York for £31:2:6. Many inquiries were made about his adventures, and he found the easiest way of gratifying a very reasonable curiosity, was to publish his journal. We need not recommend it. Those who have read our extracts will know its value. The author has long since gone back to the home of his adoption.

Southey's Collected Poems.

The ninth volume is completely filled with "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," and the copious notes of the learned author. This epic—notwithstanding an early *penchant* for the wild imagination and true nobility of "Thalaba," the heroic and lofty moral ardour of the pervading tone of "Joan d'Arc," and the lovely, primitive simplicity and sweetness of much of "Madoc"—we have ever felt as the first of Southey's sustained poetical efforts. Nor—notwithstanding Mr Jeffrey's unfavourvourable opinion, so innocently revealed by Hogg, in a letter of his printed by Mr Southey, in the preface to the volume—are we inclined to retract. The Shepherd, who had shortly before returned from a visit to Southey at Greta Hall, kindly wished to review the poem himself, and, it would seem, had even delicately proposed the thing to Mr Jeffrey, who replied—"For Southey I have, as well as you, great respect, and, when he will let me, great admiration; but he is a most provoking fellow, and, at least, as conceited as Wordsworth. *I cannot just trust you with his 'Roderick,'*" &c. Hogg afterwards discussed the subject with Jeffrey, who still found the poem *heavy*, although Mr Alison joined the Shepherd in upholding its merits. But the great northern critic had his vulnerable points. The Shepherd continues, in his epistle to the doubtless highly-diverted author of the poem:—"There was, at the same time, a Lady M—— joined us at the instant. Short as her remark was, it seemed to make more impression on Jeffrey than all our arguments:—'Oh, I do love Southey!' That was all." The pastoral innocence of what follows beats everything:—"I have no room to tell you more, but I beg that you will not do anything, nor publish anything, that will nettle Jeffrey for the present, knowing as you do how omnipotent he is with the fashionable world, and seemingly so well disposed towards you." The Shepherd seems himself to have deeply participated in that mysterious dread of the animal critic-monster which appears to us much akin to the fascination of the witches of old over their terror-struck and abject victims—a power which the critics, like the beldams, well knew how to enhance, and maliciously enjoy. Mr Southey remarks:—"The reader will be as much amused as I was with poor Hogg's earnest desire that I would not say anything which might tend to frustrate his friendly intentions.

> 'But what success the Shepherd met,
> Is to the world a secret yet.'

There can be no reason, however, for withholding what was said, in my reply, of the *crushing* review which had been given to Wordsworth's great poem:—'*He* crush 'The Excursion!' Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw.'" There was a time when, in the Parliament House, this would have been held flat blasphemy.

Edinburgh Cabinet Novels—The Medicaster.

The book with this mystical name is the First Part of an intended series of popular romances, which are to be published quarterly, and at a cheap rate—that is to say, *relatively* very cheap, for there are really cheaper publications. This part consists of a romance, the scene of which is laid in Scotland; and which, from incident, character, and description, we think exceedingly well suited to the taste particularly of juvenile novel-readers. It displays both natural ability and literary accomplishment of no mean order.

The Pedestrian's Guide through North Wales.

This is the lively and good-humoured narrative of a pedestrian tour, performed last year by Mr Bennett, which may while away an hour very agreeably to any one, and prove of considerable use to lounging travellers, bound on the same quests, over the same ground. The volume is illustrated by etchings of some of the more remarkable or picturesque scenes in the principality; and is throughout gossipy and pleasant. The pedestrian has picked up a great many Welsh traditions, fairy tales, and also stray tunes, which he has introduced into his book with good effect.

Railroadiana. A New History of England.

Railroad Guides, Railroad Directors, Maps of Railroads, &c. &c., are coming forth thick as the leaves in Valombrosa. One in which Mr Roscoe is concerned has unaccountably disappeared through our table; so we can, for the present, say nothing more about it, save that the preliminaries were somewhat lengthy, but promised to lead to something. *Railroadiana* is a description of the places and scenery through which the Railway between London and Birmingham proceeds, with a competent share of make-bulk in stories, anecdotes, and local traditions. It is furnished with a neat little coloured map, which it carries conveniently in its own pocket. A plain,

accurate itinerary—if such a thing be practicable in the new era—would, we confess, have better met our ideas of a public want, than so much ancient lore and modern history. But the two are not incompatible.

The Natural History, Physiology, and Management of the Honey-Bee, by Dr Edward Bevan, is appropriately inscribed to VICTORIA, the Queen of the British hive, as is Christiana or rather Isabella of that of Spain, Donna Maria of that of Portugal, and Queen Pomare of the hive of Otaheite. The human hive of Madagascar also, we believe, enjoys a Queen at present; and how many more female sovereigns there may be, we cannot pretend to say, though it is certain that so many hives, governed by Queens, the world never before saw. Dr Bevan tells our British queen-bee, that the genuine queen of the hive-bees is ever to be found in the enjoyment of the attachment of her people; ever most pleased when they have *the fullest portion of remunerating occupation;* that she is ever capable of rousing their most active energies for the promotion of the general weal, and of inducing them to flock round her person when the general weal is endangered. Dr Bevan should have mentioned that the *workers* are particularly attached to the queen. On the subject of bees, Dr Bevan is, we dare say, a very competent authority; and we are certain that his is an ample and comprehensive treatise, upon which, however, although it be written in a quite popular style, we do not feel qualified to pronounce.

Parlour Magic.

This is a description of entertaining and ingenious experiments of natural science—together with sleight-of-hand tricks, and tricks with cards, intended for the amusement of young persons by the winter's hearth or in a wet day, and which is well calculated to excite and exercise rational curiosity. We cannot pretend to admire a few of the *sleights* and *subtleties*, which are puerile enough, and a little pert withal in their wit; but we have no doubt, that "To bring a person down upon a feather," and "Go if you can," will produce roars of laughter, and be thought vastly clever. Then, why, in this dull world, quarrel with harmless mirth?

Campbell's Edition of Shakspeare.

Moxon has just published a complete edition of SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS, in one volume, which the reader may guess is not of the *Slender* family. By the aid of double columns, and a sharp, clear, open-faced type, the letterpress is, however, *comfortably* legible. A glossary and well-arranged index are added. But the distinguishing feature of the edition—its Falstaff girth and proportions apart—is the "Remarks on the Life and Writings" of the Great Dramatist, by Campbell the poet. Mr Campbell has told all that is already known, or that he has discovered and conjectured about the personal history of Shakspeare, in the racy and facetious style which forms a refreshing contrast to the solemnities of ordinary grave and pompous commentators. The conjectures about the Life are followed by remarks on the state of the stage in Shakspeare's days; and on each of his dramas, in the supposed order of their appearance. These remarks are necessarily brief, but they are pithy in proportion; "lively, audible, and full of vent." We are peculiarly delighted with the few observations on the "Midsummer's Night's Dream," "Cymbeline," and "Measure for Measure." In his strictures on the latter play, Hazlitt, the finest commentator on Shakspeare, made woful error—an error instinct with low feeling—

> "That could six or seven winters more respect
> Than a perpetual honour."

The plays are arranged in this volume, as in other editions, upon no principle that we can understand. It commences with the play supposed to be latest written, "The Tempest," and ends with "Hamlet."

The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare. By the Rev. Thomas Price.

Most *apropos* to the unique single volume Edition of Shakspeare's Dramas, comes forth this neat small tome of Shaksperian essences and quintessences, which may either be viewed as an appendage or an abridgement. It is an Index of the best sort. First, we have about 130 pages of the philosophy of the Great Dramatist; which, well versed as we supposed ourselves in Shakspeare's works, present, in detached passages and sentences, a body of morals and ethics which surprise as much as they delight. It is like stumbling upon a new Shaksperian vein. *Noble characters, ordinary characters,* and *depraved characters,* are each classed; and then we have the exquisitely poetical passages arranged under the head *Painting of Nature and the Passions.* The pithy aphorisms, the homely wisdom, in which Shakspeare abounds, condensed into short single sentences, are arranged, perhaps, in better order than they could have been under the division Moral Philosophy to which many of them belong; and whatever could not be easily classified, is thrown into a chapter of Miscellanies. The idea of the book is not original; but the compiler and publisher have both improved upon former Shakspearian selectors, and produced a cheap, neat book—Shakspeare "cut out in little stars"—worth its weight in gold to the English reader.

Letters on the Natural History of the Insects mentioned in Shakspeare's Plays.

A man of talent and fancy may make a charming book upon anything. The subject of "The Task" was an old sofa; Swift wrote well on a broomstick; Erasmus in praise of Folly; and an amateur, whom Rousseau mentions, composed a volume on the zest of the lemon. Mr R. Paterson of Belfast has elaborated an agreeable little volume on the subject above named. He is the treasurer of the *Natural History Society* of his own town, and was under the agreeable necessity of contriving something to amuse the ladies on the *Public Nights.* An ordinary treasurer might have lectured upon insects; but he elevated and refined his "shard-borne beetles," "motes that people the sunbeam," and "worms i' the bud," into poetical existences, Shakspearian insects. We are informed, at page 257, nor are we surprised to hear it, that "an *Orange-coloured* gnat" frequently proves very destructive in Ireland.

Treatise on the Physical Education of Young Ladies. By A. M. Bureaud Riofrey.*

This is a second edition enlarged, of one of the best books of its kind, and one which is well entitled to the attention of mothers, governesses, and all intelligent women, to whom the care of female infancy and youth is confided. We admire the work for its moderation of tone and practical good sense. Dr Riofrey admires gymnastics and proper exercises, but he would not convert all our young ladies into Amazons or Spartan virgins. He condemns tight-lacing, as ungraceful and hurtful, and injurious to health; and yet admits of stays; he goes farther—"All stays that do not prevent *free breathing, circulation, digestion, an easy movement,* will

* Longman & Co.

meet with our approbation; and we recommend the use of them to ladies noted for their elegance, as well as those remarkable for the negligence of their persons."

The Young Lady's Equestrian Manual.

The example of Queen Victoria has set all the ladie a scampering and galloping, and trying to take the whip-hand; and here comes an elegant small manual for their instruction, containing many embellishments and illustrations of the exercise of horsemanship, which, under royal auspices, is becoming so fashionable.

Life of Dr Jenner, with Selections from his Correspondence, and Illustrations of his Doctrines. By John Baron, M.D.

The Memoirs of this eminent benefactor of his species, are written by a gentleman of his own profession, with whom Jenner was many years on terms of the most friendly intimacy. They convey to the reader the impression of a thoroughly good and amiable man, with all those attributes of simplicity, humility, and unconsciousness, which, we may say, almost uniformly characterise the truly great man. We regret that our limits do not *at present* admit of a more extended notice of this interesting biography, especially as we fear it is too long for popular readers.

Several new theological works are lying upon our table, which we can merely name, leaving their merits to be discussed in the proper quarters, the religious Journals and Reviews. One is, THE THEOLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, which is extracted and translated from the German of Bauer. The original formed the text-book of the learned author's academical lectures.

FINE ARTS.

FISHER & SON have published a splendid edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with a Life of Bunyan by MR JOSIAH CONDER, which places his character in a new, and, as we apprehend, the true light. Bunyan never was the low, coarse, abandoned profligate, which tradition and even favourable but uninquiring biographers have delighted to represent him, as if to magnify his subsequent triumphs. The edition is tastefully and elegantly embellished with numerous engravings by eminent artists, and is enriched by the best portrait of Bunyan that we have seen. More than the formal designs do we admire the little wood-cuts embellishing the initial letters. They are more in harmony with the spirit of a book, which will form one of the most desirable additions to the family library which has yet appeared—a book more than worthy of the pains and cost which the spirited publishers have bestowed upon it.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

PUBLIC attention has been absorbed by the spectacle of the Coronation, and, at any rate, the proceedings in Parliament always get dull and uninteresting at this season. They were, however, enlivened by a motion of Lord Brougham's, relative to the manner the war in Spain has been carried on by our Government. He insisted it was in violation of the law of nations, and that it had a direct tendency to involve us in war with the great Continental Powers. His Lordship contends that the instructions sent out to the British cruisers to prevent neutral ships landing arms for the Carlists, are illegal, as there is no efficient blockade of the coast of Spain. The Duke of Wellington, though he concurred with Lord Brougham, left the House without voting, about forty Tory peers accompanying him; but the remainder voted with Lord Brougham; and on the division, there appeared fifty-seven to fifty-seven; but there being no casting vote in the Lords, the motion, which was for the production of papers, was lost. The Irish Poor-Law Bill has passed the Lords, by ninety-three to sixty-two. Most of the Irish Peers, and we suppose the whole landed interest, are hostile to the bill; for the good reason, that it will take money out of their pockets. The Earl of Mountcashel predicts, that, as passive resistance is better understood in Ireland than anywhere else, the bill will be totally inoperative; and there can be little doubt of the fulfilment of the prediction, if the landlords, Tories, established clergy, priests, and peasantry, along with O'Connell, are, as he asserts, to combine against it. Lord Brougham also opposed the bill, and read letters he had received from Ireland, corroborating the statement of O'Connell, that Ireland was never in a more dangerous state. He maintained the necessity of abolishing the office of Lord Lieutenant, to make the Union more complete, and of paying the Catholic clergy, who, he said, notwithstanding all their protestations, would, in a few months, take the money which was voted for them. In the Committee on the Irish Tithe Bill, Mr O'Connell moved that the £640,000 advanced to the Irish clergy and tithe proprietors, out of the million loan, should be remitted. The proposition was, of course, eagerly laid hold of by Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, and the Irish members, and Sir Robert seemed to think that the remainder of the million, or rather half a million in addition to what has been already advanced, should be given to the recusant tithe payers. In this way, the people of this country are made to pay other people's debts. As to any chance of getting back the £640,000, it is hopeless; so that it is as well to take the credit of making the land-owners a present of it; but we see no reason for giving them more money. The Irish Corporation Bill, which Lord Lyndhurst has truly taken the management of in the Lords, and has altered as he thought proper, will no doubt pass, and probably also the Irish Tithe Bill, so that it is to be hoped the time of Parliament will not be taken up so much next Session, as it has been this, with mutilating Irish measures.

SIR W. RAE'S SMALL DEBT BILL, the professed object of which was to raise the jurisdiction of the Justices from £5 to £8 : 6 : 8, has been thrown out, on the third reading, by sixty-three to forty-five. We are glad of this; for the real object of the bill was to increase the political influence of the Justices, and to raise the emoluments of certain political retainers who hold the office of Justice of Peace Clerk. The Small-debt jurisdiction of the Justices has again and again been denounced as a nuisance by the Judges of the Court of Session; and now that the Sheriffs have a similar jurisdiction, it ought to be abolished. The English Justices have no such jurisdiction, although it would be more useful in England than in Scotland. The only thing that at present brings any small-debt cases before the Justices is, that the fees of this court are somewhat less than those of the Sheriff small-debt court. Were the fees of both made the same, hardly a single case would be brought before the Justices; for, even at present, the whole cases, in some counties, are taken before the Sheriff.

An incidental discussion, but carried on with sufficient heat on both sides, took place on the Corn-Laws, on Earl Fitzwilliam presenting a petition from Glasgow for their repeal. His Lordship stated it as his opinion, that when, by the operation of the seasons, or by any political or other cause, the price of grain was raised to its greatest height, the people would call for this code of protection (as it is called) to the agricultural interest being entirely swept away. That it would come to this,

he had not the slightest doubt. Lord Fortman was convinced, when he looked at the state of the markets, that this question must come before the House in a substantive form next Session, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and interest. On a question from the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Melbourne stated, that he had no intention of meddling with the existing Corn-Laws, nor would he ever introduce any system of Corn-Laws founded on a different principle from the present, *unless a decided opinion on the subject was expressed by a large majority of the people.* He then talked of the impossibility of a country flourishing *under a system of fluctuation*, and "begged distinctly to state, that it was not his intention to propose any *immediate* alterations in the present Corn-Laws."

ENGLAND.

CORN-LAWS.—The late discussion in Parliament on this subject will, we hope, put the public on their guard; for, if the price of corn continues to rise as it has done during the last three months, and the average has risen 3s. 4d. within these four weeks, the price will be so high that the duty on wheat will fall to 1s. a quarter. This is the case when the average is at or above 73s. If any alteration is made in the Corn-Laws, and a fixed duty is resorted to, it will require the utmost effort to get it lower than 25s. per quarter for wheat; for even Earl Fitzwilliam talked of a duty of 30 per cent. *ad valorem*—That is, almost precisely, the rate at the moment we are writing, the average price of wheat being 65s. 6d. and the duty 21s. 8d. But there is a great fallacy in the present system of averages. We have it from the best authority that wheat, fit for making even tolerable bread, can never be bought at the average price in England; and hence we find that with the general average there at 65s. 6d, wheat has brought in the Scotch markets 78s. 6d. and 80s. a quarter. If the duty fall much lower than at present, it requires no great foresight to prophesy that the "Landed Interest"—that is, the 50,000 noblemen and gentlemen to whose whims (for we do not believe that even they have any interest to keep food dear) twenty-six millions of people are sacrificed—will be the first to move for a repeal of the present Corn-Laws. Only think of foreign grain coming in at one shilling of duty, the home price being *only* 73s., when the agriculturists have proved to demonstration (so they tell us) that it cannot be grown in this be-taxed and be-pensioner-ridden country under 80s. We agree with Earl Fitzwilliam in thinking that we cannot expect to have so many plentiful harvests as we have had during the last ten years. If, therefore, anything like 30 per cent of an *ad valorem* duty is to be imposed, matters had much better continue as they are.

One word as to fluctuations, from which Lord Melbourne thinks the present law has saved us. In the four years preceding the passing of the present law, the highest annual average price of wheat was 68s. 7d., the lowest 58s. 9d.—difference 9s. 10d. But in 1829, the year after the bill, the annual average was 66s. 3d.; in 1833, it was 52s. 11d.; in 1834, 46s. 2d.; in 1835, 39s. 4d.—difference 26s. 11d.! On 25th December 1835, the general average was 36s.; in the first week of July 1838, 65s. 6d.—difference 29s. 6d.! and before the next crop is reaped, the price will, we doubt not, be double what it was three years ago. The Premier calls the system which acts in this manner, one which *prevents* fluctuation!

A constantly reiterated argument against free trade in corn, is, that it would drive much of the inferior soils out of cultivation; but in answer, we repeat the question—Why, if a fall from 120s. at the end of the war, to 36s. in 1835, had not that effect, how is a fall of 6s. or 8s. to produce such a consequence? But Lord Melbourne tells us it works well for the interests of all parties. The evidence of this position we desiderate. The Corn-Laws, it is pretended, are necessary for the protection of the farmers. When were the farmers in a more wretched predicament than they have been since 1815, or were since 1828? When have their complaints been louder or more frequent? When have we had so many Committees, abortive as their labours have proved, on Agricultural *Distress*? Have the other classes—that is, the three-fourths of the population—ever expressed any other sentiment than that of detestation of a code of laws which we are told enriches the country by starving the people? We warn the landed interest to beware. Their short-sighted and self-interested policy is bringing serious danger around them. Let them take care how they raise discussions as to the nature of property in land. Let them look to their title-deeds, and consider what right their predecessors had to divide the whole land of the kingdom among the five hundred thousandth part of the population, and reflect that the right to their estates rests upon no other title than prescription—a doctrine which, if one Parliament could make statute law, another unquestionably may repeal.

THE REVENUE.—The state of the Revenue is alarming. Comparing the year ending 5th July 1837, with that ending 5th July 1838, the deficiency in the produce of the taxes is no less than £1,331,206. On the customs the decrease is half a million; on the excise, three quarters of a million; on stamps, £76,791. We suspect it will puzzle the Chancellor of the Exchequer to find the ways and means, if the public expenditure is to be carried on at its present rate. The necessity of getting rid of some of our colonies will soon be seen.

EMIGRATION.—NEW ZEALAND.—The recent events in Canada, the disturbed state of the country, and the great probability of another outbreak, and of a war with the United States, have effectually checked emigration to that quarter. The favourite country for emigration at present is Australia. The accounts from that country are certainly very favourable, and the success of the new colony in South Australia is unprecedented. Without the least assistance from Government, and without a ship of war, or a single soldier, nearly 4000 people have been transported across the half of the globe, and placed in circumstances of present plenty and comfort, with the prospect of speedy future independence. In accomplishing this object, a debt of £60,000 has been incurred; but the colonial revenue is estimated at £5000 a year, and the proceeds from the sale of land this year will probably amount to £50,000. After payment of the debt, the price of the land is to be employed for encouraging emigration; so that the colony must rapidly increase. It appears, from a report recently made to the South Australian Company, and although this is only the second year of the settlement, that the land has increased greatly in value. The preliminary sections, of which the company had 102, (near 14,000 acres,) purchased at 12s. an acre, were bringing from 30s. to 40s. an acre. Their 168 town acres (102 of which cost 12s. and 66s.—about £5:5s. each) were worth from £30 to £100 each. The company were possessed of 150 horned cattle, and 8500 sheep. The first season of the whale fishery had produced 200 tons of oil, and ten tons of whalebone. This is the only colony or settlement, belonging to Britain, which costs the parent country nothing; and it is probably on this account, that it is looked on by the ministers and their Tory supporters with an evil eye.

Encouraged by the success of this colony, a number of noblemen and gentlemen have formed the project of colonising New Zealand. This country consists of two islands; the length of the northern is 436 miles, and its medium breadth 60; the southern 360 long, and, at an average, 100 broad. These are situated about 400 miles to the eastward of Van Diemen's Land; and, from their excellent climate, have been long pointed out by geographers as most favourable for the establishment of European colonies. They were discovered by Tasman, a Dutch navigator, in 1642, and were visited by Cook in 1779, who ascertained them to be islands; and not, as had been previously supposed, part of a great southern continent. Owing to the great height of the mountains, some of which are covered with snow the whole year, and must therefore probably reach 15,000 feet, there is at all seasons an abundant supply of water in the rivers, and refreshing showers; so that, although it is in the same parallel of latitude as Port Jackson in Australia, when the country around that settlement is parched up, New Zealand is covered with the most luxuriant trees, crops,

and herbage. In the northern island, Cook did not find any frost in the middle of winter. The mountains abound in springs, and there are numerous rivers. The abundance of water so favourably contrasted with the aridity of Australia, is highly propitious to vegetation, and many of the vegetable productions of the islands are extremely valuable. The trees grow to an immense height and size, and are well adapted for ship building; potatoes, turnips, cabbage, Indian corn grow luxuriantly, and the climate seems very similar to that of Italy or Spain, with the incalculable advantage of greater moisture. The coast abounds with numerous sorts of fish—among which are to be found salmon, herring, mackarel, flounders, lobsters, mussels, and numerous other kinds of great value not known to Europeans. The natives are a fine, handsome, muscular race, with pleasing and intelligent countenances, and complexions little darker than those of Spaniards. They are most anxious for Europeans to settle among them, whose mechanical arts they are extremely anxious to learn. They are very tender and affectionate towards their relations, are exceedingly docile, shew considerable ingenuity, and their character altogether appears superior to that of any other barbarous tribe. When our government was first applied to give their concurrence to an act of Parliament for colonizing this interesting country, they encouraged the project; but, upon farther consideration, Ministers have changed their views, and the consequence has been that the bill was thrown out on the second reading by a majority of 92 to 32.

SCOTLAND.

CORONATION HONOURS.—The only Scotch Peers who have received dignities are Lord Dundas, who has been created Earl of Zetland, and the Earl of Kintore, who has obtained a British Peerage. We are not aware of the services which have entitled these noblemen to these honours. The Scotch Coronation Baronets are Mr Macpherson Grant, of Ballindalloch; Mr Dunlop, of Dunlop; Mr Forrest of Comiston, Lord Provost of this city; and Mr Stewart Menteith, of Closeburn.

CALEDONIAN CANAL.—After expending nearly a million and a quarter on this work, it has become a matter of serious consideration whether the navigation should not be discontinued altogether, and the work destroyed! On the 7th December last, the north-west recess wall of the lowest lock at Fort Augustus gave way; and, though repaired in a temporary manner, is still in a state of great insecurity. Mr Walker, the engineer, has been employed by Government to examine the whole canal, and he has reported that, if the canal is to be kept open at all, there is "no doubt as to the propriety of doing the repairs and finishing, which will cost £129,317." But besides, as, at present, vessels take three, four, and five weeks to pass through the canal, which is only sixty miles long, five steam vessels to tug them would be needed, so that the total sum still required, is £150,000. The average tonnage of vessels passing through the canal is 25,000 tons per annum, being about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the whole trade going through the Pentland Frith, to avoid the navigation of which was the object in constructing the canal. It was intended to have been large enough for the navigation of frigates; but only the smallest class of merchantmen ever attempt the passage, only one so large as 240 tons burthen having passed through it within the last seven years. The gross annual receipts of the canal have not exceeded £2500, while the expense, repairs, and superintendence exceed £3000. If all the £150,000 were laid out on it, it seems very doubtful if the canal would be of much use; for it would still require some days to pass through it, even with the assistance of the five steam boats. On the other hand, it appears, that to destroy the works would require a sum which might equal the expense of a proper repair, from the precautions which would be required to prevent the country being inundated; and for the same reason the canal cannot be allowed to continue in its present state. For example, the valley of the Lochy is much under the general level of the canal, and there is a loch of 6000 acres ready to burst out on it, unless immediate precautions are taken.

We believe that this canal was begun without any proper estimate. The first sum granted for it was £20,000, in 1803; in 1804, £50,000 more was voted; and so it has gone on from time to time, till upwards of a million has been expended; and now there can be little doubt it ought to be abandoned, could it be done with safety to the neighbouring country.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

Leeds.—The markets at the Cloth Halls have been brisk for some weeks; and, although the quantity of goods brought in from the country has been unusually large, nearly the whole has been disposed of. Business is rather improving in the warehouses generally; and prices are a shade higher, though still below what goods can be made for at the present prices of wools. *Huddersfield.*—There is a considerable activity in the markets, and a fair amount of business is doing; but the manufacturers have in vain struggled for a rise of prices to compensate the increased cost of wool. *Bradford.*—The increased demand for yarn continues, and prices are firm, but without any advance. The demand for wool, especially for the finer sorts, is brisk, with, in some instances, a small advance in price. We have similar accounts from the other manufacturing districts.

AGRICULTURE.

The prospect of the harvest is by no means flattering, and in many districts the crop can hardly now amount to an average. Barley appears everywhere a weak crop, many fields of potatoes have been ploughed up, and the continued rains have greatly injured the turnips. In Scotland, wheat, however, promises fair; but, we presume, from the rise of the price, the prospect in England is less favourable. Oats have been benefited by the copious showers, for there is never too much rain for them. Markets continue steadily to rise. During the last four weeks, wheat has risen 3s. 4d., barley 8d., rye 2s. 3d., and beans 1s., per quarter on the general average.

We beg to call the attention of agriculturists to the valuable qualities of the most noxious weed with which they are annoyed, and which costs them more expense than any other to keep down, for the most careful cultivation does not eradicate it—we mean "couch grass." We are indebted for the information to Colonel Macaroni's "Memoirs." In Italy the roots are carefully gathered by the peasantry, who often pay the farmers for the privilege, not to be burned, but to be used either as a decoction, instead of sarsaparilla, to which many medical men consider it superior, or for food to their horses. After being gathered, it is well washed, and then tied into bundles, two feet long, and six inches in diameter, and is afterwards kept in, or well sprinkled with water. Of this root, or of carrot, the Italians always give their horses in spring and summer, a few bunches at mid-day. Upwards of £40,000 worth of this root is annually sold by the peasantry to the inhabitants of Naples alone; and the horses fed upon it are kept in much better condition than those fed on the ordinary food. Considering the great quantity of couch grass in the fields in this neighbourhood, it might be desirable to try it as food for horses; and, if it is found to succeed, its collection will not only be of great benefit to the farmer, but afford our labouring poor an additional source of healthy employment throughout the year.

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